PICTORIAL REVIEW

15¢

MARCH 1923

Beginning
"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
Samuel Goldwyn's
Fascinating Reminiscences
of
MOTION PICTURE CELEBRITIES

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Edited by Arthur T. Vance

VOL. XXIV. No. 6 THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY MARCH, 1923

WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.

BRANCH OFFICES
Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 505 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal., 985 Market Street

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS—PICTORIAL REVIEW is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

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An Intelligence Test for Women

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

IN a recent "Who's Who" published in Canada something more than three thousand men are listed. Only forty-eight women are mentioned. This fact moved the woman editor of the Toronto *Telegram* to ask, "Is Canada a land of mediocre women?"

We might, with equal pertinence, apply this question to the situation in the United States. If we were to judge solely by our knowledge—or lack of knowledge—of our own women of achievement we should be forced to the admission that few women have risen above the mark of mediocrity.

The proportion of women to men in "Who's Who in America" is not flattering to our sex. A "Women's Who's Who" published some time ago has not been brought up to date, either because there are not considered to be enough women of importance to justify such a publication or because the public is not interested in them. Cattell's "Men of Science," the standard book of this kind, has "starred" one thousand scientists whose achievements entitle them to marked distinction. Of this number *seventy-five are women.* Seventy-five women listed with "Men of Science"! No wonder we don't know them!

We Don't Know Our Great Women

IF THERE remained any doubt as to our ignorance of our own great women the demonstration made a few months ago by this magazine dispelled that doubt. Of the thousands of letters received only two contained the correct names of the six great women whose record of achievement was given without their names!

That demonstration proved both entertaining and instructive. Many clubs throughout the country, inspired by the article, began to study modern American women. Librarians wrote to know where they could procure books containing information. Even college presidents asked for suggestions as to how girls might inform themselves on this interesting and all-important subject. And letters on the subject continue to come, months after the publication of the article (September, 1922).

It is humiliating to be obliged to admit it, but our ignorance along these lines is appalling. We not only know practically nothing of the great women of our own times, but we are ignorant of the notable women of the past. If you think this is an over-statement read the paragraphs that follow at your next club-meeting and watch the reaction. Then try them at your own dinner-table some night and see how they appeal to your college boy and girl. As for the head of the house, well, he may not even stay to hear you through. You would be interested to watch the face of your favorite school-teacher or your pastor when they read them. Just try it, anyway, and let us see!

These paragraphs deal with the achievements of women in different fields—education, law, science, statesmanship, and philanthropy. Nine times out of ten you will be surprized to see that even specialists in these various fields will be perfectly blank over this little "feminine intelligence test."

The greatness of one of America's leading universities was made possible through the munificence of a woman. This is now one of the wealthiest educational institutions in the world, having an endowment of $18,000,000. Anybody will be able to give you the name of the university, but few know that a woman's generosity saved it at a critical time and insured its brilliant success. A prominent English feminist visiting America resented that a piece of statuary in the leading hall of the university represented husband and son standing erect while the mother embraced them, kneeling at their feet! Others resented the bustle she wore more than they resented the suggestion of feminine inferiority—it wasn't sculptural. Anyway the great institution stands to the eternal credit and honor of a woman. Do you know her name?

A woman, in 1889, promoted the establishment of Barnard College and founded the prize awarded every five years by the French Academy for the best essay on "The Condition of Women." Who is she? A group of Barnard College seniors couldn't answer. Can you?

The first public kindergarten in America was established in Boston in 1870 by a sister-in-law of Horace Mann, the eminent educator, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great author. She is a distinguished member of a distinguished family and she pioneered in a great field. Yet, do we know her? A woman founded the first women's college in New England, which still bears her name. Another American woman, in 1836, founded one of the leading women's colleges of this country and from her work sprang modern methods for the higher education of women. All college girls should know these women.

Every educated woman should know, offhand, the woman who has been called the "medical apostle of her sex." She was the first woman graduate of a medical institution in modern times. When she went to Paris to study medicine after her graduation from the Medical College at Geneva, N. Y., she was denied admission unless she donned male attire. She established the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, and the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. If there is one woman to whom we modern women owe a debt of gratitude it is this courageous pioneer in the field of medical science. Sixty medical schools now admit women. There are now 7,219 women physicians in this country alone.

Another woman whom we should delight to honor lives to-day in the city of Washington, a dignified, alert woman who blazed the trail for the women lawyers of to-day. She is the founder and honorary dean of the Washington College of Law, the first college to admit women to the study of law. She was the thirteenth woman to be admitted to practise before the Supreme Court of the United States, and has the distinction of having won every case she has carried before it. Let's see if we know her!

Have We Any Great Stateswomen?

ONLY two women have had opportunity thus far to demonstrate statesmanlike qualities in our national life—Jeannette Rankin of Montana, first woman member of Congress, and Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, second woman to win such an honor. The new Congresswoman from Illinois will now have her chance.

It has been said that in certain periods practically all of Europe was governed by women. England was ruled by Elizabeth, Scotland by Mary Stuart, Portugal by the infanta daughter of Eleanor, Navarre by Queen Jane, the Low Countries by the natural daughter of Charles, Spain by Isabella of Castile, and France by Catherine de Medici. Why, then, in the centuries that have followed since women ruled Europe have we women not learned the art of statecraft? We have indeed had one woman candidate for the Presidency. She was the first woman lawyer of America and was noted for her courage and her wide knowledge of public affairs. How many of us can call her name?

Try this on your friends and let us know the result.

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BETTER MARRIAGE IS WITHIN REACH

When the Women of the United States Demand a Federal Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law They'll Have It, Says an Eminent Jurist and Author

BY JUDGE ROBERT GRANT

IT IS highly important news that PICTORIAL REVIEW'S movement for Better Marriage and Divorce Laws has been indorsed by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the National Federation of Professional and Business Women, and that the National League of Women Voters has indorsed its principles. For some time I have felt that the greatest public service the enfranchised women of the country could perform would be to familiarize the people from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate with the chaotic and hideous confusion of our marriage and divorce laws, especially our marriage laws, and effect a cure by enthusiastic concerted action. To what more patriotic task could they dedicate their energies? What concerns them more deeply than the stability of the home that shelters the cradles which rock those who will, in the future, make our laws and assert our ideals? For in spite of the cry of the modern cynic that comfortable spinsterhood is preferable to infelicitous wedlock, the orange-blossom is still the oriflamme of the vast majority of the women of the United States, the preservation of the home their highest aim.

To begin with a few plain facts, please. You may say that you are already familiar with them. Very likely, for they have been dinned into many ears and written on many pages. Until recently you have listened or read in silence. First—In the United States to-day there is one divorce to every nine marriages! How do I know that this is true? From the figures of the National Census Bureau, which once in every decade compiles and publishes such statistics. These disclose a rapidly mounting table of divorce which far outstrips the ratio of increase in population. In 1890 there were 33,197 divorces; in 1900, approximately 55,000; in 1906, 72,000; and in 1916, 112,036. Or putting it another way, there were, in 1916, 112 divorces to every 100,000 of our inhabitants, as compared with 53 to every 100,000 in 1890, 73 in 1900, and 84 in 1906. In contrast with this the records of France and Germany, our closest competitors, dwindled into insignificance. We have only one real rival, Japan; that nation grinds out divorces faster than we do.

Not Shocked by Divorce

THESE figures show beyond dispute a nationwide tendency, which may or may not indicate that, metaphorically speaking, "something is rotten in the state of Denmark," meaning in the American home. Here let me assert that I am not opposed to divorce or shocked by it. I have always believed in and championed it as democracy's medium of escape from intolerable conditions in marriage. My views are in hearty accord with those of the American social authority who some years ago wrote: "I believe the divorce movement finds its impetus outside of laws, outside of our institutions, outside of our theology; that it finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that slavery which binds in the cruelest prostitution human beings who have by their foolishness, by their want of wisdom, or by the intervention of friends, missed the divine purpose as well as the civil purpose of marriage."

Tho contrary to the dogma of the churches, divorce represents a world-wide conviction that it is the best and often the only relief against what has been called "the infernal brutality, crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest relations." It is a social medicine which often provides the only escape from a living death, and recourse to it has kept pace with the emancipation of woman. She is its chief beneficiary, for the divorce edifice rests on the doctrine that there is neither religion, ethics, nor justice in the requirement that one beaten, starved, abandoned, or mated to a reeking habitual drunkard should endure it on the ground that it is a sin to marry another who would behave better. Common sense dictates that such endurance is wrong and that "marriage was made for man and not man for marriage."

As a result the American people from the outset decided to leave to their own devices all who feel restrained from divorce by religious scruples and to provide, in their several States, civil laws to sunder the marriage tie when there are adequate reasons. Every State of the Union has such laws with the single exception of South Carolina. She repealed her divorce laws in 1878.

So we start with the assumption that between divorce laws and no divorce laws, the issue was settled long ago by the American people and was never deader than it is to-day. Indeed a scholarly and acute observer of our social conditions has recently pointed out that "in spite of the increased activity of the church the divorce-rate continues to rise with undiminished rapidity." In rating domestic infelicity one should not fail to include the multitude of women all over the country who from religious scruples, or other sentiment, seek separate maintenance, as it is called. This modern equivalent of the old ecclesiastical divorce—*a mensa et thoro* (from bed and board)—to my mind, still leaves the parties man and wife, and while a useful remedy in cases of non-support, is peculiarly calculated to induce immorality.

Having shown where I stand, you will not misinterpret me when I say that to-day in this country we are experiencing an epidemic of divorce which, on the surface at least, is a hideous blot on our moral repute and an alarming menace to the traditional ideals of our family life. In every decade divorces have not only increased in excess ratio to the population, but to-day they are so rampantly and shamelessly sought that the rest of the world is lifting its eyebrows in reproach and doubtfully questioning the outcome. We may disregard the opinion of the rest of the world if our withers are unwrung; but are they? Every woman willing to look facts in the face is aware that they are not. Upon inquiry a year ago as to why the women did not take the lead in grappling with the divorce evil, I was told, under the rose, that it was a ticklish matter to take up for the reason that it would involve treading on too many toes, since divorce, so conspicuously on the rampage, is granted to women in seventy cases out of every hundred. A quest for the cause of this calls forth a wide diversity of opinion. All are agreed that the altered status of woman, especially her increasing economic independence, has much to do with it. She has refused any longer to be either a door-mat or a drudge. On the other hand, the young woman of to-day is charged with repugnance against childbirth, fastidious neglect of household duties, and tendency to leave her husband from sheer caprice. The Jeremiahs would have us believe, and some of the clergy are among these, that the foundations of society are imperiled by this overreadiness to play fast and loose with the marriage tie and that divorce is a cancer eating into the moral fiber of the nation.

In contrast with this we have the views of social philosophers that divorce is but the product of underlying social conditions, the result—not the cause—of the breakup of the family. Says one authority: "The divorce movement in certain of its aspects is the sign of a healthy discontent with present moral conditions and marks the struggle toward a higher ethical consciousness in regard to sexual relations." We are even reminded that human beings are the only animal species in which the female depends on the male for food, and that when the readjustment process is over, young people will settle down to a new conception of the give and take of marriage.

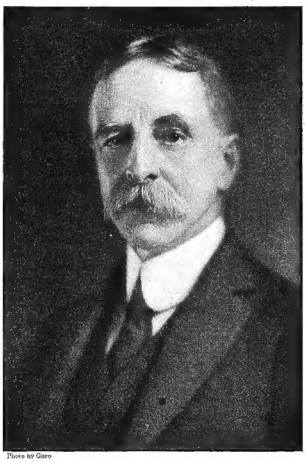

Photo by Gero

JUDGE ROBERT GRANT

FOR thirty years Probate Judge of Suffolk County, Boston, Mass.; an overseer of Harvard; president of the Harvard Alumni, and author of "Law and the Family," an authoritative work on divorce and marriage, and of several novels, including "Unleavened Bread," "The Undercurrent," etc.

Judge Grant, jurist and novelist, here speaks from a knowledge and with a weight of authority not to be surpassed in America.

It Is Time to Act

THERE are both truth and exaggeration in every one of these points of view. Only the other day some one said that women are not interested in lending a hand to cleanse or clarify the marriage and divorce jumble because it gives them the whip-hand over man. I dismiss this taunt. The essential purity of the home in the broad sense concerns the American woman more deeply than anything else possibly can, for it involves her true happiness. Whether frenzied divorce be a symptom of deteriorating morals and an irreverently shallow conception of the marriage relation, or the expression of a revolt which may ultimately alter the status of the family, woman as the bearer of children should be the one most interested in discovering the truth. Moreover, the time is absolutely ripe for her to probe and accomplish results. One tangible and enormously important result lies ready to her hand: the proposal by Congress of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which would establish a uniform national marriage and divorce bill—to be enforced, however, not by Federal machinery, but by the courts of the several States.

This proposal would require a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress and subsequent ratification by three-fourths of the several States, and is a difficult achievement. But if the women of the country unite to support this urgent reform and press it with that same vim and enthusiasm which they have displayed in other matters upon which their hearts were set, it can be done. If they remain indifferent or are lukewarm the present discreditable confusion and inadequacy, already a stench in the nostrils of the nation, will increase, and the fault of the increase will be theirs.

And now I come to the question, "Why is an amendment to the Constitution of the United States essential?" The answer is simple: In order to harmonize the laws concerning marriage and divorce in all the States. Under the Constitution as it stands there is no Federal control of domestic relations, and, as I have already explained, each State is the arbiter within its boundaries of the requirements of marriage and the facilities for divorce. And with abhorrent consequences! Forty-eight different sets of marriage regulations leading to the altar and forty-seven divorce laws (for we must not forget South Carolina) leading from that altar to the divorce court and then again to another altar. All the component parts of this nation worship the same God, aspire to speak the same language, and extol the same domestic virtues. Therefore they should be guided by the same domestic laws.

Do you realize that because of this repugnance between the laws of contiguous States the condition of being married or a mistress may depend on stepping over the border?

Do you realize that because of the repugnance between the laws of States contiguous or wide apart, it is possible in this country to-day for a man or woman to be single, married, adulterous, or a bigamist at one and the same time?

Do you realize—and of course you do even if deaf or blind—that two or three States in the Union are pesthouses to which people, who have no valid cause upon

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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On the family breakfast table since 1879

Sit down to breakfast with a steaming-hot dish of Wheatena to start the day! Every spoonful of this old-time favorite, with its nut-brown flavor, invites another.

That's why Wheatena, *for nearly a half century*, has been the one supreme breakfast food of America—why it is eaten regularly, year in and year out, in thousands upon thousands of homes—by millions of children and grown-ups.

The plump golden grains of finest winter wheat are crushed and roasted to a rich golden brown, which brings the delightful flavor to its fullest perfection.

Children love Wheatena because it "tastes good." Adults of all ages relish its rich, nutty flavor—a flavor that's *distinctive*—that never grows tiresome—that satisfies, but does not cloy, the appetite.

Wheatena contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital, life-giving element—the wholesome bran—the nourishing gluten, starch and phosphates—everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body.

Serve Wheatena for breakfast. It's ready for the table in three minutes. Use it also for muffins, cookies and desserts—for thickening soups, chowders and gravies. You'll be delighted with the many delicious ways it may be used in varying your daily menus.

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Served in hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

Write at once for a free package of Wheatena—enough for a family breakfast. Also for a book of recipes showing the many delicious and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

Wheatena—
all wheat, nut-brown and sweet

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Laundry odors cling to pajamas and nightgowns if soap fails to rinse out thoroughly and promptly. P and G makes a *complete* solution with water and rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of odor.

Time and effort spent daily in cleaning bathroom porcelain and enamel are cut to the minimum with P and G —a light wiping with a cloth soaped with P and G instantly removes scum streaks and dried lather.

The 2 Chief Causes
of poor laundry results

How to prevent them

This season brings days when clothes must be dried indoors—with no sunlight or fresh breezes to help the soap.

Therefore, you should have an unusually careful eye on the laundry work. For clothes washed with soaps which *need help* from the sun will come out gray and dingy when dried indoors.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap *needs no outside help.*

P and G requires no *hard rubbing*, no *bleaching*, no *sun*, to help it make clothes white.

P and G makes clothes white by washing clothes *clean*, and rinsing out *thoroughly.*

Thus it does away *automatically* with the two chief causes of poor washing results.

1. *Unloosened dirt,* which makes clothes gray;
   and
2. *Unrinsed soap,* which makes them yellow.

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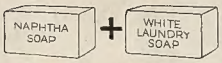
Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both combined



Speed + Safety

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Photo by Campbell Studios

MARY PICKFORD AS SHE IS TO-DAY

THE SWEET SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WHO WAS MARY PICKFORD OF TORONTO, CANADA. WHILE YET A CHILD SHE ACTED IN A LOCAL STOCK COMPANY

I WANT to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Beginning the Great, Authoritative Story of Motion-Pictures

BEHIND THE SCREEN

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

IT WAS something more than nine years ago that I walked into a little motion-picture theater on Broadway. I paid ten cents admission. As I took my seat a player-piano was digging viciously into a waltz Upon the floor a squalid statuette lay under its rain of peanut-shells.

And all around me men, women, and children were divided between the sustained comfort of chewing-gum and the sharp, fleeting rapture of the nut.

Only a decade ago! Yet this was a representative setting and audience for motion-pictures. Likewise typical was the film itself. For, as were practically all productions of that day, this was only one or two reels. And, faithful to the prevailing tradition, the drama of to-night was Western.

I looked at the cowboys galloping over the Western plains, and in their place there rose before me Henry Esmond crossing swords with the Young Pretender, wiry young D'Artagnan riding out from Gascony on his pony to the Paris of Richelieu, Carmen on her way to the bull-fight where Don Jose waited to stab her.

Why not? Here was the most wonderful medium of expression in the world. Through it every great novel, every great drama, might be uttered in the one language that needs no translation. Why get nothing from this medium save situations which were just about as fresh and unexpected as the multiplication tables?

When I went into that theater I had no idea of ever going into the film business. When I went out I was glowing with the sudden realization of my way to fortune. I could hardly wait until I told my idea to my brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky.

"Lasky, do you want to make a fortune?" With these words I burst in upon him that evening.

Lasky, who was at that time in the vaudeville business, indicated that he had no morbid dread of the responsibility of great wealth.

"Very well, then," I continued. "Put up some money."

"In what?"

"In motion-pictures," I answered.

"Motion-pictures!" scoffed he. "You and I would be a fine pair in that business—me, a vaudeville man, and you, a glove salesman! What do we know about the game? Besides, how about the trust?"

His last words touched upon a vital issue in the screen industry of that period. The truth of it was that motion-picture theaters throughout the country were practically at the mercy of ten companies which, for the privilege of showing pictures, collected a weekly license fee of two dollars from fifteen thousand theaters. I shall not enter here into the argument by which the combine justified their taxation. I shall merely remark that the existent system presented an obstacle worthy of consideration. However, all the way home I had been preparing an answer to this protest of Lasky's, and now I eagerly put it forth.

"Give the public fine pictures," I urged. "Show them something different from Western stuff and slap-stick comedies and you'll find out what will become of the trust. And why should your entertainment have to be so short? If it's a good story there's no reason why it couldn't run through five reels. I tell you the possibilities of the motion-picture business have never been touched. We could sell good films and long films all over the world."

Eventually Lasky was convinced that my idea presented at least a good betting proposition, and he agreed to add ten thousand dollars to the equal amount which I put up, provided he be relieved of any active management. Considering that in those days many of the two-reelers were made for less than a thousand dollars, our original capital seemed not only adequate to the immediate cost of production, but to a handsome margin for recovery from a possible first failure. With this assumption of strength we took our next logical step. We hunted for somebody who would make our pictures for us.

It was natural that the first person of whom we should think in this connection was Mr. D. W. Griffith. He was then directing for the Biograph Company, one of the units of the motion-picture trust, and he had already experimented with the longer picture in "Judith of Bethulia." Indeed, I wish to

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

IN PRESENTING the reminiscences of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn we feel that we are affording the public the first authoritative insight into the motion-picture studio and the lives of its leading spirits. In this field the name of Goldwyn possesses world-wide significance. To Mr. Goldwyn's broad vision was due the formation of the Lasky Company in 1913, and to his dynamic personality this organization owed much of its stupendous growth. In 1916 he founded the Goldwyn Company, now one of the three largest film organizations in the world.

Mr. Goldwyn's career of producer has brought him into both professional and social contact with the most eminent of screen personalities, and out of this background he has wrought his delightful portraits.

Every one who has read these memoirs before publication pronounces them the most absorbing revelations ever made of screen personalities and of the inside workings of the motion-picture studio.

This producer's career has been marked by sacrifices of money made to the artistic enrichment of the medium in which he works. Those who know him well speak of him as seeing life in the terms of the dreamer and artist.

Perhaps his personality is best reflected in these true words once applied to him by Douglas Fairbanks—"He reacts to the drama of life, not to the tinkle of dollars and cents."

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

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say right here that I lay no claim to pioneer thought in realizing that the screen was susceptible of longer and more varied treatment, for, in addition to our American "Judith of Bethulia," one or two foreign pictures had heralded the new era. Any possible credit to me, therefore, must be accorded to my conception of the new sort of photoplay as a systematic performance rather than as a sporadic spectacle. Indeed, I was to find out later that even this idea was not an exclusive visitation. Lasky and I had supposed that we were the only ones in the field, but it was not long before we discovered that even previous to us another man had acted on the same idea.

But to go back to my interview with Mr. Griffith. I met him for lunch, and I was impressed immediately by the personality which has since lifted him into his place as the greatest of screen directors. Tall and spare and quite stooped, Mr. Griffith's figure suggests by its very lack of erectness that reserve of energy which transforms him in the studio to the tireless, almost demoniacal worker. His features are clear-cut, and to the suggestion of the eagle in his profile the clear blue eyes—eyes which you could never possibly mistake for gray even across a room—contribute a final authority. These eyes while he is at work, so people tell me, glow with enthusiasm, but during the chance interview they join with the mouth in a look of amused observation.

With this expression he heard me make my proposition that day. When he finally spoke it was to quench any hope that Mr. Griffith might ever become associated with Lasky and me.

"A very interesting project," he commented, "and if you can show me a bank deposit of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars I think we might talk."

I did not betray the meager conversational basis which I had to offer. Instead, Lasky and I now approached a friend of ours, Cecil de Mille. Mr. de Mille, altho very little more than thirty years of age at this time, was already known as a playwright of considerable skill. His father had been Belasco's partner and he himself had been associated with the celebrated theatrical producer in writing "The Return of Peter Grimm." With all of his dramatic tradition and achievement Mr. de Mille had one limitation. At this time he had never directed a picture. More than this, he had never even seen one directed.

However, neither he nor we were daunted by this slight flaw in his equipment. And after a day or two spent in the Edison studios Mr. de Mille went out to California to "shoot" our first picture. For his services he was paid one hundred dollars a week and was promised, in addition, some stock in the company. When you reflect that to-day he receives approximately five thousand dollars a week, together with a large percentage of the returns on every production, it helps you to realize that the finnee of the screen has functioned almost as well as did his ancestor of the "Arabian Nights."

And in no place is the magic more apparent than in California. When De Mille went out to Los Angeles to look around for a site, Hollywood promised nothing of its present pomp. The vast studios, the beautiful villas, the famous pleasure-places—all have arisen in the past decade. It needs, indeed, only a flash-back from the Famous Players-Lasky studios of to-day to our humble residence of nine years ago to give you a complete sense of the growth of the industry.

THE site which we finally selected was one floor of a livery-stable. Here in this space, out of which had been created, in addition to the studio, five small dressing-rooms, our director made that first film. The elaborate sets were then undreamed of. Painted backgrounds achieved their duties, and our scenic equipment consisted of four canvas wings and two pieces of canvas. Likewise absent was the modern complicated system of lighting. The sun was our only electrician in those days. And with the aid of three or four men De Mille set to work in a studio where the weekly pay-roll now numbers eleven hundred and fifty people.

Yet, in spite of such simplified conditions, it cost us forty-seven thousand dollars to make that first picture. Nowadays that sum is inadequate for any long production, but in those times it was unprecedented. Of course the cost of the motion-picture rights of our first drama accounted for this expenditure. This drama was "The Squaw Man," recently revived by Mr. William Faversham, and for it we guaranteed royalty rights of ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand, and our capital was only ten thousand more!

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1913, De Mille began making the picture. But before he had even touched it I had got enough orders on that unmaterialized merchandise to insure the production of the second picture. I represented the executive end of our enterprise, and my first move had been to make newspaper announcement of the fact that the Lasky Company, as we had decided to call our organization, was going to produce a yearly series of twelve five-reel pictures, beginning with "The Squaw Man."

MISS PICKFORD, A STAR FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH HAROLD LOCKWOOD, IN "HEARTS ADRIFT"

MISS PICKFORD DISCUSSING "A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" WITH MAURICE TOURNEUR

In New York I awaited results. Which would prevail—the trust or the new kind of picture?

I was not kept long in suspense. Almost immediately theater managers and letters from theater managers began to pour in. These functionaries had been partially paralyzed by the trust, and their quick response to our announcement indicated just how eager they were for an opportunity to regain their prestige. Altho I had, of course, counted upon such reaction, the swiftness and volume of those first orders overwhelmed me with incredulous joy.

I am compelled to say right here that life had not led me to expect any such facility. For I had been a poor boy—poor and often homeless. Of formal schooling I had practically none. At the age when most boys take arithmetic and a roof and three square meals as a matter of course I was fending for myself. When I got these things it was through odd jobs in blacksmith-shops and in glove-factories. Sometimes, of course, I did not get them at all. For example, I remember how once as a boy of twelve I wandered for a whole week through the streets of London with no more ardent guaranty of the future than a loaf of bread.

My early boyhood was spent in Europe and I was just fourteen when, absolutely alone and with no friend or relative to greet me, I arrived in New York city. From the city I went to Gloversville, N. Y., and there, after about four or five years spent in a glove-factory, I succeeded in persuading a firm that I could sell gloves. I can say without arrogance of heart that I did sell them. But there was no miracle of ease about this process. I traveled from coast to coast; I often worked eighteen hours a day; I put over my product in districts where it never sold before. As a result of all this I was making about fifteen thousand dollars a year at the time when I chanced in upon that little motion-picture theater. I also owned stock in my company and, thanks to an expanded income, I had been able to supplement my fragmentary schooling by many lectures and concerts and by frequent trips to Europe.

But, altho at thirty I was a comparatively successful man, I was not satisfied. I never had been satisfied. I can remember how when a boy in the cutting department I used to walk by the leading hotel in Gloversville and look at the "drummers" who cocked their feet up in the big plate-glass window. How I envied them—those splendid adventurers with their hats and their massive cigars both at an angle! For to me they represented the everlasting romance of the far horizon. And when at last I myself was admitted to this peerage I was sensible, of course, of another, greater goal. I have made many mistakes in my life, but I can honestly say that they were all results of an unceasing effort on my part to reach the bigger thing just beyond.

But to return to my story. It soon became apparent that we needed more money for the production of "The Squaw Man." How were we going to raise that necessary twenty-five thousand dollars? Our first approach to the problem was a personal one. Lasky and I asked any number of people we knew if they didn't want some stock in the Lasky Company. But all of them were skeptical. At last, however, we were able to borrow the needed funds out of bank. De Mille resumed work on the picture, and a few weeks afterward he returned to New York with the precious merchandise. Meanwhile he had wired us that there was something wrong with the film, but even this did not prepare me for my first glimpse of the production upon which I had staked everything.

Buzz! In the silence of that deserted studio we heard the machine begin its work. And then, as from a very far shore, I heard Lasky's voice.

"We're ruined," he cried.

He was saying only what I myself had been too sick with horror to exclaim. For, like a mad dervish, the home of the noble English earl, together with all the titled ladies who moved therein, had jumped across the screen. Time refused to stabilize them. They went right on jumping. And with gathering despair we looked on what we supposed to be the wreck of forty-seven thousand dollars.

That it was not a wreck was due to the aid of some one from whom we had no right to expect it. At the time the late Sigismund Lubin of Philadelphia was head of one of the ten companies which we were fighting. Nevertheless it was to him I appealed for expert advice. I took the roll of film over to Philadelphia, and with a largeness of spirit which I shall never forget the old gentleman saved me, his threatened rival, from utter ruin. He pointed out that the time-stop was wrong. No, not an irremediable defect. In the joy of this discovery I overlooked the hardship of his cure. Yet this was to paste by hand new perforations on both edges of a film that was nearly a mile long.

The story of the beginning of the Lasky Company is now coming to a close. To it I might add a thousand picturesque and amusing details, but I realize that the chief interest of my reminiscences is focused, not upon the development of the motion-picture industry—dramatic as that undoubtedly is—but upon the celebrated personalities with whom my life has brought me into contact. I have delayed this long in the more vital connection because the transition from the former impoverished photoplays to the elaborate spectacle of to-day involved many producers and brought with it the rise of all our famous stars. To give a real insight into the lives of Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Harold Lloyd, Mabel Normand, and other famous screen artists obligates, in fact, the background of photoplay history involved in the start of the Lasky Company.

My last word here touches upon the reception of "The Squaw Man." It scored an immediate success. Our second play established us even more firmly. This prosperity resulted logically in helping the overthrow of the trust. Beaten upon by the wave of new photoplay methods, some of its units were carried out to oblivion. Others rose to the surface only through conformity to the agent of destruction.

IT WAS during an interview with one of the first exhibitors who came to my office that I heard the name of the man who, unknown to me, had already embarked on the very same enterprise that I had.

"So you've got this idea of the long film too?" remarked this exhibitor.

If one of the Indians who greeted Columbus had said, "So you've landed too?" the explorer would have felt probably as I did at that moment.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Why," said he, "I have just heard about the man that brought over Sarah Bernhardt's first picture and produced 'The Prisoner of Zenda'—a fellow by the name of Zukor?"

It was not until some months after this that I first met Mr. Adolph Zukor, then head of the Famous Players Company. I should like to have more space to devote to the eminent producer who, through years of alternating competition and co-operation, has touched my life at so many points, but I can pause only long enough for a few words. Mr. Zukor, like myself, started in the world as a poor boy. Unlike me, however, he started film-production with a background of experience. He had owned for some years a number of motion-picture theaters, and a more intimate dissatisfaction with available resources was back of his break from tradition. When he attempted to get financial backing for his project, however, he met with the same objections which I had heard, and he has often told me how the theatrical manager whose aid he attempted to enlist scoffed, "What do you want to show a long film for? People are not going to have the patience to sit through more than a thousand feet of film."

I might marshal a great many adjectives and nouns to Mr. Zukor's credit, but I feel that I can suggest his fundamental character more skilfully by recalling one incident. Several years after I had met him we were coming home from some entertainment together when we saw a blaze in

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the locality of the Famous Players' studio, which, unlike our own, was situated in New York. We were soon to discover that it was the studio itself. In it were thousands of dollars' worth of undeveloped negatives—many of them of Mary Pickford. Their destruction would have meant financial ruin to Mr. Zukor. He himself realized this fully. Yet the only words that he said, the words which he kept repeating all through the crisis, were, "Oh, do you think anybody's hurt?"

It was some months after I first met our competitor that I received my first impression of the most noted screen actress in America. As I walked into Mr. Zukor's office one evening I noticed a girl talking to him. She was very small and her simple little navy suit contrasted with the jungle of fur coat from which peeped another woman's face.

"They've offered me five hundred for the use of my name," I heard her say, "but do you really think that's enough? After all, it means a lot to those cold-cream people."

I looked at the lovely profile where every feature rimes with every other feature. I listened to the lovely light voice. And I was struck by the disparity between sentiment and equipment.

Yet somehow she did invest these words of mere commerce with a quality quite apart from their substance. There was something in her tone, something in the big brown eyes, which made you think of a child asking whether it ought to give up its stick of candy for one marble or whether perhaps it could get two. As I saw her slight figure go out the door it was the appeal of her manner rather than the text of her question which made me ask immediately who she was.

"What!" Mr. Zukor exclaimed. "Didn't you recognize her? Why, that was Mary Pickford."

This was just about eight years ago. Miss Pickford was already a star, and she was twinkling under the auspices of Adolph Zukor; for, early in his career of producing, our competitor had been fortunate enough to secure the services of that great pantomime artiste who has undoubtedly contributed more than any other single person to his present eminence.

Mr. Zukor made Miss Pickford a star. This is a mere formal statement of the case. In reality she made herself, for no firmament could have long resisted any one possessing such standards of workmanship. I am aware that here I sound suspiciously like the press-agent, who invariably endows his client with "a passionate devotion to her work." It is unfortunate, indeed, that the zeal of this functionary has calloused public consciousness to instances where the statement is based on fact. All screen stars are not animated by devotion to work. Mary Pickford is. To it she has sacrificed pleasures, personal contacts, all sorts of extraneous interests.

SEVERAL years before I walked into the theater which inspired me with my idea, Mary Pickford was working under Mr. Griffith in the Biograph Company, which, you will remember, was a unit in the trust. Then she was not a star. She was getting twenty-five dollars a week, and the most vivid reflection of those early days of hers is afforded by a woman who used to work with her.

"How well I remember her," this woman has told me, "as she sat there in the shabby old Biograph offices. She nearly always wore a plain little blue dress with a second-hand piece of fur about her throat."

Not long ago I asked Mr. Griffith this question: "Did you have any idea in those days that Mary Pickford was destined for such a colossal success?" His answer was a decided negative.

"You understand, of course," he immediately qualified, "my mind was always on the story—not on the star. However, I can say this: It was due to me that Miss Pickford was retained at all, for the management did not care for her especially. To speak plainly, they thought she was too chubby."

I gasped at the impiety of the word. It was some time before I could rally to ask him another question: "Then was there anything that set her apart from other girls you were engaging at that time?"

"Work," he retorted promptly. "I soon began to notice that instead of running off as soon as her set was over, she'd stay to watch the others on theirs. She never stopped listening and looking. She was determined to learn everything she could about the business."

While considering these remarks of the greatest screen director anent the greatest screen actr ss, it is interesting to parallel them with Miss Pickford's comments upon Mr. Griffith. One evening not long ago I was entertained at the Fairbanks home at a dinner including Charlie Chaplin and Mr. Griffith. After the meal was served Doug took Mr. Griffith out to see his swimming-pool. Mary and I were left alone, and as we looked after the tall, bent figure of the director, I took advantage of our solitude to ask her a question which had often occurred to me. "Mary," I asked her, "how did you ever come to break away from Griffith?"

FOUR OF THE BIG MEN OF THE MOTION-PICTURE INDUSTRY: THOMAS H. INCE, JESSE L. LASKY, CECIL B. DE MILLE, AND ADOLPH ZUKOR

Photo by Apeda

"Well," she answered promptly, "it was this way: I felt that I was getting to be a machine under Mr. Griffith. I got to be like an automatic doll. If he told me to move my left foot I moved it. When he said, 'Look up' I did that just as unquestioningly. So I made up my mind to see if I could really do anything by myself."

I doubt if Mr. Zukor himself realized at first the tremendous potentiality of Mary Pickford. It was some months, indeed, before the Famous Players starred her, and Mr. Zukor has often told me how during that probationary time she used to say to him, "Oh, Mr. Zukor, if I could only see my name in electric lights I'd be the happiest girl in the world!"

When the great moment to which she had so long and so eagerly looked forward finally did come, the scenario-writer of Mary Pickford's own life displayed a dramatic deftness of touch.

One day Mr. Zukor asked Miss Pickford if she would go out to dinner with him that evening. She agreed, and he appointed the Hotel Breslin on Broadway for their meeting. When they sat down at their table it was street where the swift Winter darkness was dimming the familiar outlines, and then she looked back to his face.

"What is it?" said she. "I don't see anything."

"Wait," he commanded.

As he spoke the lights of many windows began to brush like golden flakes against the blurred buildings. And then across the street at Proctor's there suddenly leaped in letters of frosty fire these words:

MARY PICKFORD
in
"Hearts Adrift"

She had never suspected that she was to be starred in this play. And it is not surprising that at the revelation of her success she burst into tears such as have moved her audiences all over the world.

"Can it really, really be true?"—this might have been the subtitle of that big scene in the drama of Mary Pickford's life.

It was a moment after this first shock of incredulous joy that she said to Mr. Zukor, "Oh, what will mother say when she hears this?"

Any one who knows Mary will not be surprized at this almost instantaneous thought of her mother. I have met the average number of daughters in my life and I can truthfully say that none of them ever gave a mother such devotion as does she. Until the time Mary married Douglas Fairbanks Mrs. Pickford was the one dominating influence in her daughter's life. In the vividness of this relationship you will find perhaps the reason for one outstanding lack in Mary Pickford's life. There are many women who admire her. Of men pals, such as Marshall Neilan, the celebrated director, she has a score. But to my knowledge there is only one woman who has approached—and she very tentatively—the position of intimate friend.

"Ma" Pickford, as she is known familiarly, is now her daughter's business manager. But in the old shabby days of the Biograph studio her activities, altho more limited, were equally pronounced. Every single day she came with Mary to the studio and stayed with her until she left. She watched every move she made. She gave her suggestions about her work. She sat with the faithful make-up box while Mary was on a set. In the famous Players' studio it was the same. Of course, stage and screen supply numerous other instances of brooding maternal solicitude.

I AM now approaching a phase of the noted pantomimist's career which points to many adventures in which I myself have been involved. Mary Pickford first went with Mr. Zukor he paid her five hundred dollars a week. Her success was so marked that before her contract had expired he voluntarily raised this to a thousand dollars. After this—but I am anticipating.

Whenever I saw Mr. Zukor looking homeless as a small-town man in house-cleaning time I knew what was the matter.

"How much does she want now?" I used to ask him laughingly.

"We're fixing up the contract," he would answer with a significant lift of the eyebrows.

It often took longer to make one of Mary's contracts than it did to make one of Mary's pictures. Yet, strangely enough, the beneficiary herself took no hand in the enterprise. The warfare of clauses was waged entirely by her mother and her lawyer. Indeed, Mr. Zukor has often told me that Mary Pickford had never asked him for a cent.

"Then how do you know she's discontented?" I once inquired of him. "How does she act?"

"Like a perfect lady," responded Mr. Zukor stoically.

I made no comment, but I have always understood that one of the advantages of being a perfect lady is that you can create a certain atmosphere without creating the basis for any definite accusations.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

THE MAN HOLDING THE PLATTER IS MR. GOLDWYN, DINING HIS COMPANY AT HIS STUDIOS. THE OTHERS, LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN BOWERS, MOLLY MALONE, WILL ROGERS, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, ED KIMBALL

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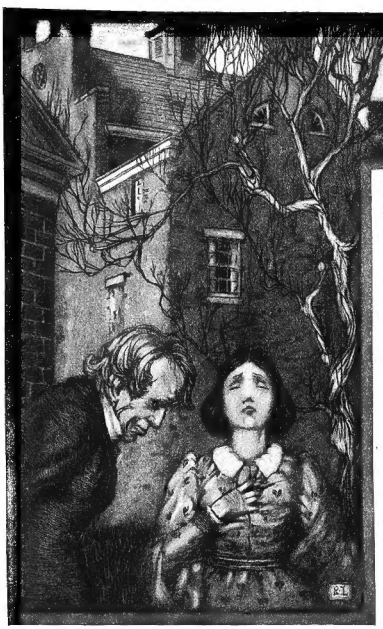

"'ONLY ONCE IN MY LIFE, JENNY,' SAID HE, 'HAVE I EVER BEEN SO SORRY FOR ANYTHING AS I AM FOR THIS'"

CROCUSES

The Story of the Great Man of Urkey

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

A Novelette, Complete in This Issue

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LAWSON

BUCHANAN GOWD was a great man. Alive, he was a genius and a power in the land; dead, there grew up around his memory a body almost of mythology, not only local in his native island of Urkey, but beyond the Sound in Gillyport, the scene of his greatest triumphs, and all across the Cape and up as far as Boston itself on the main. While he was yet alive and before his abrupt and somewhat mysterious retirement it is said that no lawyer in county or circuit liked to match wits with the island attorney in any court or case whatever, and that the judges before whom he was in the habit of practising (knowing well that he could have had the job of any one of them long ago by simply turning over his hand)—that the judges put their cuds away into their cheeks and began to listen when Buchanan Gowd stood up to plead.

He was really before my time in Urkey. I suppose the period of his fullest powers must have been roughly contemporary with my birth. As a matter of fact and date it was on the afternoon when my mother, already widowed a month, rendered up her own ghost in the act of delivering me into the world and the care of my cousin Duncan—it was on that very afternoon, over in Gillyport court-house, according to history, that Buchanan Gowd was framing the defense that cleared Captain Sil Merriman of the charge of murdering his own first mate at sea.

At the hour when in all probability I was suffering my primal bath at the hands of the committee of neighbors, Buchanan Gowd, reared to the full of his great height in the yellow twilight of the court-room, striking back from his brow his mane of rusty hair, launching out his huge arms in turn at the jury, the prisoner, the judge, and the ten witnessing whalermen of the *Sprite's* crew—at that hour Buchanan Gowd was proceeding to pick to pieces, to tear in rags, and rip in tatters the story of those ten disreputable sailormen, depicting for the gentlemen of the jury a Captain Sil, not as the "malignant perjurers" would have had him, a sea-monster loose on his own moonlit deck with a bottle in one hand and a gun in the other, but the Captain Sil he was (and as I was afterward to know him), a faithful husband, fond father, conscientious citizen, past selectman of Urkey, supply-teacher of Minister Malden's men's class, and part donor of the annual scholarship at Highmarket Academy down the Cape. . . .

And by the time Gramma Pilot's niece Marjory had been summoned (in secret, for she had come by the faculty in no legitimate fashion) to provide me with my first victual of this earth—by that hour of the evening Buchanan Gowd must have already gathered up his papers and made his exit from the court-room and his triumphal entry into the packet-schooner for home, without deigning even to wait for the jury to bring out its verdict from the jury-room.

That was his way, they say. When he had finished the case was finished, so far as he was concerned. At the Plymouth trial of Charles E. Blaine, charged with breaking into and robbing the bank of which he himself was president, it is told that when Buchanan Gowd had ended his rebuttal for the defense he did not resume his seat, but without waiting to hear even so much as the judge's charge to the jury, he swept his documents into his morocco case, bowed, clapped on his beaver, presented his back, and marched out of the court-room for home, as certain of an acquittal then as he was of the paper at mail-time the following day.

That was Gowd all over. And it was just those gestures of his (along with his great gesture at the end) that helped to make him the boast and monument of our island village while he lived and a legend after he was dead and gone—his gestures, his eccentricities, even his frailties, coupled with and adorning his lion will to win.

He had his foibles. He would not otherwise have been Buchanan Gowd. One of them, in Urkey's eyes, was his deliberate and stubborn solitude. His home was his castle, bolted, barred, and walled about, and in that plain brown house in Standish Street he lived alone, having "help" in by the hour, till pretty near the end of his days. The only one he had ever loved had died within the twelvemonth of their marriage years ago; after that the brick wall was built around the place, and within the wall the great lawyer spent all the leisure he had in tending his flower-beds—flower-beds, folks said, as naive as an aging maid's, drawn in whorls and stars of dwarf geraniums, scrolls of sweet-william, lyres and spouting whales in mignonette, and pansy dromedaries.

But his delight lay deeper in other plants than these; deepest of all in the frailest and most defenseless and fugitive, the wraiths of Springtime—snowdrops and crocuses. It was in crocus-bulbs in a hidden corner that he printed his dead wife's name, to watch it resurrected in tender whiteness after the March thaw each passing year.

It's odd, you'll say, to have found that sort of sentimental weakness in an iron and granite man. I think it was not odd at all. In every house there must be a door, and in every character some breach for the spirit to come and go.

BUCHANAN GOWD lived in an epoch of our history (if it be yet past) when a man's career was, above all things, a game, and the only foul or fault or immorality written in the rules was to lose. He made himself the perfect creature of his age, the athlete of his profession, the ring-fighter impervious to blows (whether from without or from within), the embattled shepherd to whom his client was as the hundredth sheep.

To be upright in that faith one had to be hard, alert, and ruthless, and friendless in the end. Buchanan Gowd may well have tasted a prideful satisfaction in his imperial court-exits, his triumphal home-comings on the crowded packet-deck, in the hand-clasps, the awed asides, the pieces in the paper, and in the inflowing revenues of his genius, which made him at last (with the possible exception of the Pons boys) the richest man in town.

In the last calculation, tho, he was alone. For how can a man who holds in his marbled-cardboard files the reputations and even the lives of his hundreds (those he defended publicly before the bar were but a handful among the men who had, sooner or later, and sometimes under cover of night, knocked at the gate in the wall in Standish Street)—how can that man have friends?

That was Buchanan Gowd, tho; the nameless lion hunting alone. A lion! That seems strange to me, whose first vivid recollection of him is of a broken old fellow shambling in the dusks, "as crazy," people said, "as any loon."

But it has occurred to me that there were moments in his triumphal career when Lawyer Gowd must have wished in his hidden heart that he did have a friend. Some few moments at least of kingly wistfulness. I think it may have been in one of these that Jenny Dyer found him that day when she knocked at his gate at the beginning of that case at law which was destined to be his most brilliant triumph, and his last.

DIVORCE suits in those days were not the weeds of news they are now. A divorce, when I was a boy in Urkey, was something to be discussed behind closed doors, and not by youngsters even there. There was always then, in this parting of bedfellows, a certain aspect of obscenity not to be kept out of the mind. . . . Nor was the cause of the Dyer-Dyer litigation the newspaper breakfast food it would be to-day.

The owner of the mackerel-catchers *Patience*, *Joy*, and *Luck* had seen in Bedford a girl he liked better than he liked Jenny, his own twenty-two-year-old wife. That was simple enough: after a man's been married four years, you know— But you may be certain it wasn't simple enough in those days for any one in Urkey Island (with the possible exception of 'Miah White) to say it out.

It came like a thunderclap, and Amos Dyer, having the advantage of knowing it was coming, got to Gowd first. Jenny came an hour too late. When she knocked at the gate and was admitted into the garden the lawyer still held her husband's first retainer between his fingers, abstractedly, standing and staring down the while at the plot of turf in the corner where a budding wraith of a "B E S S" pushed through the thawing earth. When Jenny told him her errand and asked him, still breathless with her run, to defend the case, Gowd, without turning his eyes, held toward her Amos's new one-hundred-dollar bill.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Then he did something they didn't often do in Urkey Island thirty years ago. Quite deliberately he tore the note across and tore it across again and

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again till it was in twenty pieces, and then he opened his hand and let them go fluttering to the ground, taking care only that none should fall within the borders of that turf and crocus plot. And then, turning to Jenny and looking her in the eyes: "Only once in my life, Jenny," said he, "have I ever been so sorry for anything as I am for this."

If he was sorry, you may say, why did he go on? You don't know Gowd. He didn't want to take the brief for Amos, but Amos was the first to come, and by the lights of his faith and the pride of his art he was as helpless to refuse him as is a physician to turn a patient from his door. It is significant that not one person in Urkey (even among his enemies) ever put forward the idea that Amos's side of the litigation could dispose of the bulk of the money. And it is known, as a matter of fact, that Amos never received the bill for the rest of the whacking fee he had looked all along to pay. . . . No, if any one had been searching for motives in Buchanan Gowd's choice of sides (forgetting that he had had no choice) he would have found the only one half plausible in the circumstance that Amos's side was the hard one of the case.

Hard, did I say? Impossible! In the opinion of the gossip of Urkey that hundred-dollar bill of Amos's had delivered Gowd over to a "stumper" at last. For Urkey folks knew Jenny Dyer, busy, soft-eyed, spotless Jenny, and they had known her from her birth. And as Aunt Dee Nickerson put it: "You can't go to work and divorce a woman out o' house and home, even in these days, simply and solely for bein' a saint." Buchanan Gowd, they said, had found his match at last. . .

Even yet they had not envisioned the genius of the man. When he stood up before the court in Gillyport that afternoon of the trial the case was like an empty blackboard and he a hulking schoolboy with a piece of chalk in his hand and nothing to write. And of a sudden he wrote and the world tumbled down. On the blackboard of the court's imagination he drew abruptly the picture of a stranger to all there, a timekeeper in a Brockton shoe-factory of two years before, a young man, dreamy, poetical, consumptive, and dead a year now of his disease, and buried at Golden in the Colorado hills. He recreated this never-heard-of figure by an act of sheer evocation.

And abruptly he left him and drew another picture, a picture of Amos Dyer, the husband, "gone south" in his mackerelman, the *Luck*, through March and April two years before. And as abruptly still another: Jenny Dyer on the one protracted visit of her life, with her cousin Edie Brickly of Brockton, Mass. . . . Then, standing there in the aureate shaft of the westering sun, shaking his mane, writhing his huge shoulders, he wrote the legend around those pictures and bound that triangle together with documentary circumstance, with witnesses in the flesh produced as out of void by magic passes of his hand, with attested hints where hints would tell, with certified silences where silences damned.

Amazing warp, unheard-of woof, with the shuttle-fling of some old angry, laboring prophet of the Lord, he wove there the garment of Jenny Dyer's shame. And when he was done, striking from his face the sweat that stood as crimson as blood-drops in the sunset shaft, he turned without a word or a glance at any one and marched himself out of the room, leaving Judge Bean to grant in the hush of public dumfounderment Amos Dyer's plea for divorcement from the white-lipped, mute defendant, "unfaithful to her marriage-vows of chastity with co-respondent, Anthony A. Giaco of Brockton, now deceased."

JENNY got home the following evening on the packet, and a curious home-coming it must have seemed to her as she walked along the shore street westward toward her brother Jason's house. They watched her from their open doors, the people amongst whom she had been born. None of them "believed that thing." Women said: "Jenny Dyer? Imagine!" Men said: "It's a goll-dang shame!" And she had the sense, happily, or the instinct, to keep her eyes ahead of her (as Buchanan had kept his at his home-coming the night before) and her feet marching clear of all the door-sills of her friends. She did not waver till she had got as far as the corner of Standish Street. Then she did more than waver. Turning with an abrupt resolution, she passed into the shadows of the side street, and folks heard her knocking at Gowd's gate.

What passed between them in the half-hour she spent alone with the lawyer that evening will never be exactly known by any one outside, unless by chance it be 'Miah White, and he will never tell.

Aunt Dee Nickerson, who "cleaned him up" each morning and got his dinner ready, confessed afterward under weight of public questioning that when she saw Buchanan the following day, at work resorting his papers in his old brick safe, "his hair had turned gray overnight, I vow to man!" I think this may be swallowed with romantic salt. At all events Mr. Nathan Snow, come over three days later from the Barnstable Board of Selectmen to see Gowd in the matter of their fight with the New Haven Road, said nothing about gray-hair-in-his astounded and acrid comments upon the interview.

It seems he had found the lawyer in his garden as usual, down on his hands and knees among his button chrysanthemums, getting them "red up" for their Autumn blooming. He remained on his hands and knees throughout the brief conference, his back presented to the selectman with what must have seemed to the latter an exhibition of imperial disdain. When the envoy had stated the case and bid the attorney's services (simply as a matter of formality, he thought, since it was destined to be a big litigation and of the bruising sort that Gowd liked best), Gowd just went on grubbing, shaking his head among the chrysanthemum tops. Mr. Snow had a doubt of his eyes.

"How—who's that, Buchanan?"

"I've made enough money, Snow. Time to give the young ones a chance. Now, there's a fellow just starting here called Dow——"

That was the end of the interview. That was the most wanton and overweening of last straws to the self-respecting back of a Barnstable selectman—to be advised to go to *Dow!*

Poor Dow! He was of my boyhood's day. Geographical inheritor of Gowd of Urkey, I remember him, with his round little paunch and the watch-chain across it, his cheery doubts, his weak eyes, his recurrent and hopelessly legitimate twins, floundering hopefully through life in the dead great man's shoes.

Dow didn't get *that* case. The Barnstable dignitary couldn't shake our dust from his boots fast enough over the departing packet's side. His frame of mind made a great impression. It would be a long time, folks said, before he or any other of the big ones would be in a hurry to bring their retainers to the gate in Standish Street.

Of course the psychology of that prophecy was quite wrong. Others came, all right, only the more stoutly "heeled," three of them within the week. But they too were turned away with the same pronouncement: "I've made enough money. Time to give the young ones a chance."

It began to dawn on people by and by that Buchanan Gowd was through. In the flood-tide of his powers, in the full flight of his career, abruptly, mysteriously, he had quit. He had marched out of a court-room in triumph for the last time.

"And 'tain't as if he were an old man," people said. "If he were an old man now—but no—it don't seem right. Look at him!"

THE trouble was that they had *not* looked at him. When they had the chance again; when, after almost a month's self-incarceration, he made his appearance again on the shore street (it was a Monday evening mail-time, the busiest hour of the Urkey week), they discovered that he *was* an old man.

There's nothing to keep the human carcass well ordered, elastic, lusty, and young like a living faith—in almost anything. And there is nothing so ruinous to the tissues of fifty as finding that faith suddenly brought in doubt.

I can imagine the gossip that night, in the back room at the post-office, on the dock, along the street, even in our own kitchen above the shop, where 'Miah White would be coming inevitably to sit and glower it over to himself, stiff-spined as a freethinking evangel, in the rocker behind the stove.

"Why, 'Miah," my cousin Duncan marveled aloud, "he looks for the world like a man condemned to death."

"That's always been the wages of sin, hasn't it, Dunc? Death!"

'Miah was an all-around dissenter of the wild-angry school, but nothing fitted his tongue like Bible talk, especially when he was a little drunk, and he could fire a quotation from Ezekiel or his namesake Jeremiah with the projectile weight of an oath.

He wasn't the kind to bow down to any man alive; of all Urkey, I suppose, he alone had refused consistently to be impressed by the growing fame of the island attorney. They were too much alike. And so if at first it seems strange, on deeper thought it will seem less strange that after his inner disaster Gowd's steps should gravitate inevitably toward 'Miah's weir-shed on the shore.

That is where and that is how he entered the field of my personal memory, for the shed was not far along the beach from our back steps, and I was at play there around the sill of its great boat-door the better part of the time. My own first-hand knowledge of Buchanan Gowd will be seen so to cover, by a chance of chronology, precisely the period of his eclipse, that slack, twilight interlude between his magnificence alive and his vast circumstance of fact and fable dead.

For what seemed an extended epoch then in my young existence (it was probably only two or three months) this fading relic of Buchanan Gowd made part of the furniture of my daily world; rather a minor piece, indeed, as natural and

'I'VE GOT LOCKED UP THE GHOSTS GOOD OR BAD OF UPWARD OF A HUNDRED LIVING MEN'"

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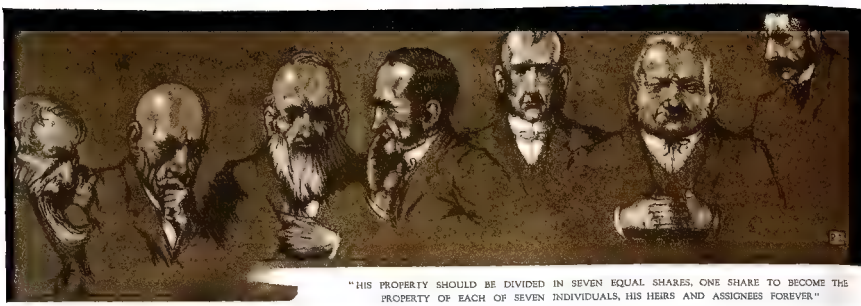

"HIS PROPERTY SHOULD BE DIVIDED IN SEVEN EQUAL SHARES, ONE SHARE TO BECOME THE PROPERTY OF EACH OF SEVEN INDIVIDUALS, HIS HEIRS AND ASSIGNEES FOREVER."

negligible as the sawed-off rocker he inhabited in the back part of the shop, and altogether wooden to my eyes, obsessed with the Herculean activities of 'Miah's twine-needle and maul.

There Gowd sat by the hour, by the day, by the week, it seemed, arguing his final case for a defense, putting his immortal soul in cross-examination before the bar of his immortal soul.

"Is it right for a man to defend a man he knows to be guilty?"

"*Right* is *right!*" thundered 'Miah, swinging his maul with the crash of judgment-day. "*Right*, Buchanan, is *right*, and naught else!

"*Right* is *right!*"

(As to just what 'Miah meant by it I couldn't take my oath. I have to reconstruct this debate, much as your paleontologist will summon up an obsolete monster, from the few fossil bones of scattered phrases which, through being often repeated, managed to stick in my uncomprehending brain.)

"*Right* is *right!*" 'Miah continued to rumble, argument by argument, hour by hour, day by day, his face crimson with the anger of prophecy, his maul knocking the devil down at every swing. And there behind him in that dust-curtained, sunshot interior sat Gowd with his knees under his chin, his clothes rumpled and beginning to bag on his bones, and his fingers going through the stack of his hair, which was graying *now*, whether Aunt Dee had seen or not.

"But, 'Miah," he would say, "so long as the law stands as the best thing yet discovered to protect the average rights of the average man, just so long there will have to be lawyers to play the game——"

"The game! There you have it, Buchanan, the game! Right and Reason is a foot-race; Justice is a ball-game, *played to win!*"

"Yes, but *mustn't* it be a game, 'Miah, to keep it safest from chance of miscarriage? Am I justified in turning a client away simply because I know he's guilty, and by so doing betray publicly his guilt, setting myself up so as prosecutor, judge, and jury, all in one person? Where does justice come to on that road, 'Miah? If every lawyer in the world were to refuse to defend a guilty man, all the courts in the world would go to ruin, the body of the law would cease to function; the weak would be at the mercy of the strong again. What do you say to that, 'Miah?"

" 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' "

"No, 'Miah, no—no; if there's to be law there must be men trained to understand it and keep it running true and straight. And if there are to be lawyers they must have no better right to betray the secrets of their clients, by word or act or refusal to act, than has the priest in his confessional."

"The *priest!*" (I remember that moment, and how 'Miah roared the word and tossed it in the air and caught it and roared it out again with an ironic elephantine glee.) "Priest! Yes, Buchanan, yea! Priest, lawyer: lawyer, priest, and Pharisee! Think it over well, Buchanan Gowd!"

ANOTHER day Gowd said another thing, and this I can put down verbatim, because of the tremendous new rein it gave to my romantic imagination. (I'd not then read the story of the "Fisherman and the Djinn.")

"In my safe at home, 'Miah," said he, "I've got locked up the ghosts, good or bad, of upward of a hundred living men. Do you think it would be right for me to open that door and turn them loose on the world? Tell me that, 'Miah?"

"Don't put the question to me, Buchanan. Put it to your own immortal conscience; and, mind you, bide by the answer, or be damned."

I say that I was impressed. It seemed that others were impressed too. I can't say who it was that overheard, or whether it was the first instance of "snooping" at the shed's hidden side, or, if not, how long the neighborly surveillance had been going on.

However all that may be, it was presently evident that some one or ones began to think that things were coming to a pass. It is amusing when one looks back on it: the easy popular delusion that a man like Buchanan Gowd could deliberately topple down from his eminence and become forthwith, in a space of mere weeks, of no further moment to the world at large; a harmless old fellow to be passed with sidelong smiles and indulgent thoughts about the evanescence of earthly grandeur and fame, and very presently forgot. And it is amusing too to imagine the inevitable rubbing of eyes in certain quarters at the slowly growing discovery that the lion, tho sick, was still alive; that the bull, tho dying, was in the china-shop.

It would be hard to lay finger on any particular person or perturbation; such things also move in a mysterious way. It is a fact that 'Miah White (imagine!) received an anonymous threatening letter, and it is also known that for a time there was some pretty large, undetailed talk abroad about committing Gowd to an asylum. But neither the letter nor the talk came to anything, and the matter dropped.

After all it wasn't important enough to make a fuss about—especially when, on an evening that found Gowd at 'Miah's house and all the other Urkey people, including the hose company, at Captain Sil's stereopticon lecture on the sperm-whale in Center Church, the lawyer's house in Standish Street took fire most mysteriously and burned to the ground, old brick safe and papers and all.

For one moment in the cold hour of the morning it looked as tho it might have done something to Buchanan Gowd. For a moment his shoulder-blades touched corners again, and the old battle-glint, magnified, shone once more in his eyes as, standing in the crocus-corner of the yard, he stared in silence at the embers of his home. (I wonder if it were there that the idea first came into his head.)

Certainly, for one who had loved a bruising fight against odds, here was a challenge bald enough to whip the blood and stir the soul to health again. And for a moment, I say, it was nip and tuck—no, it was life and death.

DEATH won. From the moment he let his shoulders fall again, from the moment he swallowed that leering and contumelious affront, he was attainted of death. I am not a man of medicine to chart the mechanical and chemical effect on tissues of a moral disaster; I can only attest that from that night Buchanan Gowd commenced to wither swiftly before our eyes.

He entered the mists. His movements, now that his lion's claws were clipped for good, were pauperish (he was still our wealthiest man), wizened, and absurd. Driven out of his familiar shell, he crept, like a hermit-crab too far gone for choice, into the cavity left vacant by Angie Peter's death, a rickety, ratty, two-roomed shack squeezed in between the cow street and the rise of the bluff behind the town.

He bought the place with good money, and as tho that were not sufficient for this sudden dotage of his, he searched the titles to the worthless, weed-and-brush-grown, and almost precipitous face of the bluff behind his property and paid down still more good money for a steep fifty-foot strip running up from his back fence, binding the transfer with as crotchety, miserly, old-womanish a tangle of legal verbiage as if it were actually of value and he had long to enjoy it or heirs to enjoy it for him when he should be gone.

Of course all this was talked about in Urkey village, and some were amused and some (who had profited) gratified, and some vaguely struck perhaps with pity. But altogether it was his own business, and the wonder as to "what he wanted that worthless piece of side-hill for" lasted scarcely the proverbial seven days.

It was really quite simple, why he wanted it, when people began to understand. It was as simple as this: out of the wreckage of his life he desired but one thing back, and that was that solace and refuge of his spirit, the garden within the wall. He had no wall here, to be sure, but presently in his dusk-shambling way he had got 'Miah White's brother to work stringing a fence of woven wire around the property, and with that transparent barrier he had to be content. A wall ten feet thick would have given him no more visual privacy as a matter of actual fact, for, upended as steeply as was this absurd and senile-witted "garden spot" of his, the whole water-front of the town was free to stare into it as into a picture hung in a frame. The defeat of age is its nakedness, and here was the arrogant old lion naked enough at last.

I can see him now as we used to see him in the fogs and dusks of that Autumn through the gap of Drugstore Lane, clinging tiny and dim and adhesive as a moribund fly to the face of his domain, creeping and delving and grubbing about with a microscopic assiduity that becomes, in retrospect, a labor epic and enormous. Sometimes roaming (as Duncan allowed me) in the wake of the prophet 'Miah, I sat with him on the hillside there outside the fence and had a nearer view of the gardening. More than once there was another spectator too, as quiet as we, watching the mysterious business idly from the further side—idly, because in those days Jenny Dyer had nothing in the world to do, no house of her own to keep, no sewing-circle sewing, no calls to receive or return, nothing to do at all but keep her own company and think and think.

I've often wished since that I'd been old enough then to get some glint of the drama of the three on that darkening hillside, the two

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watchers and the watched. There was a time when I did receive a thrill, and a pretty shivery one too for my years, but I got it from none of them. It came from a phrase dropped by Snow, the druggist, standing with another man outside his door across from our shop. I knew they were talking about Gowd because they were looking up at the hill where the old man, having got his tipped rectangle fairly well cleared, was beginning to put things into the earth.

"It's almost sort of pitiful in a way," I heard Snow say, "seeing he'll never live to see the fool things come up in the Spring."

You can imagine the feelings with which I watched the toiler after that as in the cold and rain, the darkening and thickening cloud of his life, he crept over his land, spraddling with his doomed and earthy old knees the mysterious devices of the planting he would never reap—or as in the window-lit crowd at mail-time, where they had been used to clear Buchanan Gowd a way, he scuttled now like an ailing, unobtrusive crab, clutching in his claws the precious weekly parcel from Freed, the New England seedsman, as a miser's gold.

He got an uncommon bulk of the seedsman's goods, first and last, when one came to add up the weeks. Some people did this in their minds (as they were to do it again, come a time, and less idly far), and there began to be a revival of the talk of "putting Gowd away." This time the talk was sincere, and sprang from nothing but the old ingrained New England horror of wanton waste. It had been bad enough when he put money into that ground in the figurative sense; now that he had started doing it literally, tamping it down and out of sight in those absurd and senseless patterns his gardening had always affected, that was too much. "And catching his death of damp in the bargain."

But "Still it's his own money," some said, "and anyhow it'll be right pretty for the rest of us, come Summertime, up there on the hill."

WHAT I've never been able to understand is how they could all have so taken it for granted that Gowd's days were run. He wasn't an old man as years go; had he been twenty years further along there ought even yet to have been no basis for a prophecy so definite. But perhaps it wasn't all so cut and dried at the time, after all; perhaps, in being told me in later years, my informants remembered it more solid than it was.

The fact remains (and I have it from 'Miah) that Gowd himself knew that he was finished and that his creeping and crawling labors raced against an inexorable clock. And that again is just as curious. How could Gowd have known? He did die, to be sure, but it was not of suicide, neither was it of anything chronic or predictable. It was the suddenest sort of pneumonia that carried him off, just after the first snow had come to cover up his finished gardening and the pit he had begun to dig in its midst for his own grave, and no one realized what had happened till they found him stark in his bed, his eyes staring at the ceiling, his hands hanging over the edge, and his month-old will on the floor.

'Miah was called (the testament made him its executor, as he had also been its sole witness), and that same day he and his brother went up into the hill-patch with pick and spade and finished digging the pit of the lawyer's last abode. I remember it in the afternoon light, standing out like a brown wound on the fairness of the new snow. I remember too the amount of talk it raised, this notion of Gowd of Urkey being laid to rest anywhere but within the hallowed and proper precincts of Rigg's Dome, amongst the bones of the line of which he was greatest and the last. It was not only sacrilegious, it was unforgivably cynical and scurrilous; in a way, hard precisely to define, it outraged the civic pride. . . . That talk started like a rustle of leaves; it ended in a gale; a gale against which 'Miah stood like a rock of angry resolution, hard-mouthed and alone.

He did in the end throw one sop to public opinion: Gowd was buried from the church. I attended that funeral at Duncan's heels, as stiff as my own starched collar with awe for all the world's great that had come there too. Oh, yes, they were there, all right. It is one thing to hear that a compeer has gone into eclipse and become for the moment useless and vaguely disreputable; it is quite another to learn that he is dead, and safe at length with the past.

I can imagine the word going across the Sound and the Cape and coming to this one and that: to Henry Small of Hyannis, for instance, whom Gowd had got out of the hands of a Federal prosecutor with a grudge ten years before; to John Edwards of Gillyport (they had made him selectman by way of reparation when he came out innocent of manslaughter and adultery in the Peregrine case); to Blaine of the bank at Plymouth; to another and another, here and there. I can imagine them.

"Gowd dead? Not *Buchanan* Gowd! Over to Urkey? Don't tell me! Well, now!"—"He was an able man in his way; a great man. It'll be a long day before we see another one like Gowd at the bar"—"If it weren't for Gowd now, 'a point of fact— Hmmm! When's the funeral? Thursday noon? Let me see. . . ."

And whether or not they had a little line from some one hinting at something, I can not say.

But they were all there, that's certain; sober-faced, solid fellows ranked in the forward pews of the center aisle, listening with a decent reverence to the funeral sermon based on the brief text, "Render unto Cæsar . . . ," in which Minister Malden was, as usual, wet-eyed and sincere and altogether meaningless.

It was fitting, when one thought of it, that they should be there that day in the seats traditionally reserved for the mourning next of kin. For these men whose lives he had preserved to them were actually, in the bottom of the sense of things, the dead man's only kin. None had stronger cause to mourn him than they; none had better claim to shoulder his casket (as they did, taking turns about, with the undertaker and 'Miah herding the rear) up across the muddying snow of the wire-fenced "garden spot" to the grave he himself had decreed and begun. And afterward it was they who gathered in Dow's law office to hear the reading of the will.

Dow had something to do at last then, even if it were no more than to read a great man's testament. I think I can see him, seated globular and perspiring within the ring of his betters, fiddling with his watch-chain, wiping his spectacles, and more and more as the document developed, puckering his brow with that habitual air of his of doubting for the best.

For even a legal mind of the caliber of Dow's could see straightaway that if ever a will was made for breaking, it was that will, the supreme last effort of the astutest of all that generation's counselors at law. That testament would not have held five minutes under the fire of any probate court in the land. Its very texture and substance cried it aloud for the work of a mind diseased, a spirit brooding and self-centered to the point of melancholy madness.

Three-quarters of its dragging length was devoted to the subject of the grave. Buchanan had been solitary in life; he wished to continue solitary in death. Alive he had desired no ornaments of ostentation; dead he would have none. On the small granite slab at his head, besides his name and his dates, there was to be placed the legend, "Blind, he kept the faith of the blind," and nothing more.

He had always loved flowers, but he wished no offerings of them brought; those he most desired he had set with his own hand to bloom in their season around his resting-place "for the eyes of that community in which I was born and reared, in which I have done my work and passed away."

After he had been interred and the burial party gone out of the enclosure of his property, it was stipulated that no foot whatsoever should enter upon that enclosed property again for any reason whatsoever "until the last of such aforesaid flowers shall have ceased naturally to bloom for the duration of said ensuing season of Spring," and if in the cognizance or by the wilful negligence of the executor or of any or all of the thereinafter-named beneficiaries of that will the sense and letter of that stipulation should be transgressed, then the body of that instrument should become automatically null and void and the appended codicil be immediately in effect. . . .

BUCHANAN GOWD had had a hand in the making of a good many score of wills in his day, and water-tight, seaworthy wills they were too, be certain there. And now when it came to the one of them all the most important to himself, to have launched upon the troubled sea of probate a ramshackle box of a craft like that, leaking at every seam and ready to turn turtle at the first breath of the first quibble—that the flower of the legal genius of the decade should have come to its final fruit in *that*—it was inexplicable and it was ridiculous, and pitiful and tragic too. At first thought.

Only at the second thought, or the third perhaps, did the fine sardonic mockery of the document begin to discover itself.

It was as if Buchanan Gowd, already in the shadow of death, had sat down to his writing with his tongue in his cheek; yes, with his thumb to his nose; stringing his periods with contemptuous carelessness, knowing that he might as safely have strung them backward or upside down, if such had been his whim.

I have said that that will was "made for breaking." And the truth is that of all the testaments Buchanan Gowd had ever put hand to, this was the one locked and bolted and iron-bound and guaranteed and double-guaranteed to stand while the world should stand; and he, tongue in cheek and thumb to nose, had known it well.

Being in the law he knew there was never the will framed that couldn't be broken at law. He had been wise enough not to try. He had framed a will, then, not that *couldn't* be broken, but that *wouldn't* be. And he had done it in one final paragraph as simple as the table of two.

The totality of his property (such holdings of real estate, such stocks, such bonds, such cash deposits in such named banks) should be held in trust by executor for a period of six months from date of probate, and at the end of that time it should be divided in seven equal shares, one share to become the property of each of seven individuals, his heirs and assignees forever, namely: George Silloway Merriman (Captain Sil), Nathan Lane, Amos Benjamin Dyer, all of Urkey village; Charles Edwin Blaine of Plymouth, John Paducah Edwards of Gillyport, Henry Cabot Small of Hyannis, and Benjamin Lowe Eads of Dorchester, all in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. . . . Signed by Buchanan Gowd, testator, and, under a parenthetical

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

"'COME ON, THE WHOLE O' YOU!' HE COULD GIVE ODDS TO ALL URKEY NOW. NO ONE WENT"

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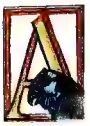
THE SAGA *of* CHAKCHEK THE ONE-EYED

A Royal Bird He Was, Who Lived in the Royal Blue

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS



ROARING westerly wind came over the Atlantic, scattering a spray from the crests of the green rollers and shooting vertically up the face of the precipice. Gulls perched on the ledges of the cliff had only to launch themselves forward into the uptrend in order to reach the swarded lip above, but their movements were clumsy. Usually they were complete masters of wind, but to-day a gale was blowing, and they were whirled and buffeted and tossed like the bleached heads of the sea-pinks growing in the crevices around them.

But to the blast and rush of the gale Chakchek was indifferent. Three thousand feet over the Devon promontory he hung, wings curved slightly backward, black-barred thighs and yellow legs tucked in, tail straight out. He was not unlike an anchor with its shank snapped off, motionless and suspended. His one eye regarded all below him; the three rabbits venturing forth from the bonded stone wall, the raven behind it standing in the furrows turned that morning, the finch striving vainly to fly into the wind, the yelping gulls, the oyster-catchers perched on the rocks.

At three thousand feet he was anchored, this tercel, or male peregrine falcon, contemptuous of the gusts, contemptuous of the raven, the gulls, the rabbits; scornful of every living thing: Chakchek, the fiercest hawk in the West Country; Chakchek, who ranged the airways above Exmoor and the Bristol Channel, who fled at will along the northern seaboard of Devon and Cornwall, who raced over to Lundy Island because he fancied the blood of a sea-parrot; Chakchek, the unmated; Chakchek, the outlaw. Listen to the saga of Chakchek the One-eyed!

IN THE wind was he fixed, watching the land far below, unmoving, his eye fiercely beautiful, his blue notched beak pointing downward. The wind hummed past his taut pinions, thrumming in his stiff tail; there was he fixed—but now the wind shrieked by those compressed feathers, he was falling, falling; the greensward rushed upward, and he cried out aloud for the very sweetness of life.

The linnet that was struggling in the wind collapsed as the shrill cry dropped to a chromatic whine below it. The falcon had missed by seven inches, and the linnet was saved; but so agitated was the tiny bird's heart that it fell quivering into a gorse-bush, gaping and gasping. As for Chakchek, he was three thousand feet above the headland, having swooped up in a perfect curve.

The large sensitive eye responded to the slightest movement. Something Chakchek must have seen from the rear corner of it, for with racing sweeps he climbed to an altitude of six thousand feet—hardly visible from below. Once more he was anchored, then slipping across the blue sky in a straight line.

He had seen the pigeons wheeling above Speering, a small town by the mouth of the tidal estuary eight miles away, where the rivers Brannelmaw and Speeringflaw were in confluence. It was eight miles from the Corpsnout to Speering, but Chakchek had seen them. One hundred seconds passed, and he was half-way over the lonely sand-hills and the wastes of the Burrows.

Above the ribs of wrecked boats embedded in the flats he passed, losing height as he swept downwind like a hissing and shaftless arrowhead of iron. One hundred and fifty seconds, and now he was roaring the white lighthouse and the buoys swinging in the tide above the jutted sand-banks. One hundred and eighty seconds, and the pigeons saw what was hurtling upon them; they scattered like torn paper thrown to the wind. The terror was above them, and falling vertically in a relentless stoop.

The scream of the tercel rose in pitch; at over two hundred miles an hour he fell. Now the pigeons were dashing into the trees, all except one that was neck-limp and clutched in the falcon's talons; now an old gentleman, dozing in the garden of an ancient mansion below, was alarmed by the blood-splashes that appeared suddenly on his book.

"Look, Uncle Sufford, look!" yelled a girl from one of the windows.

At Mary's voice the old man peered upward, but saw nothing; for Chakchek was hidden by the gables of the house, upon the roof of which he plucked and ate the pigeon, leaving a complete skeleton near a skylight four minutes later. Then once more he was a speck in the sky, racing eastward. Only when the red sun was sinking into a wild ocean that Winter afternoon did he return to the Corpsnout, having arrived there after roving in a course of nearly four hundred miles; and he brought with him a mate, having found her in the great forest of Savernake, near Marlborough.

DAYS of rain and frost passed away, the larks sang over the oat-blades growing on the stony fields of the Corpsnout, and Chakchek was happy. He and the mate, who was larger than himself, swept the sky from dawn till sunset, and when the evening star was silver in the west they returned to the precipice, closing their pinions and plunging past the gulls to Bone Ledge, which for centuries had been the eyry of Chakchek's family.

One morning as they hung aloft a bird with broad brown wings sailed over their heads, and from it came a mewling cry. Chakchek cocked his head, and the one eye glittered. The mate appeared oblivious of the thing above—it was not her affair.

The buzzard belonged to the same family as the falcon, but the relationship was distant. He had no tooth, or notch, in his bill; an ignoble fellow that fed on the creeping things of the earth—beetles, rabbits, snakes, rats, mice, and even worms. In the lower air he was the sport of gulls, flapping like an owl with his clumsy wings. But in the high freeness his flight was superb; he could soar away tranquil hours without a wing-beat; not for him the fever and the restlessness of a peregrine's life. *Hissh*—he rocked on his back, striking upward with heavy claws. Chakchek swerved in his stoop and shot a hundred feet below him; climbed again and dashed ferociously at the intruder.

Poor Mewliboy, the buzzard, who had only been calling for his mate to join him in peaceful contemplation of the green sea and blue shadows, was sent into a terrified fluster, and made to look utterly ridiculous by the smaller tercel. At every swoop he cried out, losing height all the time, until he was driven half-way to the mainland, where Kronk, the raven, usually made his rest. Here Chakchek left him, and before he went back he stooped at Kronk, but changed his mind abruptly and returned to the precipice.

Mewliboy flapped away from the harsh oaths of Kronk and his wife, and when they were tired of trying to pull out his tail-feathers a dozen gulls took up the pursuit. Over the mainland they abandoned him, and a tomtit as big as a mouse pursued him. In a morbid state of mind Mewliboy went down the valley to his treetop castle in the pinewood near the hamlet of Breakspears St. Flammea.

Chakchek flew the mile in thirty-eight seconds, and found the mate still poised. He joined her, chattering shrilly a welcome. Suddenly she swung away and commenced to climb. Chakchek followed. Into a

"DAY AFTER DAY HE WAITED WITH A TWELVE-BORE GUN IN ORDER TO SHOOT THE RAIDING FALCON"

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cloud they flew, bursting through the vapor to see an untarnished azure above. Higher and higher they mounted, Chakchek feeling the strings of his heart vibrating with a radiant warmness. Soon the Corpsnout lay below them very small, shaped like a badger at rest, and with a back of red-and-green patches, its head resting on sunken paws.

From this loftiness mortal eye could have perceived no life, discerned no movement, but the one eye of Chakchek saw every gull, every jade-black shag squatting on their rock beneath the cliff; it saw the head of the Corpsnout seal filling its lungs before diving again for conger-eel, and the motionless humans lying at the precipice edge.

THE pinions of the mate ceased to strike the air. She wrapped them round her and fell. Chakchek followed; she rolled over and faced him; he touched her beak with his, and they snapped together—never had there been such rapture in his heart. Madly toward the Corpsnout they dashed, kissing and chattering.

The girl and the boy lying on the sward heard the hissing of their descent, and jumped up, shouting. Down, down, down the falcons whirled; every gull yelped and seemed to fade away into the rocky sides of the cliff; the girl clutched the boy, for surely the falcons were going to tear them. *Hiss-s-h*, they swerved, and with barred wings and blue backs flashed past, surely to be killed on the gray boulders below—but no, they were flying rapidly out to sea. Then they turned and rushed back, twirling round one another, and uttering all the time their sweet-shrill cries of love.

"There will be eggs in the nest before long, Mary," said the boy. "Do you remember how we climbed for that heron's nest in the elm-tree last year?"

The girl nodded. She had long black hair, and her eyes were brown and moody. "But Howard, by the time they lay the 'hole' will be over, and I shall be back at the Belgian convent with Elsie. I think school's simply beastly."

"Well, I'll watch them and guard it from collectors, and go down when they're hatched and bag one. Then when you come back I'll have it trained."

"What sport!" exalted the girl, her eyes suddenly auburn like the field behind the bonded stone wall. "Look, look!" she shouted.

An oyster-catcher—a creature with long crimson beak and pied wings—had been flying unconcernedly from Lundy Island. The falcons, half a mile high, were apparently annoyed, for both swept down. Chakchek arrived first, and the puff of feathers was hardly scattered before the broken thing was lying in the water, and the pirates were gone. As the boy and the girl looked a fish rose and seized it, and once more the ocean was divine under the April sun.

THE sea-pinks were out, and the gulls were sitting. Chakchek was wonderfully happy. That May morning, as he dropped from the sky to Bone Ledge with a rock-dove in his claws, he was amazed by the curious attitude of the mate. She was standing over the three reddish-brown eggs, her head turned to one side, very still. Chakchek ran to her and listened. Faintly within one shell there was the sound of feeble tapping. He peered with his one eye. Tap—tip.

Chakchek had been born on Bone Ledge a year before, and this was his first mating. Rapture at the sound overcame him, and he danced. Then he went quite close to the mate and fondled her beak with his and spoke to her tenderly. After kissing her several times—he did this by snapping the upper mandible of his bill with hers, inverting his head to do so—he fed her, as she nestled over the eggs, with morsels from the dead rock-dove. He displayed the same tenderness all the afternoon, and at six o'clock one nestling was free of the encumbering shell.

To celebrate the wonder Chakchek had a fight with Kronk, nearly impaling himself on the raven's beak in his exuberance. Then he dashed at the shags perched upon their family rock, causing them to dive into the water. Afterward he brought many rock-pipits, finches, doves, and little auks to Bone Ledge, to insure that his first-born should not die of hunger.

"'HE'S GOT ONE BLIND EYE,' HE SAID, HOLDING THE FALCON IN HIS HAND; 'DOUBTLESS IT WAS SHOT OUT WHEN HE WAS STEALING ELSEWHERE'"

The mate was several seasons old and had had as many broods; altho all of them had been destroyed. Chakchek had not her experience, and only realized after bringing forty-seven birds that one nestling did not require so many, nor could it tear them itself, but required minute morsels. Chakchek was amused by the naked thing, and tried to squeak to it in return; at which the mate kissed him and preened his pinion-feathers, then shivered her own as tho she too were little and required feeding. Immediately Chakchek brought morsels for her, which she swallowed while brooding over the squeaker.

Oh, they loved each other, Chakchek the One-eyed and his mate; and they loved more than ever when three squeakers were out of the red-brown shells. Every evening the pair flew two miles above the Corpsnout, to fall wing-tumbled and swooning. Once they saw two immense birds flying high over them with stretched necks and white wings. They were a mile higher than themselves—wild swans from whom came a flourish of silver trumpet-notes. Chakchek did not attack them; they were nowhere near Bone Ledge.

WHEN June came in, both birds were busy from dawn till sunset. The three squeakers had grown considerably, and their wing-feathers were sprouting from gray quills. All day long they shrilled for food. Bone Ledge became littered with skeletons of rock-doves and partridges, little auks, oyster-catchers, lapwings, and wild duck. Besides these were dozens of small aluminum rings stamped with letters and numbers, some covered with red rubber! All the pigeons in the dove-cot of Speering End, the home of Mary Ogilvie, had been taken; but they had not been ringed—they were ordinary pigeons. The rings had been on the legs of Sir Godfrey Crawdelhook's fancy birds, one of which Chakchek stole every morning.

The baronet was not an amiable man even when he endeavored to be specially pleasant to any one, and it was often said in Barum that the only things he cared about were his pigeons. Day after day he waited with a twelve-bore gun in order to shoot the raiding falcon; day after day Chakchek mounted high above the Corpsnout, and saw the Summer vapor lying over the Speering Burrows, saw the hillside village of St. Brannocks, and, miles beyond, the masts of ships in dock at the old town of Barum.

Beyond the clustered houses and shipyards of Barum, Sir Godfrey Crawdelhook lived, and above his white house the pigeons circled. Chakchek would glide across the sky, so high as to be invisible from the earth, and fall with his shattering stoop. Sometimes the birds were low, near the house; but it made no difference. Regularly every morning he took one.

Sir Godfrey Crawdelhook talked with Luke, his head keeper, and asked him if he had any suggestions to make about the means of destroying the pirate. Luke mentioned guns; then said that the best way was to find the eyry, wait above it, and shoot the old birds as they returned.

"And where is the eyry?" demanded his master irritably.

"Maybe on Lundy, zur. They be master birds for roving."

The attention of both men was drawn to the disturbance of the pigeons above them. They held their guns in readiness. Infinitely high in the sky a sharp black speck was seen. Chakchek was coming. With terrified wing-beats the racing pigeons made for the shelter of the trees; but Chakchek was a precise judge of movement. He was moving as well. At a steady ninety miles an hour he had reached Barum, then he had closed his wings and simply dropped head first.

From a height of ten thousand feet he fell to the treetops in a little over thirty-five seconds. He saw only the pigeon he had marked, and knew that he could get it—then the air rocked around him with four claps of thunder. Chakchek lost control, turned a somersault, and recovered, to see two men waving their arms and to hear them shouting. He felt no fear, only rage, and saw the pigeon disappear into the house.

So he followed, and snatched it as it bumped into a book-case, smashing the glass. A cat leaped at him as he flew out of the door, and something was flung at him. Chakchek screamed his rage, and took the pigeon upon the roof just as Sir Godfrey's gun crashed through Sir Godfrey's own window.

A week later Chakchek and the mate went together to Barum. For a while they hung over the square, watching the horses, the motor-cars, and the people below. It was Friday, the market-day, and the town was crowded. Howard was there, and he saw them. He thought of going to the Corpsnout with the Tiger, an old fisherman who had known the cliffs from boyhood—a fearless climber.

Howard desired a peregrine falcon for a pet. He would fly it at duck during the Winter and train it to retrieve its kill. The sight of the birds watching the town thrilled him so that he determined to go with Tiger on the morrow. He would be going up to Oxford shortly; he would take the peregrine with him! Even as he watched the falcons turned and swept away.

NO PIGEONS were visible around the house of Sir Godfrey Crawdelhook. The peregrines dropped to a height of four hundred feet. Nothing stirred.

Half a minute later a pigeon started to run across the lawn. Chakchek scrutinized its peculiar movements. It flapped its wings, and the mate stooped. Chakchek remained still, ready to stoop if the mate missed. Now the mate was very small below him. The pigeon flapped desperately, and the mate had caught it. Chakchek called to her, and dived to the house-roof, where the mate bore her catch, and commenced to tear it, standing on it to do so.

Inside the house Sir Godfrey chuckled as he wound in the snapped thread of black cotton.

"That's got them," he said in his rough voice; "just a few mouthfuls each of the poisoned liver tied to the decoy's breast and they are finished."

Upon the roof Chakchek proudly watched the mate. The sun was warm, and the sky was a royal blue. Three swifts passed with shrill cries by them, and he cocked his one eye at them.

The mate stopped eating, and drew back from the dying pigeon. She turned her head toward Chakchek and uttered a frail whisper. He went to her, distressed. Her beak opened and she panted, her throat throbbing.

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"AND AS THEY DID EAT HE SAID, 'VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT ONE OF YOU SHALL BETRAY ME.' AND THEY WERE EXCEEDING SORROWFUL, AND BEGAN EVERY ONE OF THEM TO SAY UNTO HIM, 'LORD, IS IT I?'"

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The Story of Christ

Part Four — The Last Supper

By Giovanni Papini

Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Illustrations from Paintings by J. J. Tissot

To Appear in Five Parts

IN JESUS'S arrival in Jerusalem He went up to the Temple, where all His enemies were assembled. On the hilltop the sacred fortress summed its new whiteness in the magnificence of the day. The old ark of the nomads, drawn by oxen through sweltering deserts and over battle-fields, had halted up there, petrified, as a defense for the royal city. The movable cart of the fugitives had become a heavy citadel of stone and marble, a pompous stronghold of palaces and stairways, shady with colonnades, lighted with courts, enclosed by walls sheer above the valley, protected by bastions and by towers, a fortress rather than a place of worship.

It was not only the precinct of the Holy of Holies and the sacrificial altar; it was no longer only the Temple, the mystic sanctuary of the people. With its great old towers, its guard-rooms, its warehouses for offerings, its strong boxes for deposits, its open piazzas for trade, and covered galleries for meetings and amusement, it was anything rather than a sanctuary for meditation and prayer.

It was everything: a fortress in case of assault, a bank-vault, a market-place in time of pilgrimage and feast-days, a bazaar on all days, a forum for the disputes of politicians, the wranglings of doctors, and the gossip of idlers; a thoroughfare, a rendezvous, a business center. Built by a faithless king to win over the favor of a captious and seditious people, to satisfy the pride and avarice of the priestly caste, an instrument of war and a market-place for trade, it must have seemed to the eyes of Jesus the natural focus for all the enemies of His truth.

Jesus goes up to the Temple to destroy the Temple. He will leave to the Romans of Titus the task of actually dismantling the walls, of scattering the masses of stone, of burning down the buildings, of stealing the bronze and gold, of reducing to a smoky and accursed ruin the great stronghold of Herod; but He will destroy the values which the proud Temple upheld with its piled-up blocks of ordered stone, its paved terraces, and its golden doors.

Jesus goes up toward the Temple; the Man transfigured on the mountain is set against the Scribes dried up among their scrolls, the Messiah of the New Kingdom against the usurper of the kingdom defiled by compromises, corrupt with infamy; the Gospel against the Torah; the future against the past; the fire of love against the ashes of the letter.

The day of battle is at hand. Midst the songs of His fervent band Jesus goes up to the sumptuous lair of His enemies. Well does He know the street. How many times He had gone over it as a little child led along by the hand in the crowd of pilgrims, in the midst of noise and dust in the company of Galileans! Later, as an unknown boy confused by the dust and heat of the sun, tired and bewildered, He used to look toward the walls, desperately longing to arrive at the summit, hoping to find up there in the sacred precincts a little shade for His eyes, cool water for His mouth, a word of consolation for His heart.

BUT to-day everything is transformed. He is not led along. He leads along. He does not come to adore, but to punish. He knows that inside, behind the beautiful façades of the sepulcher, there are only ashes and corruption: His enemies selling ashes and feeding themselves on corruption. The first adversary who comes before Him is the demon of greed.

He enters into the Court of the Gentiles, the most spacious and most densely crowded of all. The great, sunny, well-paved terrace is not the atrium of a sanctuary, but a dirty market-place; an immense, roaring din rises up from the vermin-like crowd of bankers, of buyers and sellers, of money-changers who give and take money. There are herdsmen with their oxen and their flocks of sheep, venders of pigeons and turtle-doves standing by the long lines of their cages, bird-sellers with cages of chirping sparrows; benches for money-changers with bowls overflowing with copper and silver.

Merchants, their feet in the fresh-dropped dung, handle the flanks of the animals destined for sacrifice, or call with monotonous iteration women who have come there after childbirth; pilgrims who have come to offer a rich sacrifice, lepers who offer living birds for their cure, obtained or hoped for. Money-changers, with a coin hung at their ears as a mark of their trade, gloatingly plunge their greedy talons into gleaming piles; the go-betweens run about in the swarm of the gossiping groups; the niggardly, wary provincials hold excited conferences before loosening the purse-

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"AND HE COMETH UNTO THE DISCIPLES, AND FINDETH THEM ASLEEP, AND SAITH UNTO PETER, 'WHAT, COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR?'"

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strings to change their cash for a votive offering, and from time to time a restless ox drowns out with his deep bellow the thin bleating of the lambs, the shrill voices of the women, the clinking of drachmæ and shekels.

Christ was familiar with the spectacle. He knew that the house of God had been turned into the house of Mammon, and that instead of silently invoking the Spirit, material-minded men trafficked there with the priests as their accomplices in the filth of the demon. But this time He did not restrain His scorn and His repugnance. To destroy the Temple, He commenced with the destruction of the merchants. The Eternal Mendicant, the Poor Man, accompanied by His poor friends, flung Himself against the servitors of money. He had in His hand a length of rope which He knotted together like a whip, and with it He opened a passageway through the astounded people.

The benches of the money-changers crashed down at the first shock. The coins were scattered on the ground amid yells of astonishment and wrath; the seats of the bird-sellers were overturned beside their scattered pigeons. The herdsmen began to urge toward the doors the oxen and the sheep. The sparrow-sellers took their cages under their arms and disappeared. Cries rose to Heaven, scandalized and reproving cries; from the other courtyards other people came running toward the disturbance.

Jesus, surrounded by the boldest of His friends, was brandishing His whip on high and driving the money-changers toward the door. And He repeated in a loud voice: "Take these things hence; the house of God is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

And the last money-handlers disappeared from the courts like rubbish scattered by the wind.

THE next morning when He went back, the herdsmen and merchants had squatted down outside, near the doors, but the courts were humming with crowds of excited people.

The sentence pronounced and executed by Jesus against the honest thieves had set gossiping Jerusalem all agog. Those blows of the whip, like so many stones thrown into the Jerusalem frog-pond, had awakened the poor to joyous hope and had set the lords quaking with fear.

Early in the morning all had gone up there from the dark alleys and from the fine houses, from the workshops and from the public squares, leaving all their affairs with the restless anxiety of those who hope for miracles or revenge. The day-laborers had come, the weavers, the dyers, the cobblers, the wood-workers, all those who detested the swindlers, the stranglers, the shearers of poverty, and the traders who enriched themselves at the expense of indigence.

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"AND HE HEALED ALL THAT WERE SICK, THAT IT MIGHT BE FULFILLED WHICH WAS SPOKEN BY THE PROPHET, SAYING 'HIMSELF TOOK OUR INFIRMITIES'"

Among the first had come the lamentable scum of the city, the dirty, vermin-ridden prisoners of eternal beggary, with leprous scabs, with their sores uncared for, with their bones protruding through the skin to testify to their hunger. There had also come pilgrims from outside, those of Galilee who had accompanied Jesus in His festal entrance, and with them Jews from Syrian and Egyptian colonies, dressed in their best, like distant relatives who reappear every once in so often at the home for a family festival.

But there came up also, in groups of four or five, the Scribes and the Pharisees. They were fraternal colleagues, fitting companions for each other. The Scribes were the Doctors of the Law; the Pharisees were the Puritans of the Law. Nearly all the Scribes were Pharisees; many Pharisees were Scribes. These men went up that morning to the Temple with much of pride without and many evil intentions within. They came up, proudly wrapped in their long cloaks, with their fringes fluttering, their chests thrown out, their eyes clouded, their eyebrows raised, with sneering mouths and quivering nostrils, with a step which announced their importance and the indignation felt by them, God's privileged sheriffs.

JESUS, in the midst of all these eyes turned on Him, waited for those men. It was not the first time that they had come about Him. How many discussions between Him and the provincial Pharisees had taken place here and there in the country! They were Pharisees who had demanded a sign from Heaven, a supernatural proof that He was the Messiah—because the Pharisees, unlike the skeptical Sadducees, sunk in legalized epicureanism, believed in the imminent arrival of the Savior.

But the Pharisees expected to see this Savior as a Jew, strictly observing all laws as they did, and they held that to be worthy to receive Him it was enough to be clean on the outside and to avoid any transgression of any of the trivial rules of Leviticus.

The Messiah, the Son of David, would not deign to save those who had not avoided all contact, even remote, with foreigners and with heathens, who had not observed the smallest detail of legal purification, who had not paid all the tithes of the Temple, who did not respect at any cost the sanctity of the Sabbath day. In their eyes Jesus could not possibly be the Divine Redeemer. No spectacular and magic signs had been seen; He contented Himself with healing the sick, with talking about love, and with loving.

They had seen Him dining with publicans and sinners, and, worse than everything else, had heard with horror that His disciples did not always wash their hands before sitting down to the table. But the greatest horror, the unendurable scandal, had been His lack of respect for the Sabbath. Jesus had not hesitated to cure the sick even on the Sabbath, and He held it no crime on that day to do good to His unfortunate brothers. He even shamelessly gloried in this, claiming blasphemously that the Sabbath was made for man, rather than man for the Sabbath.

In the minds of the Pharisees there was only one doubt about Jesus: Was He a fool or an impostor? To put the matter to the test, they had tried many times to trap Him

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"'THIS POOR WIDOW HATH CAST IN MORE THAN THEY ALL: FOR ALL THESE HAVE OF THEIR ABUNDANCE CAST IN UNTO THE OFFERINGS OF GOD; BUT SHE OF HER PENURY HATH CAST IN ALL THE LIVING THAT SHE HAD'"

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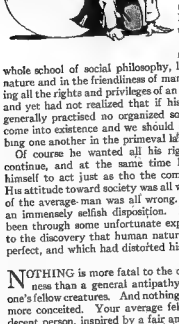
THE COMMUNITY—THAT'S YOU

Nor Can You Wash Your Hands of It, Says the Tenth and Closing Article on "How to Make the Best of Life"

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUART HAY



THE other morning in the street I overheard a young man saying violently to a companion: "It's every one for himself in this world, and I tell you straight I shall—" As I couldn't stand still and listen I didn't catch what dreadful thing the young man intended to do, but he had said enough to show me that the truth was not in him and that he was set on making the worst of life while vainly hoping to make the best of it.

The young man, representative of a whole school of social philosophy, lacked faith in human nature and in the friendliness of mankind. He was enjoying all the rights and privileges of an organized community, and yet had not realized that if his own theory had been generally practised no organized society could ever have come into existence and we should still be savagely clubbing one another in the primeval landscape.

Of course he wanted all his rights and privileges to continue, and at the same time he wanted to be free himself to act just as tho the community did not exist. His attitude toward society was all wrong, and his estimate of the average man was all wrong. Doubtless he was of an immensely selfish disposition. Doubtless also he had been through some unfortunate experience which had led to the discovery that human nature is not yet absolutely perfect, and which had distorted his vision.

NOTHING is more fatal to the quest for earthly happiness than a general antipathy to, and contempt for, one's fellow creatures. And nothing can be more unjust nor more conceited. Your average fellow creature is a very decent person, inspired by a fair amount of kindliness and a quite active conscience and sense of duty. Your average fellow creature is not always thinking of himself and fighting for his own hand. He thinks constantly of the community and constantly curbs his desires in the interests of the community—which interests, by the way, he has wisdom enough to see are ultimately his own interests.

How do I know all this? What reasons have I for such an optimistic conclusion concerning the average man?

The answer to these questions is that the community, with all its enormous admitted advantages, could not have come into being and could not be maintained if the average member of it were not a very decent person, with a sense of duty and plenty of self-control and an instinct to play the game and a certain readiness for self-sacrifice. If the average member of society were the individualistic beast of prey that my young man made him out to be, the community, could it by some miracle ever have been created, would infallibly fly to pieces in about a fortnight.

The measure of the average person is the community of which he forms part. If some justice and some security and some comfort prevail steadily in the community, then the average person in it is not an individual to be despised or detested or even sneezed at. He deserves to be liked and to be respected. And those who do not like or respect him are either ungrateful, or wicked, or ill, or self-centered coxcombs, or mere idiots. This is sure.

"SOME PERSONS NEVER CEASE FROM MAKING A HIGHBROW FUSS BECAUSE EARTH IS NOT HEAVEN"

No one can live even fairly comfortably, not to say happily, who is at loggerheads with the community surrounding him. Such a state of antagonism, if it exists at all, is usually continuous, and it directly or indirectly affects every relation. It is like a permanent state of war. It is like the ceaseless slight poisoning of the body from some cause whose irritating activity never slackens. It is like the operation of a deep grudge. It amounts to an indictment of mankind. It means that in your opinion all mankind is wrong and you are right, and Heaven has for some reason or other singled you out to be the sole repository of wisdom. It makes you self-righteous, and here in my view is the very worst of it.

Self-righteousness is an affliction of the deadliest kind. (Fortunately it is not catching, tho acutely painful to the closer companions of the sufferer.) It is the greatest producer of social friction on earth. It is one of the greatest obstacles to real success in life. It is the foe of genuine felicity. It may appear to be agreeable to the sufferer, but it is not in fact agreeable, because while naturally delighted with his own marvelous superiority, the poor fellow is worried to death by the stupidity and ignorance of the rest of the race and by the impossibility of lifting them up to his own level. At intervals also he is visited by the horrid suspicion that he is an ass in the eyes of the world, which he certainly is.

It is nearly as important—I would go further and say that it is quite as important—that a man should live at inward peace with human nature at large as with the human nature of his own family and household. He is not bound to agree completely with the standards and practises of other people, but he is bound to admit in all friendliness and modesty that they are on the average just as well-intentioned as himself and not more sinful than himself. He is bound not to despise nor hate. He is bound to be charitable. He is bound to dispose himself, so far as he possibly can, to love his fellow creatures. He is bound at any rate not to repudiate them. He is bound to discipline himself with the frequent reflection: "After all, who am I?" And he must remember that, no matter to what extent the standards and practises of the community fall short of his own unique ideals, the community is human and he is human.

He must say:

"This is what human nature is; and I am part of it."

SOME persons, too many persons, pass their lives in being astonished at the imperfections of human nature. They get up every morning, and every morning are pained and shocked afresh by the same old manifestations of the humanity in us. They refuse to believe that human nature is what it obviously is, and they persist in blaming it and detesting it and scorning it for not being about a hundred per cent. better than it is. And they die in the same state of grieved amazement.

Or, if they accept human nature, they accept it cynically, as a bad joke, as a personal trial for themselves, as something utterly inexplicable and deplorable. They seem to say: "It would be tragic if it wasn't so funny."

They never get used to the earth, and never cease from making a highbrow fuss because earth is not heaven. They habitually, instead of thinking the best of people, think the worst. If they hear a bad account of an individual with whom they are unacquainted they will, on making his acquaintance, view him in the light of that account. They will have nothing to do with one of the wisest of old maxims: "Take people as you find them"—not as others find them. They assume that humanity is guilty until it is proved innocent, instead of assuming it to be innocent until it is proved guilty. They prosecute and they also sit on the bench and deliver judgment.

All this is very silly, narrow-minded, and intolerant of them; and, further, it is extremely prejudicial to themselves. It sours their lives and ruins their judgment. And it has no beneficial effect on human nature, which will blandly follow its own course, like a river that a dog barks at.

I do not assert that the pure type which I have attempted to describe is numerously represented among us, tho Heaven knows there are more than enough of it. The significant point is that we all of us in a greater or less degree partake of that regrettable type. The ridiculous, self-sufficient prig lurks in all of us—a dangerous microbe. And it behooves us to keep a careful eye on him and crush him vigorously at short intervals. Otherwise he is capable of undoing most of the improvements in ourselves achieved by our high aspirations and our desperate struggles toward the light.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

ACCORDING TO BENNETT

"THE measure of the average person is the community of which he forms part."

"Self-righteousness is the greatest producer of social friction on earth."

"You are just as responsible as anybody else for the community. You can not honestly wash your hands of it."

"There is no simple cure for any public ill, and those devoted public workers who put their faith in a simple remedy for a simple ill are in serious danger of becoming public nuisances."

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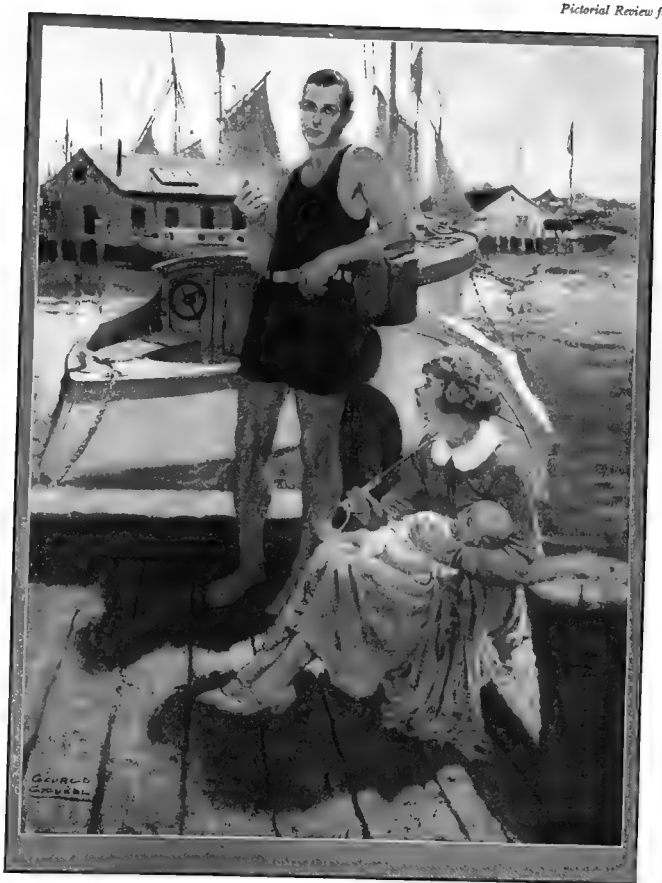

"JEALOUSY STABBED HER AGAIN. 'DO YOU WANT ME TO GO, LEW?' SHE FOUND HERSELF ASKING"

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

Swift Action and Tense Situations Combine in This Brilliant Novel of Married Life

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Complete in Four Numbers—Part Two *Illustrations by George Giguère*

THE STORY BEGINS HERE

JESSIE TYLER lived in a small cottage in a San Francisco suburb. She tended her baby, Buster, and a sturdy red geranium. Buster had strange strangling spells. They scared his young, red-headed mother. His father, Lew, sold automobiles. He sang beautifully and composed odd songs. He had no sense of responsibility. He spent his money carelessly, but chastised his wife for doctor's bills for Buster. Still the spirit of the honeymoon prevailed. Then one day Lew took Jessie to a wild party which he refused to leave. Suddenly overcome by the thought of her baby in the careless hands of her addlepated father, Jessie started for home. Meech Garrick soon overtook her in his car. Meech looked like a mouse, but he acted like a man. He made his money in real estate. Indirectly he was responsible for Lew's decision to break into the Japanese curio business. The Tylers moved to New York city, where Lew found himself falling for the flesh-pots and Jessie longed for California.

JUST as unaccountable as Indian Summer, bringing drowsy days where Winter should be, there sometimes falls in February a spell which we might call Indian Spring. It is a practical joke peculiar to the north intemperate zone. Snows disappear, winds languish, and it is easy to imagine a robin or two hopping among the gutter-sparrows of Riverside Drive; some of the trees, poor foolish things, bud prematurely, to be nipped a little later for their lack of foresight. Only the interminable ice-cakes, floating endlessly down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, warn us of impending cruelties.

Jessie Tyler reserved Riverside Drive for fair weather only. Usually she wheeled Buster up and down Broadway, where it was warmer, and she enjoyed a large speaking acquaintance with mothers of about her own age, pushing go-carts and perambulators from drug-store to meat-market, from meat-market to greengrocer's. There were more babies in her block than she had heretofore imagined any block could hold; upper Broadway is, indeed, one of America's most thriving incubators.

So one crystal morning in February Jessie eased Buster's go-cart down the steep decline where a Hundred and Fifty-first Street leads into the Drive. At that point a concreted crescent overhangs the river-terrace, and there you may find benches from which to view the passing world. Little Mrs. Tyler had selected her bench and was stooping to recover the mittens which Buster had just thrown away when she became aware of a handsomely white-enameled perambulator pausing less than two yards from where she crouched.

Looking up, she saw two dancing black eyes regarding her under the shadow of a picture-hat. The glance she met was full of curiosity, friendliness, self-confidence Jessie's first impression was of the thing which women, being instinctive artists, call "style." The woman was of indefinite age—a trifle under thirty, perhaps.

"You're Mrs. Tyler, aren't you?" asked the newcomer in a rough, sweet voice that reminded Jessie of rusty gold.

"Why, yes—" She arose nervously; it had been so long since anybody had shown so much interest in her identity.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Miles," she said, and further explained, "I live in the apartment right under you."

"Oh, won't you sit down?" begged Jessie, delighted at these friendly advances. Mrs. Miles showed deep dimples and a set of irregular teeth—the latter somehow adding charm to her vivacious countenance.

"So that's the baby!" said Mrs. Miles, looking down at Buster. She even knew the Tylers had a baby!

"I hope he doesn't bother you when he cries." This was by way of conversation rather than apology.

"Bother me?" The dimples spread. "My gracious, lady, I've got one myself. But if he hollers too long, let me give you something for him. Perfectly harmless. My husband's a doctor, you know."

"Oh, is he? A baby-doctor?"

"No A ship's doctor."

This was a statement, not an explanation.

"How old is your baby?" asked young Mrs. Tyler.

"Ten months yesterday afternoon—and, believe me, I'll remember that day——"

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Jessie had gone over to the white-enameled perambulator to peek in at the child, who lay asleep, for all the world like a brilliantly painted doll of enormous size. It was an elaborate baby. Such of its costume as was visible was adorned with loops of ribbon, lace, embroidery. It wore a lace cap, fancifully trimmed with satin rosebuds, and along its waxen brow lay a row of such perfect blond curls as might have graced a Cupid's head. More than anything else the curls attracted Jessie, who never quite forgot her Buster's sparse chicken-down.

"What a beautiful little girl!" she exclaimed, a trifle enviously.

"It's a boy," explained Mrs. Miles, not at all offended by Jessie's mistake. "He's named Michael, after his father. I hate to think of him being called Mike, don't you? I did so want him to be a girl!" During the last confession she arranged Michael's dainty blanket with hands that were short and capable in spite of elaborate manicuring. "I certainly was disappointed. I made girl's clothes for him before he was born, and I'm going to keep him dressed like that just as long as his father's away."

Jessie could not restrain a sympathetic sigh. So here was another lonely wife in Upper Broadway!

"It must be a wonderful life to be a ship's doctor," she ventured when they were seated together.

"It must be," echoed Mrs. Miles rather indifferently. "Mike's on a ship sailing between here and Copenhagen. He used to be on a Holland-America liner. All I know about the life is that it keeps him away from home most of the time—stays in New York long enough to work up a grouch, then beats it for Copenhagen. Shouldn't wonder if he had a girl up there."

All this came quite cheerfully from Mrs. Miles's red, rather full-lipped mouth. If she looked upon her Mike without illusion it was also without rancor.

Jessie's first talk with Coleen—she learned her Christian name almost immediately—was a half-hour of breathless romance. From her sea-roving doctor Coleen had gleaned an infinite number of tales dealing with exalted personages. They were all remarkable, if true. He picked up gossip, she said, from such restless noblemen as journeyed from port to port. The Emperor of Germany, for example, was carrying on so scandalously with a titled English lady that it would soon be necessary for him to renounce his throne, divorce his Empress, and retire to the ecstasies of dishonest love.

Coleen had a new and novel theory of the Cook-Peary controversy (in 1912 it was still a controversy) involving a countess very close to Norway's throne. Furthermore, Coleen had a miscellany of airships, secret treaties, royal poisonings, revolutions which she brought out skillfully as from a conjurer's hat. It was indeed an enchanted ship upon which Dr. Michael Miles sailed to Copenhagen.

While she talked on, always in that somewhat inflectionless, rich tone, Jessie sat gasping like a fish, drinking in wonder after wonder. Mrs. Miles first met her Michael in Nome, and a year later they were married in Shanghai. She threw out these facts, biographic and geographic, to be taken for what they were worth. Beside the brilliant Miles romance Jessie's life seemed drab enough; she found herself confessing that she was often lonesome and a little homesick.

"Once they get you planted out here in upper Broadway," agreed Mrs. Miles with her world-traveled air—they were discussing husbands by that time—"they'll stay down-town till the cows come home."

"It's a long distance from business," said Jessie.

"Isn't it!" chimed Coleen, who had just spoken lightly of commuting between Shanghai and Washington Heights.

Jessie had not intended to fall into intimacies so soon. But she had a wistful fear that the woman with the vivacious eyes would tire of her company. They allowed the conversation to drift inevitably toward shopping.

"You get your clothes ready-made," decided Mrs. Miles, eying Jessie's only tailor-suit. Her air was that of one taking over another's destiny. "Now, if you want a suit made cheap go to Blevsky—he's the little Russian around the corner. I'll get everything half price for you. See this?" She stood up and displayed her handsome figure in a garment undeniably Parisian. "There's a little place in Forty-fourth Street, up-stairs, right across from the Hippodrome. The clothes are hardly worn at all. And my *dear*—they give 'em away!"

Coleen's monolog was cut short by a howl from under the perambulator's white hood. Jessie's first glance gave her a picture of the human doll, destined through life to bear the name of Mike, sitting angrily up among his effeminate cushions. In his tiny rage he had reached up and torn away his lace cap with the pink satin rosebuds. That hoodlum gesture brought a sudden transformation—Michael was as bald as an egg, save for a tiny plume of hair at the apex of his skull. Savagery unparalleled! It was as the Michael had scalped himself; for the angelic row of golden ringlets which Jessie had so admired clung symmetrically to the inner edge of the cap which he had cast to the ground. Quite apparently they had been sewed on with intent to deceive.

"You can't do anything with boy babies—they're just like men," scolded Coleen, a little out of patience. She picked up the cap and straightened its row of artificial curls. "I sewed them there myself," she explained, her dimples returning. "He seems so much prettier that way. I never could stand a bald-headed baby. They look so untrimmed."

Toward noon the two mothers walked home, their perambulators so close together that the hubs all but interlocked; simple, scrawny Buster stared blankly across at elaborate, robust Michael, whose large eyes were glassy with disdain. The contrast was not lost on Jessie, who because of it ached the more for her only child. At the entrance of Her Majesty's Hall four front wheels tilted in unison. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs Miles were already working as a team. Jessie was ever so grateful to Coleen for her friendly advances and useful advice. That the new friend was eccentric was plain to see; but she was never dull, and she seemed as hungry for companionship as Jessie herself.

PERHAPS they were hurrying their acquaintance a little, but Jessie was thrilled to accept Coleen Miles's invitation to lunch in the apartment below. Coleen even offered her bed for Buster's midday nap. When the roving doctor's wife had removed her hat and coat she presented a picture even more pleasing than the one which had charmed Jessie that morning on the Drive. She was prettier than her guest had at first thought; her beauty was vital, full-blooded, a little coarse. Her hair was of a deep chestnut and, as far as the critical eye could guess, untouched by chemicals. She was inclined to plumpness, but her body was animate with vigorous grace. Her nose was large at the base and pointed, slightly suggesting a snout; a snout which sat harmoniously among her other features.

"'AND HE CALLS HIMSELF A CALIFORNIAN! OH, WHAT'S THE USE? CAN YOU BLAME HIM? WIVES LIKE TO BE TREATED ROUGH'"

"I'll bet this flat's so like yours you couldn't tell 'em apart with the furniture out," she began when her baggy negress had let them in.

"Oh, but yours is so much better arranged," admitted Jessie. "And you must have an extra room."

"Nopey!" said Coleen. "Just the way I've twisted things around. I suppose you keep this for a bedroom."

She showed her the little room on the light-well which a Cro-Magnon troglodyte in overalls who was summoned from the she had converted into a parlor. It was brightened by curtains of brilliantly printed calico. There was an upright piano against the wall, with a high stack of popular music. She had concealed the radiator with a box, covered with the same material as hung at the windows. The walls showed a great many photographs, mostly of men. A silver frame on the center-table exhibited a square-faced, surly man in uniform—her husband, perhaps.

"Where do you sleep?" was the natural question.

"In the best room, of course. Probably you use it for a parlor." Coleen led the way down the hall to show a room which Jessie did not, at first, recognize as the architectural replica of her parlor up-stairs. The woodwork had been painted a dull Nile green. There were twin beds for Coleen and her absent doctor, and in a far corner a crib for Michael. The bedroom furniture had been enameled a light pink and decorated with garlands of blue daisies.

"I'm crazy about big bedrooms," explained Jessie's hostess. "I need a whole block to dress in."

Jessie sighed. The picture wasn't exactly homelike, but it was full of character, like Coleen.

"You have lovely things," she ventured.

"The furniture?" Coleen's bright eyes danced from bed to bureau. "I bought the flower-designs at a decalcomania store in Union Square. You know what decalcomania is—the kind of transfer-pictures we used to stick onto things when we were kids. And I painted everything myself."

"Aren't you clever!"

"No trick at all. Tell you what let's do!" Coleen had another inspiration. "Let's go up to your apartment this afternoon and paint."

Jessie was in doubt. How would Lew take the transformation? And the furniture, when all was said and done, still belonged to like-who-takes-your-word-for-it.

"I'm afraid you'll find my flat awfully stupid," she said in a way which caused Coleen to laugh—her mouth, like her teeth, had a charming irregularity—and she patted the younger woman's shoulder. There was superiority in that pat and a great deal of protectiveness.

"I'm a regular fixer," declared Coleen. "Give me a look at your layout and I'll show you a lot of things."

They lunched together on a sky-blue table—Coleen had painted the dining-room that hopeful color. The food was served on decorative plates of Danish ware, and the meal was as quaintly original as Coleen herself. There was a cold bean salad artfully tainted with garlic, a dish of spaghetti, floating in brownish-red sauce, and a curious ripe cheese which was as forbidding to the nose as it was pleasant to the palate.

"Oh!" Coleen touched her lips and looked ever so sly. "I wonder if we couldn't——"

She hurried across the room and opened a flowery cabinet. A regiment of bottles was revealed, standing in irregular formation like raw recruits. On the table between them she set a short, fat bottle with a goitered neck and an undecipherable foreign label.

"Schnapps," explained Coleen. "Mike smuggles it in. He brings cheeses too and these funny plates——"

"They're lovely," said Jessie, as she was willing to say of everything in this charmed flat.

"I'll get Mike to bring you a set," promised Coleen. "They're cheaper than dirt."

She filled two small glasses out of the goiter-necked bottle.

"Oh, not for me, please!" Jessie was expostulating.

"Oh, taste it!"

Jessie had raised her glass to lip when Coleen touched the brim with her own.

"Here's to just you and me," she pledged, and smacked her lips over the toast.

"You're awfully sweet," replied the guest, deeply grateful in her heart. But she barely wet her lips with the liquor, which burned like fire.

After luncheon they left their children in charge of the baggy negress and went up-stairs to look over the possibilities of the Tyler flat.

"This won't do at *all!*" decided Coleen, taking charge at once. "What you've got to do is to turn your apartment right around—put your bedroom in front and your parlor out back. And this'll be *gorgeous* to paint!" she declared, gloating over Jessie's plain bedroom set.

"I wonder—" Jessie temporized "We haven't exactly bought it. We still owe a couple of instalments."

"It's twice as valuable when it's painted," said Coleen, creative light glowing in her vivacious eyes. "I'll do it all over in burnt orange with blue roses. You can get flowers in almost every color at the decalcomania store."

Active painting did not begin that afternoon because Coleen was busy hurling orders at the assistant engineer, a

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basement to do the heavy work of moving. While beds were going forward and easy chairs back Coleen sat languidly in the dining-room, smoking cigarets in a long white holder. During those three hours the remarkable friend had planned a color-scheme for the entire apartment, had revealed a money-saving system of shopping, and had volunteered to engage for the Tylers a half-time maid who would, according to Coleen's calculations, save them a little more than the price of her monthly salary.

"Your husband's an artist, isn't he?" she asked.

"No. He's an importer."

"Is that so? I see him coming down the elevator sometimes. He looks sort of artistic to me."

"He imports Japanese and Chinese goods."

"Why don't you get him to bring some of 'em home?" was Mrs. Miles's useful suggestion. "Chinese lamps and jardinières would look grand in the parlor."

"Oh, he couldn't," objected Lew's wife. "You see he deals mostly in big pieces for wholesale. But I never liked the idea of his working with a lot of Japs. Where he really ought to be is in the advertising business."

"He takes your advice, I don't think," said Mrs. Miles with one of her shrewd looks.

"Oh, he's doing splendidly," said Jessie hurriedly—it was getting to be a formula with her.

"I'll bet he is," agreed Coleen, and if there were sarcasm in the remark neither her look nor her voice revealed it.

At five o'clock Mrs. Miles vanished after promising to dine with the Tylers that evening. Jessie gave the invitation with certain misgivings, because Lew had become an uncertain quantity. Coleen, indeed, had arrived for the occasion, arrayed in a bronze dinner-gown—purchased, no doubt, from the mysterious dealer right across from the Hippodrome—when Lew put in an appearance. He swung briskly down the hall, as he always did when he was late, and at the end of the passage came upon the room which had been a parlor when last he saw it. He whistled.

"Holy Moses! I'm in the wrong flat."

Then Jessie came rushing forward and put her hand over his mouth. "Mrs. Miles has been fixing it for us," she whispered. "She's staying to dinner. She's wonderful."

"She looks that way to me," admitted Lew, peering in for a better view.

The woman in bronze, the hue of her costume complementing the glint of her hair, stood at the sideboard. She was laying oranges on a tray beside two bottles, a square white one and a tall green one.

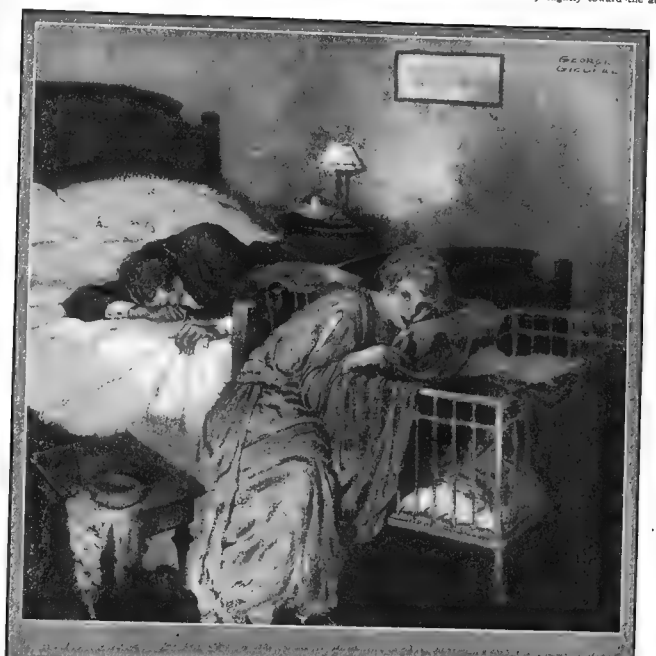
LEW TYLER was in full plume that night. The dinner was merely a casual affair, a collision of odds and ends, one of the accidental successes which succeed because the company is better than the food. Lew sent the useful Mrs. Pfaff around the corner to Kraw's for a bottle of dollar claret; Mrs. Miles made the cocktail after a manner of her own which, she hinted, was a "trick."

Indeed Coleen Miles had established a new era in the Tyler apartment, where Jessie, had she confessed it, had begun to sicken and die like some common flower transplanted from her back yard in the Richmond District.

Until that night she never realized that upper Broadway could have charm, that three human beings could actually come together in the infinite pigeonholes of Her Majesty's Hall and laugh spontaneously.

Coleen seemed quite lacking in coquetry, and this lack made her friendship doubly valuable in Jessie's eyes. She had taken the Tylers equally under her wing. In experience she was twenty years Jessie's senior, and Lew was visibly impressed by her knowledge of a cosmopolitan world. He even swelled a little on his own account, giving himself a traveled air. Didn't he know two coasts of America, the Pacific and the Atlantic? He permitted himself to boast of his Brevoort experiences, of the celebrated men with whom he consorted every day.

It was a triumph for Jessie. She had found in upper Broadway a social center to rival the down-town meeting-places. Here was something to bring Lew home nights. She sat through the dinner, jubilant, indulging herself in visions of future entertainments, always arranged by the ingenious, impersonal, sisterly Coleen.



"'POOR LITTLE DEVIL!' HE GROANED, CRUMPLING ON THE BED AND RUNNING HIS FINGERS THROUGH HIS DISHEVELED HAIR. 'POOR LITTLE DEVIL! WHAT CHANCE DID HE HAVE? WHAT CHANCE?'"

"Haven't I heard you singing?" asked Coleen when they were sipping the liqueur she had brought up from her cabinet.

"I just bark nowadays," apologized Lew. "This climate's torn the throat right out of me. But I *did* sing——"

"He has a lovely voice," broke in Jessie.

He laid his masterful hand over hers and chuckled, "Old Red would call it singing if I went like a foghorn."

"It didn't sound like that to me," objected Coleen. "Come on, Mr. Tyler."

"If you'll call me Lew," he offered, "I'll sing like Caruso."

"Well, then, Lew," she complied, first glancing at Jessie with a look that said, "We have to indulge them."

"I've heard your piano down-stairs." His tone was a little pathetic.

"Sure! And you folks'll get one too when I tell you a place on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street——"

"Lead us!" he commanded.

It was to the flat down-stairs that she led them.

"Say, this is something like!" he whispered to his wife when they sat in Coleen's original parlor, awaiting her appearance, an instant later, with ice and glasses.

"She's going to fix up our place just like it," replied Jessie in the hushed tone of confidence.

"I don't know whether you'll care for this or not," said Coleen, coming in with a strangely marked bottle. "It's Swedish punch."

"Whoo!" Delight seemed to ooze from Lew's every pore. "I'm for the Swedes."

"I'll let you have some when my husband comes back," she promised. "He brings it in duty-free, you know."

"Ain't it great to have a traveling husband?" he rejoiced.

"Sometimes."

While Lew was filling his glass Coleen went over to the piano and began fingering her sheet-music.

"I don't know as I've got anything here in your range," she mused. "But, say! What's that jolly little ditty you're always singing before breakfast? Goes like this—la—la—la, la—la, *la*, la."

Lew recognized the air and bellowed, "You're certainly a good listener Why, Red, she's heard me singing 'Down at Sanguinetti's.'"

"It's his own song," chimed the worshipful wife.

"I just knew he was some kind of an artist," said Coleen. "Now step up, young man, and give it to us."

Lew went over and stood at the piano, as was his habit, and ran his fingers over the keyboard, turning his body slightly toward the audience.

Down at Sanguinetti's,
Sawdust on the floor.

From the first note it was evident to Jessie that his voice had lost some of its resonance. It was still sweet, but heavier, harsher. It sufficed for Coleen Miles, however, for she brought her hands together in a loud tattoo.

"You wrote it *yourself!*" she marveled. "I never heard such clever words in all my life. Never. And what a picture of 'Poppa Koppa's!"

"Then you've been to San Francisco!" cried the Tylers almost in unison.

"Oh, yes," she explained indifferently. "How could I get back from China without seeing the Coast?"

This last statement somewhat deflated poor Lew, who had boasted rather well of San Francisco.

"Do sing us something more—of your own!" she urged.

Lew searched his memory: "They're just a lot of foolish jingles," he apologized. "Like this one."

His fingers were tinkling out nonsense as he stood at the keyboard and chanted:

The little dog was running round the engine,
The engine it was running through the fog—
There came an awful yelp
Which the engine couldn't help,
'Cause the engine couldn't run around the dog.

And above her ecstatic applause his accompaniment went on and led him into the mock sentimental strain:

Onions are white, dear,
Carrots are red, dear,
Cabbage is golden and turnips are too!
Beef may be tender,
Asparagus slender,
But no kitchen can show to my view
Another stew
Like you-o-o-o-o-o!

"You mean to say you can write songs like that and haven't put them down or anything?" Coleen's tone promised new projects for the Tylers.

"He's so lazy," said Jessie. "I've always been telling him——"

"Buzzy Mandelbush and I wrote a libretto once," explained the gifted husband. "It was called 'The Man in the Moon.' A Hungarian musician stole all the stuff out of it."

"That's the trouble," agreed Coleen. "I had that same experience. I had an opera stolen from me. It ran two years under another name."

"Then you write for the stage!" exclaimed Lew.

"I used to." She yawned: This revelation was as novel and as unexplained as her courtship in Nome, marriage in China, and return to New York via Poppa Koppa's.

AFTER that they reverted to standard sheet-music and sang duets. Her low-pitched voice was good and chimed in beautifully with Lew's. At about ten Jessie went up-stairs to feed the baby. Distantly she could hear the accorded voices, sweetening the air of Her Majesty's Hall. When she returned to the Miles apartment she found them still at it, making a rather handsome try at "Trovatore."

It was nearing one o'clock when the Tylers went home. Coleen had robbed the ice-box, and they had lingered, upon her supplication, to enjoy crackers and cheese and beer. She had promised to dine with them on the morrow—the invitation had come from Lew.

"If we had two more," he supplemented, "we could play poker."

"Let me bring the Curleys," suggested Coleen. "They're fun!"

"Me for the Curleys," he agreed enthusiastically.

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RAILROAD-TRACKS

Pretty Linda Willing, in This Heart-Moving Story, Finds Them a Social Barrier of Coldest Steel

BY EMANIE N. SACHS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY FAY

"SHE LOVED HIM! SWEET—SWEET—WONDERFUL—WONDERFUL—THEY WERE IN TUNE WITH THE SPRING. AH—SHE WAS HIS—AND HE HERS."

AS SOON as Linda Willing stepped into the dressing-room she wished she hadn't come. Her social instinct, so curiously clear and strong, thundered that she wasn't wanted. The railroad-tracks that separated the Fifth Ward from the rest of Merville were as actual in the little box of a room as tho they curved around the chair in which she sat.

Girls in crisp tulle and soft chiffon jostled one another in front of the mirror. They were very friendly and intimate, for none of them were "Fifth-Wardens." They laughed in high, excited notes, like crows in a corn-field, over funny little secret catchwords they exchanged: "Some scamper!" and "He thought he would." Linda knew they referred back to good times shared by all the group. There had been some party, no doubt, where some one had tried to do something and had comically failed. "He thought he would." The words were henceforth endowed with a humorous significance, perplexing to an outsider. It accentuated the way they patently ignored Linda. For no one could mistake their attitude of indignant indifference. She even caught a whisper from Adele Grant:

"The nerve—a Fifth-Warder—the limit——"

The Fifth Ward, on the map of Merville, was merely a large pink rectangle bounded on one side by the railroad-tracks. Apparently it was one of divers political severances; in fact it was socially non-existent. The reasons were as vague as they were inexorable. Up-town people had almost unconsciously agreed that those who lived across the railroad-tracks were not "folks." They had, in assumed, different traditions, if they had any at all. Most of them were "new" and engaged in trades that were "low."

In former days saloons abounded in the vicinity, and there remained a few cheap hotels catering to a thirsty and not too furtive trade. A non-descript small store dealt in toys and china and baseball regalia; two drug-stores flaunted blue and crimson bottles, much the worse for dust; a tiny grocery existed by virtue of its barrel-like stove in Winter and its porch that was equally sociable in Summer. And then there was Willing's grocery, which had plate-glass windows and marble counters and sawdust on the floor.

But the Fifth Ward was usually a human hinterland for the rest of the town, furnishing clerks for the stores around the public square and cashiers for the motion-picture theaters: people to know by name, perhaps, and to bow to distantly; but as for mingling socially it just wasn't done.

Linda, sitting alone in the corner, reproached herself bitterly for imagining in her wildest dreams that it could be otherwise, that by the simple process of appearing at a dance in a truly fascinating apple-green dress she could be the exception to a custom decades old. She should have been firm in her first refusal of Dick's invitation, a refusal that had innocently taken a welcome for granted, and had been based on a reluctance to profit in any way from her friendship with Dick.

The fat little Marvin girl in blue tulle, whose father was president of the Merville National Bank, bounded into the dressing-room, gave a quick look around which included Linda, and said aloud in a falsetto soprano:

"He thought he would. Oh, girls, he thought he would!"

Henrietta Parker laughed until she melted all the black stuff on her eyelashes, and Lottie, the colored maid, had to get a clean towel and wipe off the streaks.

It was customary for the girls to wait in the dressing-room until the dance started, and so Linda had to stay there. She didn't try to approach the mirror. The fact that the smooth straightness of her amber hair needed no adjustment, that the creaminess of her straight nose needed no powder, was small comfort. Still, it took the tiniest strip of the edge off. There was some serenity in the realization that she, more than any of the other girls, had the cool, ungarnished aspect certain to look unjaded at the end of the evening. There were no loose ends about her dress to tear. She had thought it all out beforehand. It was a part of Linda's social sense to prepare for the contingencies of a good time. Fee if Linda had a talent, it was her understanding of people and her liking for them. She was passionately aware of social gifts, and she longed for a chance to bestow them.

There was another factor, too. The girls were jealous of her, for Dick Prentiss was—well, he was Dick Prentiss. Everybody in Kentucky and Tennessee knew who the Prentisses were. And Dick, himself, was the handsomest boy in Merville. He looked like a modern, the slightly chubby, Byron; he could dance like a streak, and he had made the varsity basket-ball team at Fillbanks College. And Dick Prentiss, the son of Mrs. Hamilton Poppetins, who ran Merville with an eloquent hand, had brought her, Linda Willing, a Fifth-Warder, to the Fair Hop. Why shouldn't the girls resent it?

The Fair Hop was the social climax of the year. The women-folk went to Louisville or Nashville for new dresses, while fathers and husbands—those who had no other alternative—put just another small mortgage on their homes. No one in Merville ever had any spare cash except Mrs. Prentiss, Dick's mother. But the Fair Hop was an occasion to warrant sacrifices; it was planned for from one year to another. A local wag had once declared that the horse-race, which preceded it, was trifling compared to the female race to follow. Naturally it was distinctly an up-town affair, and the Fifth Ward had nothing to do with it.

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The fashionable folk of Merville crossed the railroad-tracks for business only, and rarely then. However, the fruit for the punch in the ballroom came from Willing's grocery. Since Linda's father owned the best grocery in Merville, up-town people came 'way down and waited for sundry trains to pass that they might, despite a possible cinder in an aristocratic eye, get the freshest fruits and the purest cuts of meat. Mr. Willing even had cucumbers the year round, and on Fridays he managed to get live lobsters and soft-shell crabs from Louisville. It had been the same way with Mrs. Willing's father, "Old Man Kelley." His had been the best saloon in town in the days when saloons had flourished, and his mint julep had had its just fame south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The Fifth Ward crossed the tracks for business also. Mr. Willing was Hank to all the officers of the Merville National Bank, and they accepted his cigars and laughed at the same jokes, and never thought of introducing him to their wives. Should Mrs. Marvin come in, a certain acquaintanceship was taken for granted. The bank president's wife would bow, a special bow measured to eighty degrees, and inquire as to the possible entrance of green peas in the market. The idea of his daughter and her daughter enjoying the same dance didn't need to be banished to oblivion, because it had never occurred.

There was the flesh-creeping screech of a violin-bow being drawn across the strings. The saxophone popped and groaned. The girls in the dressing-room fluttered and pushed to the mirror again, and laughed: "Car—caw—car—caw!" Adele Grant peeped out from behind the screen in front of the dressing-room door, and said:

"Some scamper! Some scamper!"

Linda bent her smooth amber head down to reach for her slipper-bag. Dick had brought her up-town in the street-car, protesting violently that it was a shame he didn't have an automobile. He adored cars. He could tell the make of an automobile by the way the cut-out sounded as it rounded a curve. He insisted that it was downright mean of his mother not to let him have his own machine. She treated him as if he were a child.

Adele Grant bumped accidentally against Linda's head, and she didn't beg her pardon. Adele said something choppy under her breath instead. But as she reached to get her handkerchief out of her coat, and knocked into Lottie, the colored maid, she called out cheerily, "Sorry, Lottie. My, but it's crowded in here!" Her brown eyes narrowed into small slits and she flashed them insolently in Linda's direction.

The fat girl came out with:

"He thought he would. Oh, girls, he thought he would!" Linda bent low over her slipper-buckle. She wouldn't, for the world, let them know that she paid any attention to them. She couldn't let them dream that she yearned to be one of them; to have the right to understand their secret catch-words. She could fit in; she knew she could. It seemed to her, just then, infinitely desirable to take in the ramifications of "He thought he would." It meant nothing, and it meant everything, because it signified being inside or being outside. And in her heart of hearts she knew that being outside was hardest because of Dick. She was afraid——

THE music was wonderful. It sobbed and laughed and shivered. And oh, the magic of being in Dick's arms! They swooped and turned, and swaying, stood still, beautifully at one, as if each muscle were flexible with the music. Their bodies were like two ribbons flung out together from a bolt, rippling, rippling, rippling.

She noticed the men "breaking in" on other girls. She didn't know any of them, and she had rather dance with Dick, anyway. It was as if they were quite alone, dancing to marvelous music, on a marvelous floor. It was, Dick told her, on springs, and lifted curiously in rhythm. People came from all over Kentucky to dance on it.

She didn't care about the others, not one little bit. But she did. She was very young, and she loved people and parties. Suddenly she lifted her eyes to Dick's face. Her eyes that Dick had called sunflowers, so dark they were in the center, and golden-irised. Dick's chubby jaw was set, and it almost made him look strong. Yes, he minded their ignoring her.

Mrs. Prentiss sat near the musicians, talking to Adele Grant's mother. Mrs. Prentiss held her carefully marcelled head high in the air, and on each carefully massaged cheek was a bright-pink spot. Her green-feather fan jutted back and forth instead of being waved luxuriantly, as green-feather fans should be waved by wealthy widows.

Mrs. Prentiss was the president of the Merville Woman's Club. She had executive ability and she could make a splendid speech, especially stressing liberty and democracy. It was she who organized a Boys' Club composed of Juvenile Court offenders, and every Christmas she gave them a party and new suits of clothes. In vacation-time she devoted energy to getting the boys jobs to keep them out of mischief. She invariably sponsored anything worth while, and she was very broad and modern in her viewpoint. If she hadn't been Mrs. Prentiss, she would have shocked Merville occasionally.

When Mrs. Evangeline Epperson, author of a book which had been suppressed because it told so many details about her own life, included Merville in her tour of women's clubs, she was the house-guest of Mrs. Prentiss. Mrs. Epperson's subject was "Prostitution—Its Evils and Its Cures," and the material—it was understood—was composed of stark experience. Some people were offended, but Mrs. Prentiss could carry off anything. And every one agreed that it was wonderful of Mrs. Prentiss to entertain her as she did.

LINDA had always admired Dick's mother tremendously. It wasn't possible that she glared whenever they passed. Linda decided she must be imagining things, or possibly the heat was annoying, or maybe Mrs. Grant was saying something that Mrs. Prentiss didn't like.

During the intermission Linda talked very gaily to Dick. And her eyes, yes, there was a sort of magic in her eyes for Dick. She used it, hard. She needed it. And then she started him talking about motors. From across the room she could see Mrs. Prentiss watching, her clever blue eyes like pieces of frozen ocean. The green-feather fan agitated from her well-corseted figure out into the room and back again in small jerks.

"Oh, I say, Linda, have I shown you this?" Dick pulled a well-thumbed advertising booklet out of his pocket. It pictured a long, low automobile, flaring out of an orange sunset. "The new Trimble Paragon Six. Isn't she a beaut! Wow!" He bent an adoring gaze on it.

Linda felt a queer tinge of resentment. How silly! She must be unstrung, to be jealous of an automobile.

"It has lovely lines," she said, softly.

"I'll say it has. Wouldn't I like to whirl past that old Merville House, so those raw birds couldn't put their rotten eyes on you! Oh, by the way, I told mother about our little scene the other day, and she's already seen the town council about it. Going to try to make old Murdock frost those show-windows in the lobby, so they can't be the Drummers' Delight any more. Honestly, the way those birds sit there and gloat over all the girls as they go by is a caution!"

"Yes, isn't it? I think it's wonderful of your mother to take such an interest. After all, every girl hasn't a—well, a Carpentier—happening along when one of those horrid men starts to get fresh. And a girl can't complain or anything or be conspicuous without getting talked about. Wasn't it funny the way he begged both our pardons, with his waxed mustache—I mean, he didn't beg our pardons with his mustache, did he?—but you couldn't somehow forget the stiff little points. Gee, he was scared, just at the sight of you!"

It had been amusing, and they laughed at the memory of it. The man, sitting behind the clear-glassed lobby at the Merville House, had watched Linda walk by and had obstruisively followed. He wouldn't go away, and persisted in his efforts to speak to her. Then Dick, who was on his way to the station to inspect the Marvins' new car, intervened. A word had been enough. And Dick walked home with Linda to protect her from further annoyance.

He had made an engagement for the next night, and eventually for the Fair Hop. His mother's guest for whom he had been booked happened to be ill at the last moment, so he was free. Linda had hesitated before Dick fairly made her accept. She knew it was an up-town affair, but what could it really matter whether your house was on one or the other side of the railroad-tracks?

"I'd love—I'd love to meet your mother," she said, shyly.

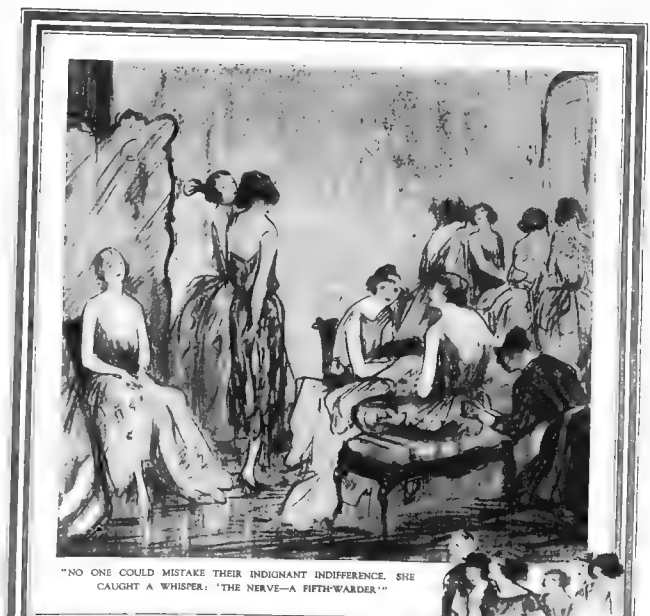
Dick crumpled the booklet that featured the Paragon Six. He looked uncomfortable.

"Never mind," she added; "don't bother."

But he left her hastily and went across the room. Trying not to watch, she stared earnestly at the fat negro pianist, who was laughing jovially with the saxophone-player. With a conscious muscular effort, she forced an indulgent smile to her lips and got some measure of satisfaction from the fact that she had the control to do it. For she couldn't help seeing Mrs. Prentiss's green-feather fan, quickening—quickening—quickening—as Dick bent over to speak to her.

On the way back he wiped his face nervously with his handkerchief. His handsome countenance was darkly flushed, and he grabbed the Carl boy none too gently by the arm. Adele's younger brother had buff skin and hair like a fluffy new chicken. Dick murmured something unintelligible about a maternal headache, and the Grant boy asked Linda to dance.

He danced badly and tramped her golden slippers. It hurt, and she was weirdly grateful for the pain which forced her ever so slightly from the fatigue and unhappiness that threatened to engulf her. It hardly mattered when Adele Grant gestured imperiously to her brother, who returned her to Dick as soon as the music stopped and they had stood, silently clapping mechanical hands. Oh, how she wished she hadn't come!



"NO ONE COULD MISTAKE THEIR INDIGNANT INDIFFERENCE. SHE CAUGHT A WHISPER: 'THE NERVE—A FIFTH-WARDER'"

THE next morning at breakfast her father and mother kept asking questions about everything. They were proud of her and faintly disapproving. Her mother had suggested, when she first began going with Dick Prentiss, that it was better to stick to your own people, but Linda confronted her with the fact that they were all born in the same town, and Mrs. Willing had no

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"'HERE YOU ARE SPOILING WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DELIGHTFUL EVENING BY WORKING YOURSELF UP INTO A MAGNIFICENT STATE OF NERVES'"

LONG-DISTANCE

The Dark and Thrilling Mystery of a Loved Voice on the Wire, Depicted with Consummate Art

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. EVANS PARCELL

DEVON snapped the stub of his cigaret into the fire with a movement of amused impatience, his fingers more eloquent than his thin, impassive countenance.

"Nothing, was it?"

"No, nothing—that unspeakable wind." Anne Carver gave a last reluctant glance over her shoulder into the shadowed hall, and pulled the door to behind her, turning her face to the warm, bright room with a rueful smile. "I'm sorry, Hal; it's outrageous of me—right in the middle of that thrilling story, too."

In spite of her slim height and the sophisticated skill with which she had wound her velvety black hair about the small lovely head—in spite of the length of the filmy train that swept behind her, she looked like some charming and contrite child as she came slowly across the room to the deep chintz chair and the dancing warmth of the fire.

"But it's nonsense, my dear girl—sheer, unmitigated nonsense. Here you are spoiling what might have been a delightful evening by working yourself up into a magnificent state of nerves—and over what, I ask you? Over nothing—over less than nothing! Poor old Derry telephones that he won't be able to get out to-night because he's been dragged in on some fool party, and you apparently proceed to interpret it into meaning that you're never going to lay eyes on him again in this world. You've been restless as a witch all evening; every time a door's slammed or a latch has rattled you've fairly leaped out of your skin—and permit me to inform you that you're getting me so that I'm about to start leaping too. Nice, cheerful atmosphere for the stranger within your gates, my child!"

"I'm awfully sorry, Hal. I'll be good, truly. It's only that——"

"Only what, for the love of Heaven? You aren't expecting him back to-night, are you?"

"Well, of course, I know that he said he couldn't possibly manage it—but he might—he can manage anything. And he wanted so dreadfully to see you; it's been years, hasn't it?"

"Three," replied Devon concisely.

"Well, you see! And of course he'd want to see me dreadfully, because it's been years since he's seen me, too; we have breakfast at half past seven. Isn't that hideous? It takes him an hour to get into town—I do hate that. A whole hour away—think of it——"

"Anne, I blush for you—I do indeed. It's embarrassing for any well-behaved bachelor to hear you talk. It's sinful to lavish that amount of devotion on any man that lives."

"Not on Derry." The clear face was a little flushed, but the shining eyes met his unwaveringly. "You lavish it too, Hal! I used to be bored to distraction by the tales that you'd pour out for hours on end about the perfectly fabulous student who was on his way back from Paris to spread havoc amongst the maidens of America. I used to laugh at you—remember?"

"Of course I remember." The dark, ironic face was suddenly touched with a very charming smile. "That first evening that I brought him over after supper, and he talked until a quarter to one,—until he had every one in

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excited as he was about things that we actually wouldn't give a snap of our fingers for. I can see him standing by the mantel now, with every golden hair on his head ruffled up, and those crazy sherry-colored eyes of his half mad with excitement, ranting like a Frenchman and laughing like a lunatic. I can see you with your face tilted up to him, forgetting that any of the rest of us were alive; you had on a gray dress, and some one had sent you white flowers, and you were wearing a long string of green beads that hung to your knees——"

"Hal, you're making that up! Four years——"

"Is four years too long to remember green beads and white flowers? Perhaps you're right! But it isn't too long to remember Derry's voice when he told us about the night that he and the drunken cab-driver spent in the Louvre, is it? Shades of Gargantua, how that kid could laugh! After all, there's never been any one else just like him, has there?"

"NOT ever—oh, not ever! It's the cruelest shame that he couldn't be here now; he'd love it so, and you could have such a beautiful time reminiscing. Oh, I can't bear having him away on a night like this! When I went to the door just then those trees by the gate were straining like dogs on a leash, and the wind had wrenched a great branch off the lilac-bush. I do hate November! And the rain like gray floods—and so *cold*, Hal. He oughtn't to be out in that, truly. He ought to be here where he could play with us—where it's warm and kind and—safe. Do you suppose they were motoring?"

"I don't suppose anything at all. My dear girl, you aren't going to start that all over again?"

"Ah, it's frightfully silly, I know." She smiled at him wistfully, locking her slim fingers together. "Old married people—three-year-old-married people—they oughtn't to mind things like that. But it's the first time that he's been away all night—and I'm—oh, I'm ridiculous! Scold me!—scold me hard!"

"You're a very difficult person to scold, all things considered. It's those unprincipled eyelashes, probably. First time in three years, honestly, Anne? Good Lord, it's unbelievable!"

"*Hal!*"

"Well, but my good child! Long Island and the twentieth century and the tottering state of holy matrimony—it's simply defying the laws of gravity! Do you sit here hanging the crane every blessed unspeakable night of your lives?"

"Oh, Hal, you lovely idiot! Of course we don't; we go out any amount and have people here a lot, and go in town, too. Only we happen to like each other—rather—and to like to play together—rather—so we just go ahead and do it. It's simply happened that up to now nothing turned up that we couldn't do together; *of course* it was bound to happen sooner or later. Of course I know that, Hal." She leaned forward, the firelight painting flying shadows on the vivid, high-bred little face. "But I'm an utter goose about Derry. I feel *empty* when he isn't around, and I don't care who knows it."

"A bit hard on the rest of us, isn't it? Still, if it's the same Derry that I practically bestowed on you at the altar I'm rather inclined to get your point of view. Not changed for the worse?"

"Changed for the better, thank you!" laughed Derry's wife. "Better and better and better every minute, once removed from your sinister influence." She smiled her gay affection at him, and then suddenly the smile wavered —faded; she sprang to her feet, trailing her blue-green draperies over to the long window.

"Don't you *hate* that noise, Hal? No, listen. The rain's out to drown the world, and that wind—" She shivered, staring out into the menacing blackness, raging like a wild beast on the other side of the lighted window. "Poor Hal, it's going to be simply awful for you! It's a good ten minutes' walk to the club, and these back roads turn into mud soup if it even showers! I do think it's a wicked shame."

"Perhaps I'd better be getting on my way——"

"No, no!" There was a note of sheer panic in her voice, tho she laughed it down valiantly. "Why, it can't be eleven, and he isn't going to call up till twelve. You simply have to entertain me; I won't be abandoned yet. No, I mean it. Let's start again—about Brazil. You were telling me about Brazil——"

"You aren't even remotely interested in Brazil," he accused lightly. "But I'll talk to you about any place from Peoria to Patagonia, if you'll stop wandering about like a lost soul and come back to the fire like a good child."

"Yes," replied the good child obediently, dropping the curtain. "Does—does it seem cold to you in here, Hal?"

"Cold? It's heavenly warm; if I were a cat I'd purr for you."

"It feels—cold to me," said Anne Carver, spreading her hands before the leaping flames. "As tho the wind had gotten in through the window somehow, and into my blood—and into my bones——"

"Nonsense," said Devon sharply. "You got chilled standing by that window; you're an unconscionable goose, and I'm beginning to be strongly out of patience with you. Sit down and put your feet on the fender—want something over your shoulders?"

She smiled at him propitiatingly, holding her hands closer to the fire.

"No, please—I'd rather not sit down just yet. It was the window, of course. Don't be cross; I do want to hear the rest of that about Brazil. Some day I'm going there; some day I'm going to find a country where there's no such time as Autumn—no such month as November, full of dead leaves, and wind and cold—and emptiness. Tell me what's prettiest there? There must be so many pretty things. Birds with shining feathers—butterflies like flowers—flowers like butterflies—gold like sunshine and sunshine like gold. Oh, I'm warmer just for thinking of it. Tell me what was prettiest?"

"I saw nothing half so pretty as a lady with the lamplight falling about her, bending over pansies black as her hair in a bowl green as her eyes."

"Oh!" She straightened swiftly, giving the flowers a last friendly touch, and facing him, lightly flushed, lightly reproachful. "*Green*, Hal? That's not pretty at all—and it stands for something shameful."

Devon raised quizzical eyebrows.

"Never felt the honest pangs of jealousy, Anne?"

"But how could I, even if I were capable of such cheapness and ugliness? I've never in my life cared for any one but Derry."

"And Derry, lovely lady, would never give you cause?"

"*Derry?*" The startled incredulity of that cry rang into enchanted mirth. "Why, Hal, it may be difficult for you to believe, but Derry *loves* me."

DEVON tapped the ashes off his cigaret, and sat staring for a moment at the reddened tip.

"It doesn't precisely strain my credulity to the breaking-point," he replied dryly. "No, I can imagine that Derry might love you. It hardly requires any colossal stretch of imagination on my part, either. I've loved you myself for thirteen years."

"Hal!"

"Loved you with every drop of blood in my body. There's no use looking stricken and melodramatic, Anne. I've never worried you much about it, have I?"

"No," she whispered voicelessly.

"No. Well, then, don't worry me about it; there's a good girl. I'm off for Ceylon to-morrow, and I haven't the most remote intention of making a nuisance of myself to-night. You don't have to remind me of the fact that Derry's my best friend—that I was his best man—that you are his wife. I have an excellent memory for such trifling details myself. It's only fair to add, however, that I wouldn't give a tuppenny dawm for the whole collection if it weren't for one other."

"Which other?" she asked, her eyes meeting his steadily, infinitely gentle and remote.

"The rather important one that you're happy," replied Devon pleasantly. "I came all the way back from Brazil to find out whether he was making you happy—and now I'm off to-morrow."

"Happy is a poor word for what he has made me," she said. "You should have known that, you who know Derry. Oh, Hal, oh, Hal, how could you?"

"It isn't done, I know," he assented with a twisted smile. "It's always the cad and the villain who is caught out making love to his friend's wife at all hours of the night.

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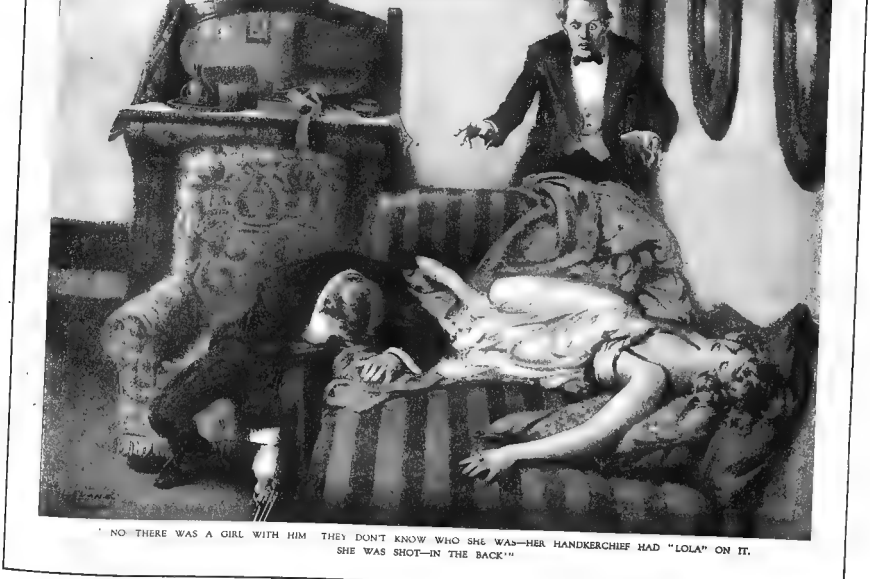

NO—THERE WAS A GIRL WITH HIM. THEY DON'T KNOW WHO SHE WAS—HER HANDKERCHIEF HAD "LOLA" ON IT. SHE WAS SHOT—IN THE BACK'"

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OTHERWISE PERFECT

It Will Come Straight Home to Every Mother, and to Many a Son, This Touching Story of Mother-Love

BY ELAINE STERNE

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

"'MOLLY,' HE WHISPERED, 'MOLLY——.' 'I COULDN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER,' SHE SIGHED. THEN SHE RAISED HER FACE TO HIS"

A DULL, weedy youth was Dan Meade, who drove a cart for the McCardell Milk Company. He wore his blue-serge coat-collar turned up around his ears on cold mornings and always had red, chapped hands and a pinched nose.

He never aspired above the milk-cart. The tours of delivery each day comprised his world. Nellie, the old gray mare, knew the slap of his reins on her back that started her off in the morning and the tug on her mouth at night which meant her day's work was done.

Dan was polite to customers. He was honest. He made few mistakes. He was not keenly interested in the McCardell milk business, but then he had never been keenly interested in anything with the exception of a mangy mongrel that had followed him home one Summer night. His mother had turned the dog out because she said he tracked up the house.

Dan went to grammar-school, but on the day he was fourteen he left in the middle of a term and started to work. Since then he had known no longing to look into a book. He read newspapers if he happened upon a discarded one. At night he ate the hearty meal his mother prepared for him and went to bed; he had to get up so early.

Life to him was a simple routine. The first man out on the rounds left with his cart at two-thirty in the morning. That meant reaching the stables at two, getting out a book and sheet, harnessing Nellie, taking her down and hitching her to her wagon, driving her to the station for the milk, cream, buttermilk; starting out on the trip.

On Monday he stayed out until five o'clock. On other days until two. On Sunday he came in at ten. One day of every week was a complete holiday in which he might sleep twenty-four hours undisturbed if he wanted to.

He turned over unquestioningly his earnings each week to his mother. He was what was known in the block as a "good boy." To this his mother would have agreed.

Life had been so gray, so crushing, so cold for her from the day she first saw light that she had dared lift her weak voice in prayer when she knew she was to have a child, and to ask a God who seemed remote and vague to let her have a son—one who would be big and strong and brave.

"Give him guts—" she put it.

It seemed a hopeless request in the face of the father he had. At that time Joe Meade was a blear-eyed, loose-lipped, shuffling failure, who lived to see his son old enough to fetch him his beer from the corner. A short time later Joe died.

AFTER that Annie worked steadily for a "pants" factory. Twice a week she brought home a bundle of cloth cut into crude shapes. These she stitched together neatly and returned. As she was paid six cents for each pair, she gave all of her energy and strength to the work, leaving very little for Dan. She was always seated at her machine, which fairly flew up and down long seams, the little needle dancing—the thread jerking.

She was by far the quickest worker in the field. She never lacked material; great piles of gray or dark blue were always heaped beside her knee. It was a prosperous business, and Isaacs, the manufacturer, offered to increase her pay when she told him she was giving up the work for good. But she shook her head. "Never again," she said. "I don't need to no more. My boy looks after me now."

The machine from that day stood shrouded in its dark corner, and the callus on Annie's forefinger, from guiding the cloth, vanished. Her shoulders never straightened, tho, and she was near-sighted from squinting at the thread. Nor had the power of easy speech returned to her. The voice of the machine had long ago drowned out her own. But she was content. Deeply, warmly content.

One day Dan got a raise. He did not expect it. He was climbing into his cart when the superintendent called him aside and told him. After this he would receive a dollar more in his envelop each week.

Dan mumbled his thanks and drove off. When his work was done he hurried home to tell his mother. On the way he planned how he would break the news to her. He decided to make her guess.

He ran up-stairs and pounded noisily on the door, then he flung it open and called to her. There was no answer. He felt a sharp sense of disappointment as he gazed around the empty room. He wanted some one to share his joy at that moment. It seemed to him the news would not keep. He wondered when she would be in. He stared gloomily from the window. He wished there were some one he could tell—any one— Then he thought of the girl on the floor below. Her name was O'Hara. Molly O'Hara. He had seen her once or twice on the steps and she had nodded at him gaily as he passed by.

The door of the O'Hara flat was ajar, and as he hesitated, looking in, he could see her before the open window, hanging a long line of underwear on a pulley-rope that creaked each time she let it out. Her sleeves were rolled back, and the arms she stretched out were firm and white. The V of neck above the turned-in shirt-waist was creamy. A little black curl lay against it.

He found himself rooted to the threshold, speechless. Molly turned and, seeing him, stared, then she laughed.

"Gee, but you give me a turn!"

He stammered that he was sorry, and she came toward him.

"Did you want to see me?"

He nodded. "Mom's out"—wishing all at once he had not come.

Molly waved him toward an upturned soap-box.

"So's mine. Sit down. My, but I'm a sight!"

She did not ask him his errand. She seemed to take his presence for granted. He perched awkwardly on the soap-box, watching her roll down her sleeves and pat her heavy coil of shining-black hair into place. He thought she was very pretty. Especially when she smiled. Her teeth were so white.

"You drive for McCardell's, don't you?" she asked.

"Yep," he paused. "They just give me a raise."

"No!" she cried; "ain't that fine! Mamie Thomas's husband's worked there four years and makes the same as he did the first day."

"I know him," said Dan. "He's an awful souse."

She nodded and sighed. "Poor Mis' Thomas."

Then she smiled at him. "Your mother must be proud of you."

"Me?" he scoffed. "What for?" He rose and backed toward the door. "I guess she must be home by now."

She was. He did not mention his visit to Molly. He was not quite sure what kept him silent.

After that he met Molly almost every evening in the hall. She said she was just running out to the corner for a drop of milk or borrowing a quart-measure from the woman up-stairs, or coming down from the roof, where she had been drying her hair; but after a while she was there, with no explanation at all.

Then followed fifteen minutes in which to chat, Molly leaning her round elbows on the banisters, her chin in her hand, Dan lounging against the wall, his hands in his pockets. Sometimes her little brother Terry edged out and peeped at him from behind her skirt, or Mrs. O'Hara appeared in the doorway and invited him in, but usually Molly was alone.

ONCE or twice he was on the point of asking her to go with him to the "movies," but he was not sure his mother would like it. Some day he would, tho. And Spring with its whisper of budding blossoms merged into Summer—hot, dry, relentless.

There was an open-air theater a few blocks away, where Dan occasionally took his mother. She looked forward to those evenings. She liked the pictures and the music and the ghost of a breeze that fanned her cheeks. She liked Dan seated beside her. No trace of Joe in his firm mouth and level eyes. She decided on a certain night to go with him.

She planned a supper he particularly liked. Cold salmon, potato salad, coffee, biscuits, and custard. She hurried down-

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stairs and into the sultry street: On her way back she thought of sweet pickles. She bought them and went home. She mounted the stairs, then on the second landing paused at the sound of voices above—two voices talking softly. One of them was Dan's.

She could hear him distinctly. He said, "I've been wantin' to ask you to go, Molly, but she mightn't like it. You know how she is."

The girl answered, "Yes, I know, Danny."

There was a moment's silence, then he went on. "I think every time how we could all three go together. I guess I'm crazy not to tell her."

Molly's voice was coaxing. "Would I be in the way?"

He was shocked. Horrified. He hastened to set her right.

"THAT ain't it, Molly; it's only that mom kind of thinks—well—*you* know."

She must have known, for she was silent.

"Maybe," she said suddenly, "if you was to tell her you was goin' back to the office to-night—" She let the suggestion hang in mid-air.

Dan did not reply, and she urged gently, "Ah, now, that wouldn't hurt, would it? Then you and me—just this once—could—could go to the Allaire—" She drew a long breath. "It's goin' to be grand out to-night!"

That was all. Molly's footsteps pattered across the hall. There was the slam of a closing door, and Dan sped lightly up the next flight.

Annie mounted slowly. Dan was shaving when she came in.

"Hello, Mom," he said.

She answered him, watching him furtively. Waiting—waiting. He chose a fresh necktie. He tied it carefully. He examined his coat and brushed it. He looked at his finger-nails and at his shoes. They sat down to supper. She saw he was uneasy. He jerked out his sentences and began half a dozen times to say something, then stopped. She waited. He took two helpings of custard and said it was fine. He asked for a second cup of coffee and stirred it endlessly, splashing it in thin brown streamlets into his saucer. She waited. He lit a cigaret and stood up.

"Mom," he said, his eyes on the ceiling, "I got to go out."

She did not stop in her task of clearing the table, of brushing the crums into an empty plate, of gathering up the unused spoons.

"I—I—didn't expect to—but—it's business——"

He floundered helplessly and stopped. She let the warm water run over the piled-up plates, rinsing them before she spoke.

"Well, why don't you go, then?" she said.

His relief was immense.

"Guess I will, Mom. I'll—be back early, and to-morrow night—to-morrow night you and me, we'll go to a real roof-garden show. How'll that be, hey, Mom?"

She said, "Hand me that pitcher. It's got milk in it."

Still he hovered, his hat in his hands, looking anxiously at her back, speaking above the hiss of the hot water.

"Don't wait up for me unless you want to, and to-morrow night——"

She did not answer, and he paused, his hand on the knob. Then he opened the door.

She went to her room. In the mirror she studied her face, chalky gray with its network of little lines.

She put on her hat, counted out some change from her purse, and slipped it into the pocket of her dress.

A SUMMER'S evening. An earthy smell of cool green moss and dewy grass, of clear cold springs. A breeze springing up from nowhere, stirring the languor of the heavy night.

Like the drone of a tom-tom was the music of the weather-beaten piano at the Allaire Airdome. The pianist, coatless, stopped from time to time to suck through a straw the contents of a bottle. Occasionally he stared around boldly at the rows of benches behind him peopled by couples, shoulder brushing shoulder in eager intimacy.

To Dan there seemed a throbbing enchantment in the scene. The reflected light on the screen, the upturned faces, dim ovals, the dull rhythm of the music were parts of a dream. Only Molly close beside him, her hand in his, was real, her fingers lacing and unlacing in his own.

When a strand of her hair brushed his cheek it was like a thousand live wires setting him tingling from head to foot. He was content to watch her profile in the half light, to hear her ringing laugh, to see the quick rise and fall of her breathing.

He leaned closer. He wondered if he dared encircle her with his arm as the man in front of them was doing to his companion. He decided to try. He was afraid to.

Molly turned to him suddenly with lips parted and shining eyes. "Danny—" she said and looked away.

"Go on," he whispered, "I'm listenin'."

"Oh, nothing."

He was trembling with eagerness.

"Molly, I wish—I wish——"

"What do you wish?"

For an answer he let his hand creep behind her shoulders. He moved it slowly with infinite caution along the back of the seat, gripping the hard wood fiercely.

"What do you wish?"

"This," he said, and touched her shoulder. It felt round and smooth beneath his fingers. He stroked it timidly.

Two rows behind them Annie sat forward tensely. Before the feature was over she went home.

Dan found her sitting by the window in a faded blue wrapper.

"Didn't I tell you not to wait up?"

"I couldn't sleep. It's so hot."

"Sure it is. I'll go and get you some ice-cream."

"No," she said, sharply, "I don't want none. I don't want nothin'."

"Aw, I'll be back before you know it," and he ran out.

When he came back he found Molly by the stairs. She had wrapped a red scarf about her shoulders and huddled it tightly beneath her chin.

"I thought I heard you go out. What's the matter?"

He stopped, shaking his head, gazing at her—at the low flicker of gaslight on her smooth hair, on her white throat, on the red shawl——

He said, "Nothin'. This cream's for mom."

He set it on the newel-post. She stood facing him, a little pucker of worry on her forehead. Suddenly he felt his heart leap up within him like a thing alive. He had a momentary impulse to turn and flee—the next second he swept her to him, reveling in the quick catch of her breath, the sudden closing of her eyes, the warmth of her lips crushed against his own.

He freed her, shocked, revolted at what he had done.

"Molly—I—I——"

She did not move. Instead her arm crept around his neck; the red shawl slipped from her shoulders and lay a formless mass about her feet. She brushed his cheek with hers.

"I love you," she said, her lips close to his ear.

HE CAUGHT her to him fiercely. She had become part of himself. He was a man now. He had found his woman. He was hot and cold by turns, then a warm, languorous peace stole over him.

"Molly," he whispered hoarsely, "Molly——"

"I couldn't wait much longer," she sighed.

Then she raised her face to his fearlessly.

His mother had not moved from her place by the window. She made no sign that she heard him. He crossed the room and dropped the package on the table.

"There!" he said, and sat down. He was surprized to find himself still trembling. He tried to remember the smallest details—he had run up the stairs, wondering all the while if it was too late to rap at her door, and then he had caught sight of her—had been rendered speechless. The warm fragrance of her lips seemed still to caress his own. He clenched his hands. God! he whispered, with awed wonder, so this was love! A long breathless moment of ecstasy— He threw back his head. He would work harder than ever. He decided it was of great importance for him to get ahead. The sooner he made enough, the sooner they could marry.

His mother seemed far away. The room blurred, became formless. Out of it flashed sharp little pictures, vivid, compelling: Molly's bare arms stretched out before her—a gold locket she wore at her throat that sparkled when she laughed—the red shawl——

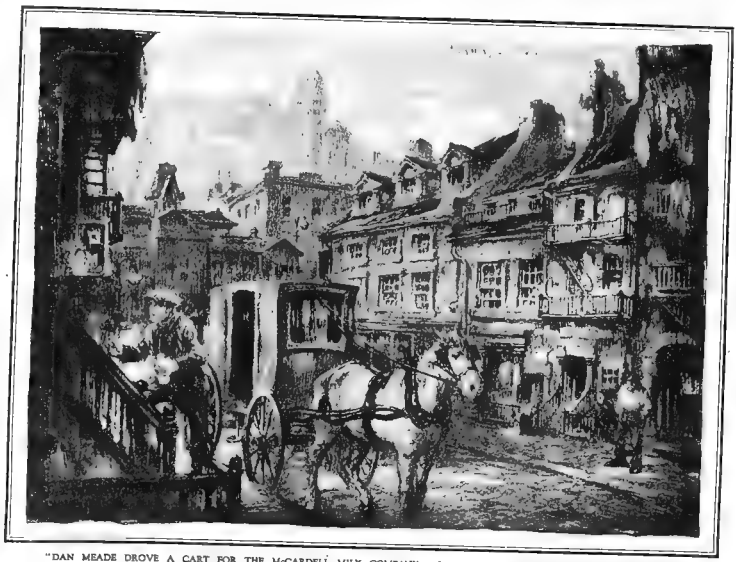
His mother's voice cut through his reverie like a knife.

"Did you go to Connelly's or Bederman's for that ice-cream?"

"Connelly's—why?"

"You took so long."

She rose, and he heard the clatter of dishes as she chose one for herself. His heart pounded like a trip-hammer.



"DAN MEADE DROVE A CART FOR THE McCARDELL MILK COMPANY. HE NEVER ASPIRED ABOVE THE MILK-CART. THE TOURS OF DELIVERY EACH DAY COMPRISED HIS WORLD"

"I know I took long," he said quickly. "I—I got a reason."

She did not ask it. Instead she scooped out the ice-cream into a saucer and seated herself once more by the window.

"I got a reason," he repeated. "I—Mom—I—" he gulped. "I'm goin' to git married."

She did not speak. He said, "Mom, did you hear me?"

She answered him slowly, "You're goin' to marry that O'Hara girl."

"Yes, I—how did you know?"

She looked out the window. "I knew," she said.

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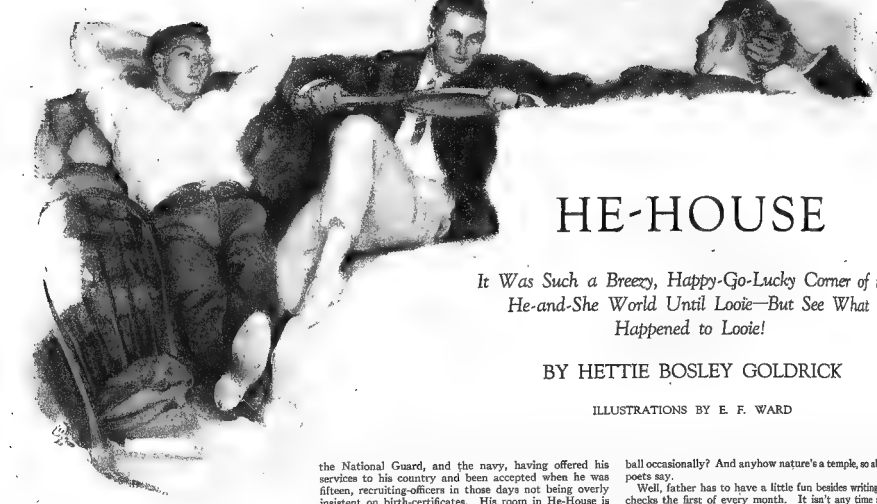

"TIME TICKS AWAY HIS HOURS UNHEARD, FOR HERE GATHERS CARE-FREE YOUTH"

HE-HOUSE

It Was Such a Breezy, Happy-Go-Lucky Corner of the He-and-She World Until Looie—But See What Happened to Looie!

BY HETTIE BOSLEY GOLDRICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

HE-HOUSE is much the same in general outline as all the other houses in the street, but the bare spots in the lawn worn smooth by numerous wrestling-matches, the bicycles at the side-entry door, the sweaters dropped on the front steps, and the baseball-bats on the front porch give it an unmistakable masculine air. It is not one of these fandy, gimcrack houses nor yet a Dutch Colonial so dear to real-estate gentlemen. It is just a house with four good walls and a roof. Inside the furniture is of the plain family period and of a solid, masculine kind, being so comfortably scratched and so cozily scarred that another little nick can do no harm.

Scattered over shelves, tables, chairs, and sometimes the floor are brilliantly colored magazines and head-liny papers, golf-sticks and "The Three Musketeers," tobacco-pouches and "Ivanhoe," jazzy records and "Youth," tennis-rackets and "Two Years Before the Mast," a catcher's mitt and a bruise-defying head-piece, in an atmosphere redolent of tobacco smoke, heavy clothes, freshly shaven faces, newly scented hair-cuts, subtly penetrated by the smell of fresh bread baking in the kitchen and seductive pies cooling in the pantry—all this really much more comfortable than it reads.

He-House is the mekka for neighborhood boys. Dusty feet, muddy feet, and occasionally clean ones come tramping through the front door, ignoring both side and back ones. There is a hall-tree standing as a silent hint to all comers, but the floor is a much more popular hook. The chairs, from long and frequent use, are hollowed out to just the right fit for a boy's back, and the old lounge with the sagging springs is as restful as a cradle.

The boy four squares away drops in for a nap, while the one next door comes over to borrow a pair of long pants. The phonograph grinds out "Sirene of the Southern Seas," accompanied by whistles, and tattoos beat out on chair-arms with pencil, knife, poker, or anything handy. Sometimes a roughened, cracking voice joins in a duet with the singer in the box, starting in soprano, dropping into bass, and ending in a croak. Time ticks away his hours unheard, for here gathers care-free youth living his careless now.

BIRDIE, eldest son of He-House, is six feet tall, and is always whistling. The first thing he puts on in the morning is his cap, a certain cow-lick requiring constant repression. His clothes stick tighter than a brother, but he is haunted with the fear that there is a slight wrinkle under the left knee. His real business in life, however, is hiking with Conrad in one khaki pocket and Masefield in the other. Every country road for miles around He-House knows him, and every hillside in the county has bedded him in fair weather and stormy. Far fields being always fairest, he knows by foot the hedgerows of England, the apple orchards of Normandy, and the passes of the Pyrenees. But eventually He-House, with no scenery but home folks and no perfume but spicy gingerbread, is the end of his trail.

Moe is a joiner. He belongs to two churches, three secret societies, two fraternities, a cross-country team, the National Guard, and the navy, having offered his services to his country and been accepted when he was fifteen, recruiting-officers in those days not being overly insistent on birth-certificates. His room in He-House is lined with souvenirs of his joinings—uniforms from the navy, an ammunition-belt from the National Guard, pictures of a cross-country team with chests distended to the bursting-point, death's-heads from the secret societies, and a New Testament from Sunday-school. In the navy he learned to hang up his clothes, but in He-House he uses them for chair-drapes.

When he joined his second church he made a speech which, dissolved the sisters into tears. The night before he had danced until morning, and the day after he went to class without a French verb in his head. He can crease his last year's hat into this year's style, and with a Canadian quarter in his pocket sally forth with the best of them. A Beau Brummell by day, at supper-time he sheds his finery all the way from the front door to the kitchen, where he begs for a fresh crust or the scraping of a chocolate-lined tin.

Looie bought his first razor last Spring. He lacerates his face at least once a month and puts a knife-edge crease in his trousers every day. He sneaks salad-oil from the kitchen to plaster down his hair to the proper slickness and calls girls "the women." He keeps the phonograph going from dawn until dark, his favorites being of the well-known brand of "Blues." He fox-trots down to breakfast and he toddles in to lunch. He is as big as a barn and as strong as an ox, and the burden of his life is his youth.

When he broke a leg and the surgeon put him in the children's pavilion he felt disgraced for life, and when his father gave his real age to the young and pretty nurse he went into a fever. All on account of this miserable youth he can't have a latch-key, must be in by ten o'clock, and can not drive the car. Life is just one don't after another to Looie. Some day he is going to show 'em all where to get off. In the meantime he comes home to He-House regularly for three hearty meals a day and a dreamless sleep each night.

His Nibs is a cocky fox-terrier. One side of his face is white and the other black, and he has the twinklingest eye that ever twinkled and the waggingest tail that ever wagged. He stands sentry on the front steps and yips a friendly how-de-do to all He-House familiars who pass by. But not so the butcher boy. For some reason known only to themselves His Nibs has to be locked up every day until the chops are delivered, or he would get his off Bub's shanks.

He feels in honor bound to chase every automobile which comes through the street. With his ears laid back, his body stretched to its utmost, and his feet flying, he measures his dog against their horse-power. He takes his life in his paws a hundred times a day, but no one ever enjoyed life more than His Nibs. He has four masters to serve, hundreds of cars to race, and the best chair in He-House for his bed. He-House is his house, and for all his four masters he is really grand master of them all.

Father is at the golf age. He adorns every tale and points a moral to every observation with some allusion to his favorite occupation. If it's daylight-saving, there was never such a boon to the laboring man. Why, he can play golf until nine o'clock these evenings. If it's health, there's nothing like exercise for a man's well-being. Now, take golf, the ideal form of exercise. If it's going to church on Sunday morning, a man who has worries all week is simply all in by Sunday. He ought to have a chance to relax in the open. The air inside public buildings, especially churches, is pernicious, particularly in golf weather. Now, what's the harm walking over a fairway on a Sunday morning, carrying a club and hitting a ball occasionally? And anyhow nature's a temple, so all the poets say.

Well, father has to have a little fun besides writing out checks the first of every month. It isn't any time since he was as young as Birdie, but he doesn't whistle like he used to. He's too busy figuring out how to get more business to make more money to buy more roasts and education and glove-fitting suits for the sons of He-House. For slick hair and tight pants and alma maters don't grow on trees. Insurance or taxes or something has put a few wrinkles in father's face. His trousers bag at the knee, and sparse hair doesn't need salad-oil to make it lie down. He has never seen the Pyrences, but he hikes to the office every morning and back home to He-House every night If he has to have a little fresh air on Sunday mornings and needs a golf-bag to catch it in, well——

Mother was one of three sisters and several dozen girl cousins. She was brought up in the amen corner of the Methodist Church and was early singled out for a foreign missionary. She was a neat little girl in a neat little house whose ragtime was Moody and Sankey hymns and whose social affairs were church, Sunday-school, and prayer-meeting. He-House has been a good deal of a surprize to her. "Wang Wang Blues" sounds alien to ears attuned to "Throw Out the Life-line," and the masculine ways of He-House are quite astonishing as compared to the soft manners of She-House.

HE-HOUSE smiles indulgently at her old-fashioned ideals, but it indorses enthusiastically her home-made bread and pies. Birdie comes back to them from his castles in Spain; Moe in the end leaves everything he joins for her kitchen; Looie, grasping eagerly for manhood, turns boy again over the cooky-jar, and when father is most tired he finds rest in the kitchen rocker. Mother has learned that there are missions besides foreign ones and that there are churches other than those which have spires, some of these being furnished with a cook-stove and a kitchen table.

He-House has waffles every Sunday breakfast. Sunday morning is the best time of the week. Father, with business off his mind and a golf game on, is as young and lively as one of the boys. In the course of a year mother travels several hundred miles at waffle-serving, and how many each of her family consumes is her gage of his physical, mental, and moral welfare.

"Henry," she said one morning when the boys had finished and left the dining-room and she was putting the finishing touches on father and His Nibs, "do you notice anything about Looie?"

"I notice his feet are nearly on the ground again."

"I don't mean his feet. I mean his face. Does he look all right to you?"

"Looks the same as usual as far as I can see."

"Well, he doesn't to me. There's something the matter."

"Bound to have something to worry over, eh, Mother?"

"No, but I'm not blind. He looks kind of peaked, and he only ate four waffles this morning; he usually eats six."

"I wouldn't let that worry me any."

"And he gets letters and won't tell me whom they're from. He hides them away, and when he answers them he locks himself up in his room."

"Can't Birdie or Moe find out?"

"They wouldn't tell on him if they did, and they say he's keeping it secret from them, too. That's what worries me. And I think he looks pale."

"You've got a wonderful imagination, Henrietta."

"If you remember, you said the same thing before Moe ran away and joined the navy. I knew there was something wrong then. I tell you I can tell."

"Good Lord, what's the matter with our boys? Why

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A soup to grace any table!

A glance at this rich puree, a breath or two of its delicious fragrance—and your hand is on its way to the spoon! Artist-chefs create this soup. Nature gives to it the tonic spice of pure tomato juices and the "meat" of the finest fruit, strained to exquisite smoothness. Golden butter enriches it and heightens its flavor and nourishment. All the arts and sciences of the famous Campbell's kitchens are lavished upon it. Here is your appetite's temptation. Here is your good health's delightful ally. Here, in each spoonful, you *taste* the worldwide reputation of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Cream of Tomato

made with Campbell's is a dish of special luxury. So rich and velvety that it is a rare delight. Made with Campbell's you taste Cream of Tomato at its very perfection.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

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are they always doing something outlandish? What they need is some good hard work and then they'd get a lot of this foolishness out of their heads. I never had such fool ideas. Birdie hiking all over the globe, Moe joining everything there is, and now Looie cooking up something behind the scenes. I'll bet a hat it'll cost something, too. All their wild schemes do, and, by gad! I'm always the goat. It's got to stop. I've got a big insurance premium falling due next month and there're clothes and coal and a thousand other things. Do they think I'm made of money?"

From the living-room came the whang of "Wang Wang Blues," Birdie whistling it, Moe playing the traps with knife, an ash-tray, and the reading-lamp shade, and Looie joining in a mournful tenor when the saxophone growled a melancholy refrain.

"D—— that jazz!" cried Henry.

Henrietta started. She had never got used to d——e.

"That's what's the matter with 'em and the whole generation. Jazz, jazz, jazz! All the brains they've got are in their feet. I'm going to put a stop to this whole business."

Henrietta put her hand on his arm. She had not meant to start so much.

"Let's don't make a fuss and spoil Sunday, dear. Maybe I am wrong about Looie. He's at that age when you can't tell much about him. We'll just have to be patient with Birdie him, carefully."

"Nobody ever handled me carefully," grumbled Henry, picking up the funny paper. "All I ever got was a kick and a cuff." Henrietta stroked his hair.

"Gettin' much thinner?" he asked, mollified as always when she caressed him.

"No," she fibbed. "Just about the same," she added to ease her Methodist conscience.

"Any gray hairs?"

Henrietta pretended to look carefully, and out of a good-sized patch held one between her fingers and said faintly, "Here's one."

AFTER he had set off in great good humor to his game she assured herself as she washed the dishes it was no use telling any one his hair is getting thinner and grayer every day, and anyhow Henry had a lot to worry about without being reminded that he was not as young as he used to be. Try as she would to keep it down, this month's grocery bill was going to be bigger than the last and insurance-time nearly here, too. That Looie's feet were on the ground again she had discovered a week before Henry, and Moe needed a new suit and Birdie's tuition would be higher this year.

She turned to the stove and turned the gas down anxiously. With baking and all the bills were awful. She put the roast in the oven. Two dollars and a half for that little piece of meat. She peeled the potatoes and remembered that they were going to be higher this Winter. And coal going up and taxes in November. Money, money, money. The phonograph was now wailing "Dottie Dimple Darling." His Nibs was barking in time with the piccolo, the boys were whistling gaily, Looie with his feet on the ground, Moe needing a new suit, and Birdie's tuition higher. She could have screamed at those brassy notes. They seemed to hoot at her, standing helpless and perplexed, while Henry's hair grew grayer, business poorer, and living higher. Her busy hands dropped limply to her sides.

She was overwhelmed with the buzzing, nagging details of life. Try as she might to brush them away, they swarmed the thicker about her. And there were the boys. Only yesterday they were children. To-day they were men going their own ways. She felt done for and unnecessary. She dried her hands and walked quickly out of the kitchen to get away from the loneliness pressing down upon her. But the living-room was as lonely as the kitchen. The boys had suddenly disappeared, the phonograph was silent, and His Nibs lay asleep in his favorite chair. That was the worst of He-House. Its men came and went on their various affairs like comets. Only mother was a fixed planet, never moving out of her orbit, always waiting for the meteors to come back again. While she stood lonesomely in the middle of the room she heard a noise in the hall. She found Looie on the stairway with one irresolute foot half lifted toward the next step.

"That you, Son?" asked Henrietta. "Are you going to Sunday-school?"

He smiled contemptuously.

"That kindergarten!"

"I wish—" Henrietta stopped. The amen corner still had a strong hold upon her, but He-House did not care to hear about it. "Where are the boys, Son?"

"I don't know. I guess Birdie went hiking and I think Moe went over to the Chi Ro House."

"Are you going out? It would seem so nice to have some of you home."

At his petulant frown she added quickly, "I didn't know that you had plans of your own, dear. But, Son, do you feel well? You haven't acted like yourself lately."

"I feel all right."

"Nothing hurting you, nothing bothering you?"

"I told you once I was all right," he answered sullenly.

She winced under the tone and went back to the kitchen, consoling herself that he did not mean to hurt. She would just have to be patient with him until he got out of this moody period. She'd surprise him with apple dumplings for dinner. While she was paring apples Looie picked up a satchel which she had not seen on the dark stairway and went noiselessly out the front door.

He-House has Sunday dinner when every one gets in. It takes longer to play eighteen holes some mornings than it does others. Birdie may hike ten miles or fifteen and Moe may have two meetings or half a dozen. Henrietta looked into the hall once to see if Looie were still on the stairway.

"Gone over to Jim's, I suppose," she remarked to His Nibs, who had been out the night before. He opened one eye lazily, shut it again, and heaved a long sigh. When the table was set and dinner on the stove cooking slowly against the family's return, Henrietta went into the living-room to wait. She picked up "Youth" and "Victory" and "Two Years Before the Mast" for the thousandth time and put them on their shelves. She shut down the phonograph on "Wang Wang Blues," lying waiting under the needle. The warm, pleasant smell of cooking food stole through the house. Loneliness still depressed her. She wished they would come. Birdie and Moe came first, then Henry.

"Have you seen Looie?" she asked them. She telephoned around the neighborhood. No, he had not been there that morning.

"He may be in his room. Look in, Henry, as you go up."

"SHE MOVED NOISELESSLY ABOUT THE ROOM, HAPPILY PICKING UP SHOES, SOCKS, AND SHIRTS AND RESTORING THEM TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACES"

She followed him as she spoke. The room was in no greater disorder than she had seen it many a time, but there was something final about it which alarmed her. She had mechanically closed pulled-out drawers morning after morning, but this time she looked into them. Shirts and ties were gone. She ran to the closet. He had gone in his best suit when she saw him on the stair. His old scanty wardrobe hung limply on their hooks. She knew now where he kept his treasured silk socks hidden. They were missing.

"He's gone," she said.

"Where?" asked Henry blankly.

"I don't know where, but he's gone."

"Pahaw! He's over to some of the fellows'."

She was tumbling the contents of a drawer.

"His bank-book's gone, too."

"How much did he have?"

"About fifteen dollars."

"If he has gone fifteen dollars won't last long. Darn that boy, darn him, I say, for giving you so much worry, Henrietta. I hope some bum will steal the clothes off his back and that he'll get some sense starved into him."

"Henry!" cried Henrietta.

"I do! That's what that boy needs."

HENRIETTA began to straighten the room. She had a habit of taking tears out in action. From the bath-room came Henry's explosive remarks—"That boy," "I don't know what I am going to do with him." Henrietta searched for some word which he surely must have left her if he had really gone. Under a pile of books she found a vermilion-backed one, "Downey's Twentieth Century Letter Writer." She picked it up, and from its pages fell a folded paper, *The True Blue Correspondence Magazine*. It contained half a dozen pages of pictures, all women. The caption under one beaming smile surrounded by a halo of bobbed hair caught her eye:

"Oh, boy! here's just the girl for you. Watch your step and you may be the lucky one. Her age is eighteen, weight one hundred and thirty, height five feet six, light-brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, loving disposition, American, Presbyterian, high-school education, good cook and housekeeper, enjoys good health, swell dresser, has never been married, and has no one dependent upon her. *Will inherit.* Would marry man of means who is generous and handsome, with no encumbrances."

"Henry!" cried Henrietta, "do you suppose he's gone away to get married?"

"Good Lord!" Henry came running in, one-half of his face shaven, the other lathered. He grabbed the paper and read, under a broad smile considerably widened by mammoth ear-puffs, the description of another candidate for matrimony:

"Just the charming little miss to make your home a paradise on earth, and you will be too late if you do not write to her at once. Her age is seventeen, weight one hundred and thirteen, height five feet three, brown hair, brown eyes, olive complexion, kind and happy disposition, American, golden rule religion, common-school education, good cook and housekeeper, enjoys good health, pleasing dresser, has never been married and has no encumbrance, *will inherit*, sings and plays on the organ, would like to correspond with refined, educated, broad-minded gentleman of wealth who could appreciate a true blue wife and surround her with all the comforts of wealth."

"By gad!" exploded Henry, "if that boy is an enough——"

"I found this, too," interrupted Henrietta, handing him "Downey's Twentieth Century Letter Writer," which had a marker at "Letter from a Timid Young Man":

MY DEAR MISS M——:

It is with no small degree of uncertainty that I now venture to address you upon a subject that I have refrained from asking you to consider because I have feared that your decision might be unfavorable. For months past one feeling, that of love, has possessed my heart, and one image, yours, has occupied my mind. All my thoughts have been of you even the the thought that I might love that happiness has caused me pain. I do not know whether you have guessed at the question which has so often trembled upon my pen, but which I have not had the courage to set down.

I love you passionately and devotedly and I ask your love in return. Can you find in your heart any sparck of affection for me which will make it possible for you to bid me hope that some day I may call you my own?

I shall wait your reply with a hopeful feeling that your heart will dictate an answer that will make me more than happy.

Yours ever.

"Here's the answer, also marked," continued Henry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Just the food your children should have!

Just the kind of wholesome, nourishing, body-building food the youngsters thrive on! And how they enjoy Campbell's Beans with their tasty, luscious tomato sauce! Serve them to the children regularly. Good health is every child's birthright. Here is the food for health. Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked. This makes them thoroughly digestible, as well as splendidly nutritious. A dish the whole family relishes. Already cooked for your table.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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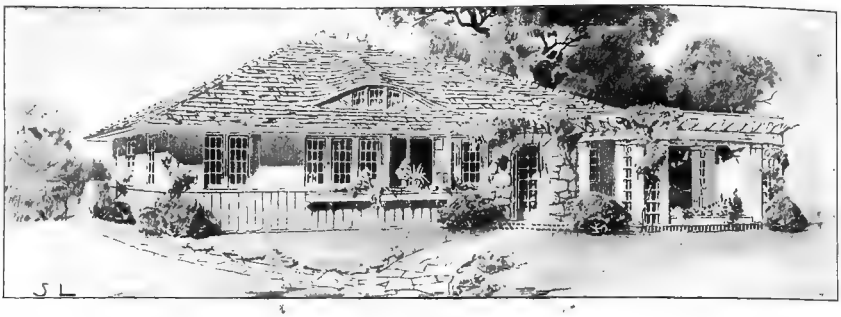


PICTORIAL REVIEW LOVE-NESTS

The First of a New Series of Small Houses for Young Married Couples

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

WHILE the houses to be shown in this series have been designed with special reference to the needs of young people who are planning their first home, they apply equally well to any case in which the requirements call for a tiny dwelling. I have received a number of letters from those past middle age who say, "We are growing old, our children have married and gone, and there are only the two of us left. We need only a little house, but would like it to be artistic, convenient, and arranged so as to lessen as much as possible the labor involved in living in it."

Building costs, moreover, while somewhat lower than they were several years ago, still remain far beyond their old level, and the general opinion seems to be that they will not go lower. This means that in the majority of cases a great deal of house must be worked into very small space, and the whole be so arranged as to make it as easy as possible to dispense with the help of a servant.

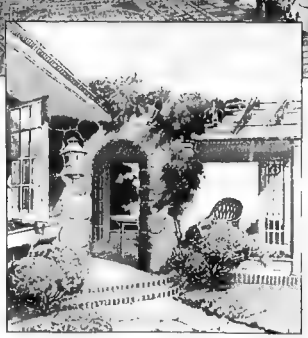
Just how small a room will be satisfactory and just how few rooms there may be are, of course, matters to be settled by the individual circumstances, but the increased building costs of the present day have made it necessary to make serious reductions in the dimensions of our homes, and luckily this cutting down of the areas to be cared for works in the direction of lessening the labor and expense of the upkeep.

Those who have lived in the modern city apartment have learned that there are no real hardships attending a life in these smaller rooms. The idea, then, behind this series of house-plans is to show a number of homes of very moderate cost, and of dimensions as small as may be found acceptable. We are beginning with a house of three bedrooms; some still smaller houses will be shown.

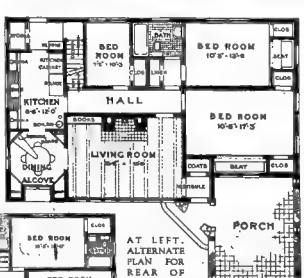
This particular design has been made with the thought foremost of departing from the conventional lines seen in almost every suburban block; of adopting a type of entrance and porch a little out of the ordinary, with low, broad lines, instead of the stilted, narrow effect so frequently seen.

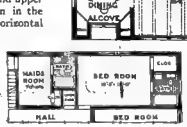
The materials of construction may be almost anything desired, but the base effect formed by using two different materials for the lower and upper portions of the first-story walls, as shown in the illustrations, is recommended, as the horizontal line at the window-sill height, with the lower portion in dark stone or vertical rough boards stained dark and the upper part in lighter-colored stucco, gives a pleasing effect. Or, the whole exterior wall may be of clapboards, and if no stone is available the entrance-arch may be built of brick or of a wood lattice column and trellis.

THE LIVING-ROOM IS AMPLY LIGHTED AND HEATED AND OF GENEROUS SIZE



"A PORCH A LITTLE OUT OF THE ORDINARY, WITH LOW, BROAD LINES"





AT LEFT, ALTERNATE PLAN FOR REAR OF HOUSE

Three bedrooms are shown in the main-floor plan, all intended for the use of the family. In the alternate plan of the rear portion of the house one of these is arranged as a maid's room and an extra bathroom is added. This alternate arrangement can be used, of course, with the entrance-door to the maid's room changed so as to open in the hall, and thus provide for three bedrooms and two bathrooms.

A sort of combination dining-room and breakfast-room has been arranged, large enough for six persons. Built-in cabinets are shown in each of the four corners. In one of these is a folding ironing-board; the others are for china or other storage. This room is conveniently located between the dining-room and kitchen and forms a very satisfactory substitute for the usual larger and more costly dining-room. Its furnishing requires only the table and chairs instead of the usually expensive dining-room set.

The kitchen has been laid out with the idea of reducing as much as possible the number of steps required in its use, the details of which have been previously described in Pictorial Review.

The cellar extends under the entire house except the porch, and a heating-plant may be installed. The living-room fireplace provides another heater.

The attic is indicated as unfinished, altho there is sufficient headroom in the central portion for one large bedroom and a bathroom on the rear and a large storeroom on the front. The space in the front part of the attic is really the same as that in the rear, but it would spoil the forward appearance to increase the size of the front dormer-window, whereas the dormer on the rear may be made amply large to give light and ventilation in the rear rooms.

If this attic is wanted for storage only, a folding or other form of disappearing stairway can be installed, but if finished rooms are desired a regular stairway can be built in by rearranging the rear portion of the first-floor plan and taking off a small part of the bedroom space for this purpose. The roof is intended to be of wood shingles, but any desired material can be used. The building measures 45 feet 8 inches wide at the ground-line, which means that a lot 50 feet in width would be the minimum which would accommodate it without a driveway; or 55 to 60 feet would be required if space is to be left for a driveway. The lot can be only 75 feet deep, if necessary.

A sum between $5,500 and $7,000 will complete this house under average conditions.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Woods will answer any questions regarding this house, free of charge. Address care House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 221 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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A cream that protects against wind and cold

It shields your skin from drying and chapping

As a protection against March winds the right cream is an absolute necessity

EVERYONE knows the coarse, dry texture that is spoken of as "weatherbeaten." That is the result of constant and continued exposure.

But even a single day's exposure can cause the roughness that you can feel by passing your hands over your cheeks, and the chapping that is actually painful. Wind whips the moisture out of an unprotected skin—cold roughens it. To prevent these dangers, a cream is needed that will shield the skin and help it keep its natural moisture and softness.

For this purpose a special formula is needed, and this is what was used in making Pond's *Vanishing* Cream.

Try a little of this particular cream side by side with any cold cream and see the marked difference. The cold cream is oily—the Pond's Vanishing Cream has not a drop of oil in it. Instead it is made from another ingredient famous for its softening and soothing qualities and which the skin can absorb instantly. This cream keeps the skin's natural moisture in, and so protects it from the drying effect of wind and cold.

No matter how cold and windy it is, your skin will keep its natural transparency and softness if you always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. When you come in again your skin will feel soft and fresh, not dry and tired as it usually does after exposure to cold, wintry winds.

This delicate cream is indispensable for every daytime and evening use, as it contains no oil and never reappears in a shine. It freshens your appearance instantly and the smooth velvety surface it gives your skin makes the ideal base for powder.

The other cream every normal skin needs

No one cream can completely care for your skin. To give your skin the thorough cleansing that keeps it fresh and supple another cream is needed.

This second cream that every normal skin needs is Pond's *Cold* Cream. The column at the right tells how it completes the care of your skin.

Both these creams are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything to promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

A very different cream for a thorough cleansing

No skin can be always lovely unless it is really clean.

Every day dirt bores deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain the skin becomes dull and muddy looking. Often these fine particles of dirt irritate the pores and blemishes result. Ordinary washing cannot reach this dirt—only a cold cream, a cream made with oil, can do that.

The cream with *just the right amount* of oil to reach deep into the pores and remove every trace of dirt and impurity without overloading the skin is Pond's Cold Cream. This cream can be used night after night to give your skin a thorough cleansing, as its consistency is perfect for working well into the skin and out again. Creams that contain more oil than necessary for such thorough cleansing overload the pores.

Cream of a less delicate consistency will not work in and out of the pores so readily.

Smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the skin of face and neck every night before retiring. Then wipe off with a soft cloth. The thorough cleansing this gives has a most stimulating effect. The oil in this cream keeps the skin soft and supple, and the cleansing gives the skin a lovely cleanness and transparency.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
116 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name_____

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

During the time that this contract was being negotiated the newspapers published an item to the effect that Charlie Chaplin had just signed a new contract whereby he was to receive $670,000 a year. Right here was where Mr. Zukor experienced a most acute manifestation of his periodic disorder.

When the Chaplin contract was announced every film-producer knew that Mary Pickford was negotiating a new contract, and I know of one specific offer she received at fifteen thousand dollars a week.

On account of the pleasant relations that had always existed between Mary Pickford and Mr. Zukor, however, she finally accepted the new contract with him, in which Lasky and I joined with Mr. Zukor, as the contract for ten thousand dollars a week, to apply on fifty per cent. of the profits of the picture, seemed unusually large.

During this period of dissatisfaction she spoke to me one day about the Chaplin contract. "Just think of it," said she, "there he is getting all that money and here I am, after all my hard work, not making one half that much."

This reminds me that, some time after the contract was made, Mary Pickford started working on her first picture, entitled "Less Than Dust," and I saw more of her than I ever did before. As the enterprise was so large we decided to have a separate unit for her, which meant a separate studio that no one else worked in but Miss Pickford. As there was trouble one day, and Mr. Zukor being away, I went over to see her. Up until that time any difficulties were always straightened out with Mr. Zukor. While I was there she made this remark to me: "What do you think? They all seem to be excited around here over my getting this money. As a matter of fact, one of your officials said: 'Watch her *walk* through this set. For ten thousand dollars a week she ought to be running.'"

BUT to recur to the Chaplin contract: I was struck by the appeal in these words about dollars and cents. Again she seemed to me like a child, and this time all a child's sense of injustice at what she considered an ungenerous return for her services spoke in the big brown eyes. If, indeed, my last paragraphs have cast the great screen artiste in any doubtful light, I hasten to remind you that all her tremendous professional pride was at stake in securing a concrete reward. Certainly there can be no doubt—and I am sure Mr. Zukor would be the first to admit this—that she was worth all the money she ever received. In fact, there are many who will consider this a very conservative statement.

Then, too, it will be remembered that my early impressions of Mary Pickford were received from Mr. Zukor and that, altho he has always had the highest admiration for her both as a woman and as an artiste, his interpretation of various episodes was doubtless affected by the strain of financial adjustment. One memory of mine serves to establish this point.

On a certain day when I met our rival producer for lunch he was wearing what I had come to know as his "Mary" expression.

"What's up now?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "She's very balky over 'Madame Butterfly,'" he responded. "This morning she stopped acting because she said the shoes weren't right. In fact, nothing's right about the whole play."

Mr. Zukor attributed this mood to another crisis in wage fixation, but I am quite sure that salary was, at the most, only a partial factor in her dissatisfaction with that particular play. For not long ago she confided to a friend of mine: "The only quarrel I can ever remember having with a director was over 'Madame Butterfly.' It ought to have been called 'Madame Snail.' It had no movement in it, no contrasts at all. Now, my idea was to have the first scenes showing *Pinkerton* teaching the Japanese girl some American game like baseball. But would the director listen to me? Not a bit of it."

Continuing with this same reminiscence, Mary Pickford spoke of her friend Marshall Neilan. "Micky was playing with me in 'Madame Butterfly,'" she said. "And how well I remember the way we'd grouch after we left the studio. We used to leave work in an old car that we called Cactus Kate or Tuna Lil, and as we bumped into New York we'd invent together all sorts of business that we thought might tone up poor 'Madame Butterfly.' I was so impressed by Micky's idea that I went to Mr. Zukor and said: 'Do you know you ought to make Micky Neilan a director? He'd be worth at least a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week to you.'"

I quote this last as a testimony to the almost unerring acumen which Mary Pickford displays in her profession. Later on I myself engaged Marshall Neilan for the Lasky Company, and he had developed into one of the four or five great directors in the country. Incidentally I may mention that the Goldwyn Company now pays him twenty-five thousand dollars a picture, together with fifty per cent. of the profits. He produces four pictures a year.

MY FIRST long talk with Mary Pickford was almost a year after I caught my first glimpse of her in Zukor's office. The conversation centered almost entirely upon work, and I shall never forget my amazement as I listened to her. There was no detail of film-production which she, this girl, still in her early twenties, had not grasped more thoroughly than any man to whom I ever talked. She knew pictures, not only from the standpoint of the studio, but from that of the box-office. Back of those lovely brown eyes, disguised by that lyric profile, is the mind of a captain of industry. In appearance so typically feminine, Mary Pickford gives to the romance of business all of a man's response. Certainly she would have had no trouble in filling a diplomatic post. I realized this as, sitting with her one evening in the Knickerbocker Hotel restaurant, where I had taken her to dinner, I heard her speak for the first time of the Lasky studio. She was only twenty-two.

"I can't tell you," said she, "how I admire your photography." And then she went on to laud other features until I tinged with pride to think that I belonged to such a superior organization.

"It must be a wonderful pleasure to work in such a studio," she concluded in a voice soft as the southern wind.

Of course I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that Mary was conveying the impression that she would not be awfully offended if I made her an offer from the Lasky Company. However, as this impression was created after she had praised Zukor in the highest possible terms—indeed, she always spoke well of him—it avoided all the disadvantages of a direct statement.

I may mention incidentally that she did have offers from many producers. Therefore when she was ready to make a new contract with Zukor she had a very firm foundation of argument. "So-and-so's willing to give me so much. Also So-and-so"—this was the lever applied by her mother and her lawyer.

There was another revelation made by that first evening. She and her mother were living at the time in a little apartment on One Hundred and Fifth Street. When I entered it I was never more surprized in my life, for the room into which I was ushered contained only a few plain pieces of furniture, and in its center stood an inexpensive-looking trunk.

As I waited for Miss Pickford I wondered to myself, "What in the world is this girl doing with her thousand a week?"

For you must remember this was no transient abode. Here in these quarters, where Japanese ideas of elimination had been applied so thoroughly, the famous star had been living for months. As I thus speculated upon the destiny of Mary's dollars the door opened and I looked up to see a short, rather stout figure and a face where could be traced some resemblance to that of the celebrity for whom I waited. It was Mrs. Pickford.

She greeted me cordially and then she turned to the trunk. From it I saw her take the gown her daughter was going to wear that evening, and I could not help observing the simplicity of this garment. Many a girl who makes fifty dollars a week would have considered it too plain for herself.

On another occasion when Mrs. Pickford accompanied us to dinner I heard the answer to my unspoken query in the meager little room. She was investing Mary's savings. Most of these investments were made in Canada, where Mary was born and brought up, and I was surprized to learn the extent they had already attained.

I have spoken of the famous star as being, in reality, a captain of industry. In the thrift to which I was introduced this first evening you find a reenforcement of the statement. I was soon to discover that waste of any kind offends Mary Pickford as much as it does John D. Rockefeller.

But if Mary is controlled in her general expenditure, if she has never been able to rebound from the fear of poverty impressed upon her by the straitened days of her childhood and early youth, she displays no similar restraint in one particular instance. Her family! Not only to her mother, but to her brother Jack and her sister Lottie she has been the soul of generosity.

In manner she is perfectly simple and unaffected. Unlike many other screen actresses whom I have known, she does not act after working hours. And when she is in the studio she is always courteous and considerate. There on the set, where the soul-meter registers so true, Mary Pickford never indulges in the spasms of ego which the afflicted themselves are wont to call their temperament. Methodically as if she were Mary Jones arriving in the office for dictation, she appears on the Fairbanks lot.

THERE is absolutely no swank about her. An illustration of the quality which has so endeared her to many other members of her profession is found in a benefit performance given last year at Hollywood. Space was limited, and when the dressing-rooms were assigned no such poignant cry of outraged property rights has been uttered since the little bear whimpered, "Who's been sitting in my chair?"

"What!" cried one of the motion-picture duchesses only just recently elevated to the peerage. "Do you mean to say that I have to dress in a room with three other people?"

Miss Pickford, however, whose audiences number twenty-five to this other star's one, sat down good-humoredly in a room with several other performers.

"How jolly!" said she, according to report. "This reminds me of the old days at the Biograph when I was getting twenty-five a week."

If Miss Pickford has, indeed, any vanity, it is focused more upon her sense of being a good business woman than it is upon her ability as an actress. All of her friends realize this, and Charlie Chaplin, upon whose warm personal friendship with Douglas Fairbanks and his wife I shall dwell in a later chapter, is very fond of teasing her upon this one vulnerable point.

"Where do you get this idea that you're such a fine business woman, Mary," Charlie asked her laughingly one evening.

"Why, I am," she retorted indignantly. "Everybody knows it."

"I can't see it," announced Charlie. "You have something the public wants and you get the market price for it.

"And then," recounts Charlie gleefully, "I wish you had seen Doug. He looked as if he were going to hit me."

A YEAR or so ago I was at one of the big hotels in Hollywood with an author making his first visit to the place. He looked around at the dining-room with the faces of so many famous motion-picture folks, and then he turned to me.

"I don't see Mary and Doug," he remarked. "Where are they?"

"No," said I, "and if you live in Hollywood for a year you'll probably never see them—unless you go to their home."

Poor chap! If he had gone to Switzerland and been told that the Alps never came out he could not have looked more disappointed.

One evening I was invited to dinner at the beautiful home of Mary and Doug in Beverly Hills. The idol of the screen, arrayed in a beautiful evening gown, met me with a manuscript in her hand.

"Well, well, what are you doing?" I asked her.

"Oh," said she, "I'm working on my story."

We ate a dinner where the talk was all dedicated to pictures. Then as soon as it was over Mary turned to me. "I'd like you to see my new picture this evening," she announced. "I'm awfully anxious to know what you think of it and to find out if you have any suggestions to make."

I smiled a little as I was led into the projection-room, where almost every evening the star and her husband turn on their consistent diet of amusement, for I realized that in this clever way Mary was going on with her work under cover of entertaining me.

This incident is typical of the whole-souled concentration which I am trying to point out. Every night after dinner the star and her husband see some picture—either one of their own or that of somebody else. In order to accomplish this they have installed in their home a machine and, just as in the ordinary household you turn on the phonograph, one of their men servants tunes up the silver-sheet. This home, by the way, presents in its luxury a very different setting from the little room where the star first entertained me, for since her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks there has been a marked expansion in her mode of living.

At eight o'clock in the morning Miss Pickford appears in the studio. It is often late in the evening when she leaves it. As to her working environment, this has been so often reproduced that I shall pass over the uproar, the glaring lights, the heat, the long waits, the monotonous repetitions of every scene—all those features which make a motion-picture day the most wearing in the world. Nor is the work less exacting when she is not engaged in actual reproduction. For, after the careful sifting of hundreds of stories, her final choice demands innumerable preliminaries of costume, lighting, directing, scenario-writing, and casting. And always, always she is thinking up bits of business for her next play.

But, the reader may protest, you have given us Mary Pickford chiefly in the terms of work. Can this be all? Is it merely a captain of industry who, in the guise of the wistful, appealing, dark-eyed slip of a girl, has played upon the heart-strings of the world? Decidedly not! On the screen you can not humbug any of the people any of the time. The camera shows, as the speaking stage does not, the fundamental quality of the human soul. It has not deceived you, therefore, when you exclaim involuntarily, "Isn't she sweet?" the minute you see Mary's face on the screen.

Mary Pickford has a real sweetness of spirit. Furthermore, it is a woman's sweetness. You find it in the look she bends upon her mother, in her greetings to those who work with her, in her love of children and of animals. It was that which led her to write to Mr. Zukor when, after their long career of contract-making, she finally left his organization, the most affectionate and appreciative of letters. It was certainly that which made the first words I ever heard her utter seem not just a commercial inquiry, but the appealing wonder of a child.

Not only this. She possesses all a woman's capacity for lyric response fused with her man's capacity for epic response. The great romance of Mary Pickford's life is undoubtedly Douglas Fairbanks, and upon this I shall touch when I come to speak of Fairbanks himself.

Pictorial Review Foremost, as Usual

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN, the celebrated critic, whose book "The Best Short Stories of the Year" is eagerly looked for by every student of literature, has just issued his selection of the best short stories for 1922. As usual, Pictorial Review leads the list.

In the year 1922, Pictorial Review, in Mr. O'Brien's judgment, published 44 short stories of distinction.

To 22 of these stories he gives his highest award of merit, three stars.

No other magazine, regardless of price, approaches this record.

Most interesting, perhaps, is the fact that Mr. O'Brien has given this award of merit to Pictorial Review for six consecutive years.

Another interesting fact is, that of Pictorial Review's 44 starred stories, nine of them are the work of new authors.

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The responsibilities of motion picture leadership

THE advantages of leadership in the new art and industry of the screen are great, but the responsibilities are greater.

Paramount feels this keenly.

Not a Paramount Picture is released unless the question can be answered in the affirmative:

"Does this photoplay express the ideal which has led America to entrust Paramount with motion picture leadership?"

The largest and most successful organization in the industry could never have been built but for the Paramount ideal.

Everything followed from that: unique organization, great financial resourse, distinguished producing personnel.

Upon a thousand successes, over a period of years, is Paramount leadership founded!

Successes such as the "famous 41" released during the latter half of 1922: "Manslaughter," "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "To Have and to Hold," "The Young Rajah," Clarence" and "Ebb Tide."

Enjoy the results of the most modern and successful screen art.

Choose your pictures by the brand name Paramount.

An unromantic precaution, perhaps, but what thrilling results it ensures!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

Four of Paramount's Super 39

High spots of the first six months of 1923

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production
"Adam's Rib"
By Jeanie Macpherson
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon

A James Cruze Production
"THE COVERED WAGON"
By Emerson Hough
Scenario by Jack Cunningham
Paramount's great epic drama

POLA NEGRI in
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MY FRIEND THE PLAYER-PIANO

Fifteen Years of Education and Happiness Studying the Great Music-Masters

BY ETHEL R. PEYSER

I WALKED into the drawing-room of the Vassar College Club one afternoon and asked the girls who were having tea if they would object if I played a few tunes. Several murmured through their comforting teacups, "Oh, no," but with little enthusiasm. However, thirsting for music after a racking day of work, I swiftly chose some music-rolls and started to play. For a few moments remnants of conversation—clothes, ribbons, matinées, and pastry—floated over my shoulder to my talk-tired ears, but rapidly as the "Carnival" potpourri advanced, the crowd scattered and, separating from its original grouping, formed a semicircle about the player-piano. The new arc was speakingly silent and appreciative. When I stopped playing, a bit done up myself, so well had I worked upon my own sensibilities, that my little audience, with not one of them I was personally acquainted, fairly gasped:

"Oh! What emotional power you get out of that instrument!" exclaimed one of the girls. "I always knew they were interesting, but——"

"What an individual touch you have, not like any other player-pianist I have ever heard!" came from another.

"You certainly get an original interpretation. I always felt that the records were so ironclad that you had to play them exactly as they came out of the factory, allowing for no individuality," said a third.

And so went their remarks, the regular ones of the uninitiated. Later in the evening they asked me how it was that I could make the player perform so like the human heart and hand, and I told them exactly what I am going to tell you —the story of my friend, the player-piano.

Leaving high school with the idea of being a professional pianist, my piano mistress-in-art, for, loving the use of my good right arm, I was left instrumentally isolated and could play nothing but cards! In sympathy my mother bought me a piano-player—at that time a little rectangular box on end, which rolled up to the piano and which pressed the keys down after elaborate hitching up and heart-breaking uncertainty. This I used so long that I became quite expert with it, and found that I was learning the musical masters even as I was learning the literary ones; becoming able to whistle a Debussy while others reviled him as unmusical, becoming able to sing from the operas which every one regarded as very advanced, and becoming a shrewd and hard-to-please listener at concerts.

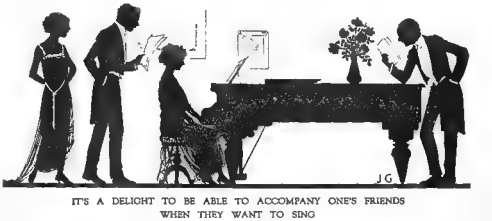
After using this "shifter" for some time rigged to my ancient piano I bought an *inside* player which was worked in the same way by the feet treading the pedals, which forced air through the bellows with "sole"-stirring effect! This was indeed a relief. I forgot the "movie" days and enjoyed the static joy of knowing that the mechanism would not depart from the piano even when I pumped like all possessed in "The Ride of the Valkyrie" or the "Revolutionary Etude" of Chopin. Now I was in clover! The piano-player was no more a substitute instrument to me! It was a real instrument on which I could play to my soul's content and interpret with infinite delight. It was a thing to change the mood of my thoughts at night and a "good start-off" in the morning!

It was shortly after this that Professor Charles Hubert Farnsworth of Teachers College, Columbia University, asked me to play my instrument for his classes in musical form. This I did for some time, demonstrating all the while to the students who were to teach music to all the world the high value of the player for bringing into the home or school the garnered musical literatures.

I Lecture with My Friend

AT THAT period the player was not as acutely able to do the things that it can do now. It was in its infancy. But even then compositions could be played better on the player than by most hands, and nearly every month the manufacturers were inventing new things by which better and better effects were possible.

After a time I had acquired such a repertoire and become so familiar with repetitions of music from my association with the player, and from my reading and studying on the side, that I embarked upon a musical lecture course, which was called "From the Savage Yell to the Symphony." So from the yell—formless—to the symphony—overformed—did I take my audiences, playing for them always on the player, and in addition to the ear-training, I gave them eye-training as a basis for their ear-development.



IT'S A DELIGHT TO BE ABLE TO ACCOMPANY ONE'S FRIENDS WHEN THEY WANT TO SING

Eye-training may seem queer, but the player does give it—one other approach to musical design. And design in music is more possible to teach to the uninitiated with the player-piano than without it, because even if you can not tell one note from the other, you can at least see patterns on the perforated roll! You can see the theme of a sonata occur, you can then see the connective material come along, then you can see the repetition of the same design or first theme again on the roll, etc., and all this even if you have never heard of a key or a scale.

So I showed my hearers the rug on the floor—how it too was a group of repetitions and symmetries and connective designs, how the change in color of the background was akin to the changes of key in musical design, and how the design persisted even tho it ran away from you in music and stayed put in the space arts. So I helped them to build their hearing on these patterns to more easily identify the architectonic patterns of the musical classics.

A Few Hints to Performers

THIS pattern-reading in the music-roll is of inestimable value to the general rendering of the music. For example, the roll itself of course covers bass and treble. You very soon become able to read the places and even the notes, for the roll, even as the piano, is divided invisibly between the treble and the bass. So if you own a player that does not mechanically thematize for you, you can learn to bring out the melody very often by looking ahead and slightly accenting the "tune" note when you come to know it at sight.

Furthermore, on these rolls you can easily see that the eighth note is shorter than the sixteenth note, that the whole note is longer than the half note, for there they are before you cut in the roll according to their *sizes!* The staccato note is not only called a dotted note in theory, but on the rolls these notes are actually dots! This is truly musical graphics!

When you see a run coming the little notes skip down whichever part of the keyboard they are meant to invade, and when you are pumping you fill or empty your bellows by coasting or pedaling. Should the run be marked FF then you pump like all possessed and get your heart's throb from it; if it says PP you coast a while and get the surcease from din and loudness, which is the heart's balm. The exquisite dynamic changes are what makes the player an instrument of value.

I have found in playing the pedaled player that even in the fine grades where the pedaling is practically no effort (when you use only the ankles, which of course is the only part of the anatomy except the brains and hand that should be used), *too* much effort is expended. It is *not* necessary to pump all the time. Far from it. Often and often coasting gives the effect of a charming calm and infinitely sweet cadence, which can not occur if the bellows are continually full, and gives you the ability to play a real pianissimo when necessary and by swiftly pedaling later to give you the quick accent that is necessary. These little methods advance (or which is better for real exactitude) take the piano-player from mechanics to an art. People watching me play, or any other practised player, always say: "Your feet are the most interesting things to me when you play; you rest so much and yet you always seem to accent correctly."

The accent is due to a sudden (*surreptitious* suddenness, of course) release of air to the note to be accented, as that note or its perforation passes over the tracker-board. The tracker-board is the bridge-like partition in the player over which passes the paper of the music-roll. The art of operating the player, in the last analysis, and I unhesitatingly call it an art, is to be able unconsciously to gage the time and times when the note or group of notes pass over the bridge, for there, and at that point, must occur the metamorphosis, the exquisite differentiation of touch, nuance, time, etc. At this point the roll becomes animate, and whether it is pleasurably so or not depends upon the performer. I haven't enough space to go into more of the ramifications of the art of the player now, but this I will say, that it has infinite possibilities if the player knows music, or not. If he isn't a musician, he can learn, and if he is, he can soar to unlimited perfections.

At present the old difficulty of faulty rolls has been overcome, as now the artists or the composers edit them and mark them in every detail as to how they should be played. Some day, no doubt, they will be divided into bars so there can be no chance for misunderstanding. Some day, too, they may be metronomically marked for tempo, so that every one will always play the compositions the way the composers meant them to be played, no matter what kind of instrument one owns.

Before leaving the roll I must say that every player can play the rolls his own way, even if the composer or the artist edited them or played his very own version of them. No two good players on any instrument play them the same way. Music would be a dead thing if this were not so. Here again the player-piano has the artistic nuance, and this is why my friends in the Vassar College Club said that day that they found an individuality they dreamed not of because they were unfamiliar with the player-piano and what all good players can do with it.

The Reproducing-Piano

NOW I have arrived at the crown of my career in the possession of one of the finest of the electric reproducing-pianos, having turned by my non-electric, dear pal, for the newer and more artistic instrument. It took me two years to pay for this, yet that that struggle to pay fifty dollars a month plus Interest, with the rest of my expenses, meant, caused me no regrets, for I owned a treasure, and during that trying time I found it for my stimulant and friend. It is the *dernier cri* of the players, for it does all the others did and much more. One thing that is beyond price is that you use the sustaining-pedal and sub-duing-pedal with the feet, and therefore it works like the traditional piano for which the pedal designation in pianoforte music is adapted. So there is no Chopin pedal effect that you can not get if you know enough. Here, besides, you have the tempo and the dynamic (loud and soft) leverage in one hand and all the accents, differentiation, theme-marking in the other hand, and there is nothing limiting you or preventing you from all the finer musical discriminations and delineations.

However, besides listening and learning from listening to the great composers on my player, I easily mastered the new one, and altho the older type is excellent, I wouldn't go back to it, for I can do more effective work on the new one.

Gustav Kobbé, who knew not the electric and that there were only about four pianists in the world who could play better than an expert with a piano-player, Ernest Hutcheson, that only one out of every hundred players could play as well. These are statements made about the results on a hand-developed machine. What would they say about the later models?

Music Choice

I FIND that *when* I go to a concert I always mark down on my program what I think will go well on the player. I say this, meaning that of course there are things that are better adapted than others to it, just as there are compositions which are better for the harp than for the piano, for the cello than for the bass violin, etc. The music which is written for the player is divided into two classes—that of which was originally written for the piano and the other originally written for the orchestra, or instruments other than the piano.

It is getting increasingly easy to buy records now, for they are becoming so well made that a good player can accomplish fine effects. The newest records, made directly from orchestral scores, with no ancient head to the ten-finger limitation, have given us the roll *sans pareille*.

Furthermore, rolls are being made for little children—song-rolls, dance-rolls, duet-rolls with the mother's part and their own part left blank. Little books come with the rolls now, so that the children can take their music work home, and play with perfect accompaniments, or if they do not go to school, mother can play with them. This sort of thing is of such value that mere words can not express it. Marion Bauer, one of the best American composers, said to me recently, "Player-pianos can have a very definite place in the education of a child."

The player-piano has really no limitations. The piano has. There used to be no way of extricating one note out of a chord in the piano-player, but now with the marvelously themed levers, etc., there is every possibility.

For example, the symphony. How could two hands ever reach the heights of orchestral color that is possible on the piano-player, or, for that matter, in two-hand arrangements, but with its colorful orchestral rolls direct from the scores and edited by great masters? And this is where the player is so educative, as it gives the listener and the performer a general feeling for large structures of music and a real familiarity with it; you get, as I have from using a player, a great *auditory repertoire* which can be whistled or sung to the soul's release. Yet the sonata or composition written for the piano or a single instrument which is just as beautiful, makes a better effect for "show-off" purposes.

To enable one to play really like the piano, the piano records of piano pieces of course are more like renditions on that instrument.

Yet the glory of the player is that you can have the symphonies, concertos quartets of Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart, and I can not tell you the joy they give, to get the works of Mendelssohn, Tschaikowsky, Dvořák and Schumann, and hosts of others who will come readily to mind.

Drawings by Jessie Gillespie

IF YOU HAVE A PIANO-PLAYER MUSIC IS CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR YOUR DANCES

And so before I go to a concert or an opera I always play over the things that I have on the player-piano, and when I am more thrilled than ever because I know the music intimately. I often get the scores, too, for the music-books and follow them while I play on the player, and of course in this way I get a double musical intimacy.

Something differ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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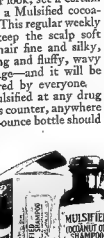

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THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

by theological tricks or in dialectic subtleties, but to no avail. As long as He went about in the provinces drawing after Him a few dozen peasants, they had let Him alone, sure that some day or other the last beggar, disillusioned, would leave Him. But now the affair was becoming serious. Accompanied by a band of excitable countrymen, He had gone so far as to enter into the Temple as tho it belonged to Him, and had seduced some ignorant unfortunates to call Him the Messiah. More than that, usurping the place of the priests, and almost giving Himself the airs of a king, He had roughly driven out the honest merchants, pious people who admired the Pharisees even if they did not entirely imitate them.

Up to that time the Pharisees had been too easygoing and merciful. But from now on the unequaled goodness of heart of those extremely mild and tolerant professors would be dangerous and inopportune. The intolerable scandal, the reiterated profanation, the public challenge called for condemnation and punishment. The false Christ must be disposed of and at once. Scribes and Pharisees went up on the hill to see if He had had the impertinence to go back to the place contaminated by His boasting.

Jesus was waiting for just those men. He wanted to say to them publicly, with the open sky as witness, what He thought of them, what God thought of them, the definite truth about them. The day before with His whip He had condemned the animal-sellers and money-changers. Now He was dealing with the merchants of the Word, with the usurers of the Law, with the swindlers of Truth. The condemnation of that day has never been revoked, with every generation such men spring up again, innumerable, with new names, but their faces are stamped forever with this condemnation wherever they are born and command.

Jesus, while He spoke to them in the great open courtyard crowded with witnesses, knew that He spoke to His judges, and to those who would be, through intermediate persons, the real authors of His death. By speaking out on this day He justified His future defense before Caiaphas and Pilate. He had condemned them and they would condemn Him: He had judged them first and had nothing more to add when they wished to judge Him.

The Pharisees who stood before Jesus, and all those who have legitimately descended from them, are glad to hide themselves in the shadow of the dead to prepare their vengeance.

"Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." The only one aware of this was Jesus.

The Last Supper

NOW that He was on the point of being snatched from those whom He loved, He wished to give them a supreme proof of this love. He always loved them, all of them, even Judas. He always loved them with a love surpassing all other affections, with a love so overflowing that their narrow hearts at times could not contain it; but now, about to leave them, knowing that He was to be with them only when transfigured after death, all His hitherto unexpressed affection overflowed in a great wave of tender sadness.

Before beginning the supper where He was like the head of the family, He wished to be kinder than a father, more humble than a servant. He whose Will, King, and He would humble Himself below the level of His disciples; He was the Son of God, and He would accept a position despised by men; He was the first, and He would kneel before His inferiors as if He had been the last. So many times to rebuke their pride and jealousy, He had told them that the Master must serve His servants, that the Son of Man was come to serve, that the first must be last. But His words had not yet become assimilated by those souls, since even up to the last they had quarreled for the priority and precedence among themselves.

For rare, untrained minds action is more powerful than words. Jesus prepared Himself to repeat, with the symbolic aspect of a humiliating service, one of His most important instructions. John tells us: "He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded Himself. After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded."

Only a mother or a slave would have done what Jesus did that evening. The mother would have done it for her little children, but for no others; the slave for his masters, but for no others; another could not, because of her love, the slave resigned through obedience. But the Twelve were neither children nor masters. Son of Mary, Son of God; His love was above that of all earthly mothers, King of a kingdom which lay in the future, but which was more legitimate than all actual monarchies; He was the unrecognized Master of all masters.

And yet He was content to wash and wipe those twenty-four callous and sweaty feet in order to engrave on those reluctant hearts, still swollen with vanity, the truth which His lips had pronounced vainly for so long: "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"So after He had washed their feet, and taken His garments, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call Me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

For Jesus had not only given them a memory of greatness and humility, but an example of perfect love. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

BUT this action, significant of apparent menial service, signifies purification as well as love. "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all."

The Eleven, altho not of lofty character, had some right to this service from Jesus. For many months those feet had trodden the dusty, muddy, filthy roads of Judea to follow Him who brought life, and after His death, year by year, they were to tread longer and harder roads in countries the very names of which they did not know, and foreign clay would soil the feet of those who were to go as pilgrims and strangers to repeat the call of the Crucified One.

These thirteen men were in appearance united to perform the old social rite in memory of the liberation of their people from Egyptian slavery. They seemed thirteen pious men of the people, waiting about a white table, redolent of roast lamb and wine, for the signal to begin an intimate and festal supper.

But this was only in appearance. In reality it was an impressive leave-taking and separation. Two of these thirteen, He into whom God had entered and he into whom Satan had entered, were to die terrible deaths before night fell another time.

But this supper, which is the visticum of an ending, is also a wonderful beginning. In the midst of these thirteen Jews the observance of the Jewish Passover was about to be transfigured into something incomparably higher and more universal, into something unequaled and ineffable, into the great Christian mystery. The simple eating of bread was to become the actual communion with God.

Easter for the Jews is the feast in memory of their flight from Egypt. Their victorious escape from their slavery, accompanied by so many prodigies, so manifestly under God's protection, was never forgotten by this people.

Exodus prescribed an annual festivity which took the name of the Passover: Pesach, the Festival Feast. It was a sort of banquet which was to bring to mind the hastily prepared food of the fugitives. A lamb or a goat should be roasted over the fire, that is, cooked in the simplest and quickest way; bread without leaven, because there was no time to let yeast rise. And they were to eat of it with their loins girded, their staves in their hands, eating in haste, like people about to set out upon a journey. The bitter herbs were the poor wild grasses snatched up by the fugitives as they went along to dull the hunger of their interminable wanderings. The red sauce, in which the bread was dipped, was in memory of the bricks which the Jewish slaves were obliged to bake for the Pharaohs. The wine was more: the joy of the escape, the hope of the land of promise, the exaltation of thanksgiving to the Eternal.

Jesus changed nothing in the order of this ancient feast. After the prayer He had them pass from hand to hand the cup of wine, calling on God's name. Then He gave the bitter herbs to each one, and filled a second time the cup which was to be passed around the table for each to sup.

What tense hush of expectation in the mouth of the traitor when Jesus in the oppressive silence pronounced those words of longing and hope which were not for Judas, but only for those who could ascend to the eternal banquet of the Father: "Take this and divide it among yourselves. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom."

A sad farewell; but nevertheless the confirming of solemn promises. Perhaps they felt only this last, and perhaps there flashed before their poor men's eyes a vision of the joys of Heavenly feast. They did not believe that they would have too long a time to mourn; the Master would return, as He had promised, to summon them to the great wedding of Heaven and Earth, to the everlasting banquet. They were men growing old, men more than mature, within sight of old age. If the Bridegroom tarried too long He would not find them among the living, and His promise would be

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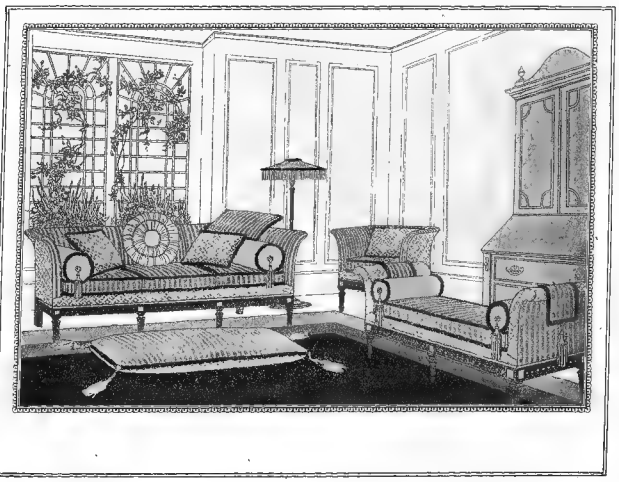

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By MATLACK PRICE

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Real beauty is always simple. So modern style tendencies are lovely in themselves and in their general effect. Today we use fewer pieces, but good ones, and we look for charm in line and harmony of coloring. Spacious effects are preferred to crowded rooms. And hospitable appeal to mere luxury.

The room shown here is typically modern in decoration, style and furnishing. A definite color scheme is worked out from the pale jade green window decorations, to the walls tinted in a lighter shade of the same color. The rug is of black chenille, and the beautifully designed furniture is upholstered in two-tone gray mohair velvet, trimmed with black moss fringe.

The harmony is complete and the effect restful.

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The entire suite, used in furnishing this room, is from the Karpen shops. It is quite typical of the exquisite variety and excellent workmanship of these master craftsmen. For more than 40 years Karpen has specialized in living room and hall furniture. This combines the best in modern designing, modeled on the styles of the masters of the golden age of furniture-making, with the thoroughness of modern manufacturing methods.

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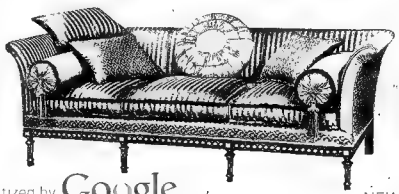

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The Message Every Morning Brings

THE daily bath—with its stimulation of the skin to renewed activity—its suggested use of a pure and refreshing toilet soap.

It should not be necessary to urge the merits of Resinol Soap, nor is it necessary to people who have tried it. They know that it invigorates a sallow, sluggish skin, and helps to keep the complexion clear and fresh,—and the hair thick and lustrous.

The abundant lather, with its mild Resinol fragrance makes Resinol Soap a delight to men. They like, too, the freshened feeling and glow of health it imparts. Used for baby's bath it tends to prevent chafing, and keep his skin clear and velvety.

Women who use Resinol Soap find their complexions automatically cared for. It's the ideal toilet and bath soap for every home. *It starts the day right.* May we send you a free trial size cake? Write Dept. 8-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol Soap

THE STORY OF CHRIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

a derision for those who had believed Him.

Comforted by the certainty of an early and glorious reunion, they chanted together, as the custom was, the Psalm of the First Thanksgiving, a chant of praise to the Father from him who served Him. "Tremble thou, earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob, which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."

With what a joyful conviction of their truth did they sing these old words, colored at that moment with a new meaning! They too were poor men, and they would be raised out of the dust of poverty by the intercession of the Son of God; they too were poor men, and He would soon raise them out of the misery of their beggary, to make them masters of inconsumable wealth.

THEN Jesus, who saw how insufficiently they understood, took the loaves, blessed them, broke them, and as He gave them each a piece set the dreadful truth before their eyes: "Take—eat; this is My body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me."

So He was not to return as quickly as they thought! After His brief stay during the Resurrection, His second coming was to be delayed so long that it might be possible to forget Him and His death.

"This do in memory of Me." The breaking of bread at the common table among those who await Him shall be the signal of a new brotherhood. Every time that you break bread I will not only be present among you, but by that means you will be intimately united with Me. Because as this bread is broken, in My hands, My body will be broken by My enemies. As this bread eaten to-night will be your food until to-morrow, My body, which I will offer in death to all men, will satisfy the hunger of those who believe in Me, until the day when the great granaries of the Kingdom will be open to all.

I will leave you therefore not merely a memory: I shall be present with a mystic but real presence in every particle of bread consecrated to Me, and this bread will be a living, necessary food for souls, and My promise to be with you will be fulfilled till time shall be no more.

In the meantime, this evening, eat this unleavened bread, this bread made by the hand of man, made of water and grain, these loaves which have felt the heat of the oven and which My hands, not yet cold in death, have divided amongst you.

You know how many efforts, how much anxiety, how much trouble is contained in a piece of bread: how the great oxen cultivated the earth, how the sowmen threw the grain in great handfuls into the fallow land in Winter, how the first stalks conquered the damp indolence of the earth, how the reapers, all day long, cut down the ripened stalks, and then, the sheaves are bound, and carried to the threshing-floor and beaten so that the ears let fall the grain. Then they grind it, sift out the bran from it, make a dough with warm water, heat the oven with dry grass or twigs. All this must be done with love and patience before the father may break a piece of bread with his children, the friend with his friends, the host with strangers.

Plowers, sowers, reapers, winnowers, millers, and bakers have sweat in the heat of the sun, in the heat of the oven, before the golden wheat can be transformed into well-baked golden bread for our table. Truly it is sweet to eat bread with friends: the soft white crum covered with the crisp crust. So many times you have begged for it within the houses of the poor; and you are to beg it in My name all your lives. You will have the moldy, hard crusts which dogs refuse, the bits left at the bottom of the dish, the crusts gnawed by children and old people which they have let fall upon the hearth. You will know want and fastings and the pale face of poverty. You will be strong; you will have the strength to eat hard bread. You will not lose courage if you find no place at the tables of the well-to-do.

But verily it is infinitely sweeter to transform the bread which comes from the hard earth and from hard labor into the body which will be offered eternally for you, into the body which every day will come down from Heaven as the visible means of grace.

Remember the prayer which I taught you: Give us this day our daily bread. . . . Your bread for to-day and for always is this bread, My body. He shall never know hunger who shall eat My body, which every morning throughout endless centuries will be changed into endless morsels of transubstantiated bread. Whosoever shall refuse it shall never be satisfied to all eternity.

As soon as they had eaten the lamb with the bread and with the bitter herb, Jesus filled the common cup for the third time and gave it to the apostle nearest Him: "Drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many."

His blood, mixed with sweat, had not yet fallen on the ground, under the olives, and had not yet dropped from the nails upon Golgotha, but His desire to give life with His life, to redeem with His suffering all the sorrows of the world, to transmit at least a part of His substance to His immediate heirs—this desire to give Himself up wholly for those whom He loves is so great that He feels the immolation already complete, and the gift possible.

The New Covenant was established that night with the words of Christ, who under the appearance of wine shed His own blood and His own soul: "This cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for you."

It was shed not merely for the Twelve who are there. They represent in His eyes all of humanity alive at that time and all those to be born thereafter. The blood which was to be shed the next day on Golgotha was real blood, actual warm blood congealing on the cross in clots which all the tears shed by Christians can never wash away. But this blood symbolizes a soul which was offered wholly to take over into His own likeness the souls shut up in the bodies of men: which had suffered for the sake of those who had received it and for those who had blasphemed it.

I have broken bread for you, bread for which you pray every day to the Father, as My body will be broken to-morrow, and I offer you now this bread and this wine which I drink for the last time on earth. If you always do this in memory of Me, you will feel no hunger, no thirst. The bread and wine which I have given you to-night will feed you and quench your thirst for all your lives, by virtue of My sacrifice and of that love which makes Me seek for death and which reigns beyond death.

JUDAS also ate that bread and swallowed that wine, partook of that body in which he had trafficked, drank that blood which he was to help shed, but he had not the courage to confess his infamy, to throw himself down weeping at the feet of Him who would have wept with him. Then the only friend remaining to Judas warned him: "Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray Me."

The Eleven were capable of leaving Him alone in the midst of Caiaphas's guards, but never could have brought themselves to sell Him for money, and at this they shuddered. Every one looked in his neighbor's face, almost fearing to see in his companion the livid look of guilt, and all one after the other said, "Lord, is it I?"

Even Judas, hiding under the appearance of astonishment his growing confusion, was able to force his voice to say, "Lord, is it I?" But Jesus, who the next day would not defend Himself, would not even accuse, and only repeated with more precision the sad prophecy: "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." And while they all still gazed at Him in painful doubt, He insisted for the third time: "The hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table." He added no more, but to follow the old customs up to the last, He filled the cup for the fourth time and gave it to them all to drink. And once more the thirteen voices rang out in the old hymn, the great chant which ends the liturgy of the Passover.

© 1886, 1896 J. James Tissot

A MAN OF JUDEA

© 1922, John H. Reeves

Jesus repeated the vigorous words of the Psalmist, which were like a prophetic funeral oration for Him, announced before His death: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me? . . . Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord. The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner. Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar."

"THE Story of Christ" will reach its conclusion in our April number with a sublimely beautiful account of "The Resurrection." For the privilege of reproducing the wonderful paintings by Tissot the magazine is indebted to the courtesy and the cordial co-operation of the Brooklyn Museum.

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The financial district of Milwaukee, photographed on a rainy night.

Milwaukee knows that "When it rains it pours"

THERE where 90% of the population uses Morton's Salt, the famous blue package is a heavy favorite.

Other cities show a similar ratio. For everywhere people hold convenience as important as economy and well seasoned food.

The convenient thing about Morton's is that it pours regardless of the weather; no lumps to be thrown away; you can use every grain. And it pours naturally—the cube shaped crystals tumble off one another.

Another delightful point is its flavor; such vigorous seasoning power as can come only from the purest of salts, many times refined.

Foods seasoned with Morton's are never flat; they have a tang and zest to them. Don't use too much; a little does the work.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO

"When it rains —it pours"

Helpful hints on uses of salt

Do you know—that there's nothing better for brushing your teeth than Morton's Salt? It keeps them white, hardens the gums and checks "acid mouth".

Keep out moths and make your carpets cleaner by sprinkling with Morton's Salt before sweeping. The same treatment on Turkish rugs brings out their colors brilliantly.

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Why good wives make bad coffee

FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS we received the names of several hundred men who were always complaining about their coffee.

Each of those complaining men has a good wife. The men blamed the wives because the coffee was bad. The wives secretly blamed themselves. But it wasn't the wives' fault. It was the fault of the coffee.

So we set out to develop a blend of coffee that would satisfy those complaining men. For months our coffee expert worked on the blend; experimenting, correcting it, tasting it over and over again until a blend was perfected that appealed to these disgruntled men, many of whom had never before in their lives been satisfied with their coffee.

This advertisement is for wives who blame themselves because the coffee does not satisfy their husbands. We invite those wives to put their troubles behind them. We invite them to surprise their husbands tomorrow by serving Vacuumized Premier, the coffee blended especially for men.

Premier Coffee

A man's coffee blended by a great coffee man

SEND FOR TRIAL CAN

If your grocer does not yet carry Premier Coffee, send us his name and ten cents in stamps for shipping and by Return mail you will receive a generous serving packed in the Premier Vacuum Can—full of aroma—as fresh and delicious as the minute it left our roasting ovens.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY
Dept. 17D
New York

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

SAUCES and soups are indeed the friends and aids of the housekeeper in blending and extending left-overs of all kinds. Cream sauces and soups serve the double purpose of using left-overs and of giving another method of getting that desirable milk-dish in the daily menu.

SAUCES AND SOUPS

A WHOLE galaxy of interesting dishes may be built upon the foundation of a simple white sauce, thin, medium, or thick. A thin sauce should be used for soups, for rice, macaroni, and potatoes; a medium sauce for most other vegetables, and a thick sauce for croquettes.

For brown sauce the same ingredients are used, but the method of preparation is changed by browning the flour, which will give a quite different flavor. When this is done, twice as much flour should be used, as the browning process takes away some of the thickening quality of the flour.

By substituting meat- or vegetable-stock for milk in the ordinary recipe for white sauce other variations can be easily made.

White Sauces

THE method of preparation for all white sauces is the same. Measure the flour, place at one side of the saucepan. Measure the butter, place at the other side of the saucepan, and melt. Stir in the flour and seasoning, add the milk, and stir over the fire until smooth and thick. Boil one minute.

Thin White Sauce

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
1 Cupful Milk

Medium White Sauce

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
1 Cupful Milk

Thick White Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
1 Cupful Milk

Creamed Dishes

3 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Vegetables, or Meat or Fish
2 Cupfuls Medium White Sauce

ADD the white sauce to the vegetables, or meat or fish, season well, bring to the boiling-point, and serve on toast, or place in a baking-dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until brown.

Cream Soups

General recipe for cream soups:

3 Cupfuls Thin White Sauce
1½ to 2 Cupfuls Vegetable-pulp
Seasoning to Taste

COOK the vegetables until they are tender. Rub through a sieve and add the pulp to the white sauce. Add the seasoning. Add more milk if necessary. Spinach, lettuce, onions, corn, peas, and other vegetables may be used.

Tomato Bisque

3 Cupfuls Tomatoes
1 Bay-leaf
4 Cloves
Paprika
½ Onion
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Soda
2 Cupfuls Thin White Sauce

COOK the tomatoes, spices, onion, sugar, and salt together five minutes. Strain, add soda, and when ready to serve add two cupfuls of thin hot white sauce. Serve at once. Do not heat after combining.

Milk Vegetable Soup

2 Cupfuls Diced Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips, and Celery
1 Chopped Onion
Water
1 Bay-leaf
Salt
Pepper
3 Cupfuls Milk

COOK the vegetables and seasonings in just enough water to cover until tender. Add more water during the cooking if necessary. Add the milk, and heat. Serve at once with toasted crackers.

Corn and Potato Chowder

1 Tablespoonful Fat
1 Medium-sized Onion
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Cupful Potatoes, Diced
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
Pepper
1 Cupful Canned Corn
3 Cupfuls Milk

BROWN the onion, sliced thin, in the fat; add the seasonings, boiling water, and potatoes, and cook until potatoes are soft. Add milk, corn, and more salt if needed. Bring to the boiling-point and serve.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE SAUCES

THERE is perhaps nothing in the repertoire of cooking which gives the cook as much chance for originality as the combination of ingredients for a sauce. Famous chefs are proud to give their names to the products of their own inventions. Perhaps in thriftily making use of the materials at hand you may originate a classic yourself!

Drawn-Butter Sauce

4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1½ Cupful Hot Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

MELT one-half the butter, add the flour with the seasonings, and stir in the hot water. Boil five minutes. Add the remaining butter. Two hard-cooked eggs may be cut in pieces and added to the sauce, or two sour pickles may be chopped and added. It may be flavored with three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice.

Brown Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Drippings
½ Sliced Onion
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Cupful Meat-stock
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

COOK the onion in the fat until slightly brown. Remove the onion and cook the fat until well browned. Add the flour and brown in the fat. Stir in the stock gradually and add the seasoning. Cook until thick.

Mint Sauce

½ Cupful Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
¼ Cupful Chopped Mint-leaves

HEAT the vinegar, remove from the fire, add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Add the mint-leaves and stand in a warm place for one hour.

Tomato Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Chopped Onion
1 Bay-leaf
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Tomato (Stewed or Strained)
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

COOK the onion and bay-leaf in melted butter until golden brown. Remove from the fire, add the flour, and stir until smooth. Add the water, tomato, and seasoning. Boil three minutes, stirring constantly. Strain and serve with cooked meats or fish. Sugar may be added with the seasoning

Hollandaise Sauce

½ Cupful Butter
2 Egg Yolks
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Cayenne
½ Cupful Boiling Water

DIVIDE the butter into three pieces, put one piece in a saucepan with the yolks of eggs and lemon-juice, place the saucepan in a larger one containing boiling water, stir constantly until the butter is melted, then add the second piece of butter, and as it thickens, the third piece. Add the water, cook one minute, remove from the fire, and season with the salt and Cayenne. If the mixture curdles, add two tablespoonfuls of heavy cream and beat well.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper
2 Egg Yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice

MELT the fat, add the flour, and stir until well blended; then add the milk, salt, and pepper, and bring to the boiling-point. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the egg yolks and add. Stir well, and add the butter bit by bit and the lemon-juice.

Sauce Tartare

½ Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Pickles
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Olives
½ Tablespoonful Parsley

WHEN ready to serve add the other ingredients to the mayonnaise. Serve with fish, soft-shelled crabs, or cold meat.

Stratford Sauce

½ Cupful Cream
½ Cupful Horse-radish
½ Cupful Scraped Apple
Salt
Paprika

WHIP the cream, add the other ingredients, and serve with chicken or game.

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Such perfection of flavor is not forgotten

No little significance may be attached to the fact that home-makers whose mothers long ago considered Premium Bacon a breakfast delicacy have now extended its use to luncheon and dinner dishes.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Little pigs in blankets

Season large oysters with salt and pepper; wrap each oyster with a slice of Swift's Premium Bacon and fasten with a wooden skewer or toothpick. Cook in a hot frying pan just long enough to crisp the bacon. Serve on thin slices of toast.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

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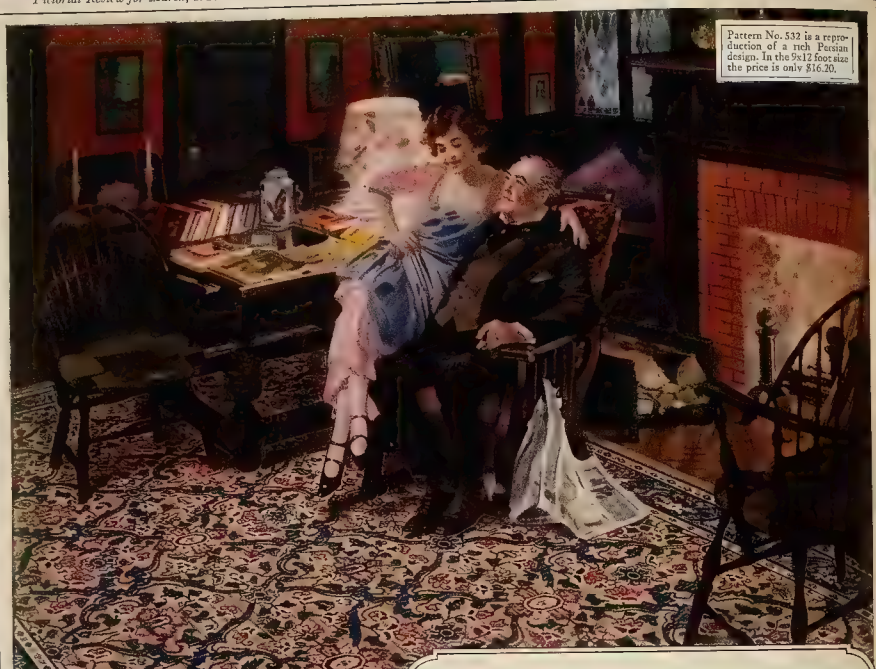

"Daddy, when Jack and I get our home fixed up, we're going to have Congoleum Rugs on all the floors. They make housekeeping so easy."

It's their real beauty of design and coloring that makes everybody like *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Then, too, these artistic rugs are so inexpensive and labor-saving.

To clean them you merely whisk a damp mop over their firm, smooth surface. One, two, three—and they're as bright as the day you bought them. They "hug" the floor tight without fastening.

There are patterns appropriate for all the rooms of the house; for the kitchen and bathroom, neat tile and woodblock designs; for bedrooms, delightful, flowered patterns; and for dining-room and living-room, richly-colored Oriental motifs.

Your dealer will gladly show you these popular sanitary rugs. Don't fail to see them today.

Note the Very Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	1½	x 3	feet	$ .50
7½	x 9	feet	10.10	3	x 3	feet	1.00
9	x 9	feet	12.15	3	x 4½	feet	1.50
9	x 10½	feet	14.15	3	x 6	feet	2.00
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

Patterns No. 532 and 530 (illustrated) are made in the five large sizes only. Pattern No. 386 (also illustrated) is made in all sizes.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an illustrated folder showing all the beautiful patterns will gladly be sent free upon request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia · New York · Boston · Chicago · Dallas · Kansas City
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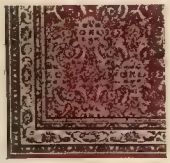
Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Floor-Covering.

Stores that sell *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows and in their floor-covering departments. Look for it.



Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 530

Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 386

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

Drawings by Cornelia A. Brownlee

"BEFORE-THE-DINNER FOODS"

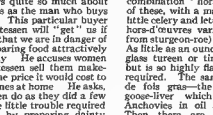
Appetizers and Other Variations from the Stereotyped Menu Described in This, Our Sixth Marketing Article

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

ONE of the charms of eating in a hotel or restaurant is the touch of the unusual. It is a satisfaction to know that many of these "out-of-the-ordinary foods" which we have enjoyed but which cost so much are practical to attempt at home. For special occasions when we wish to serve an unusually attractive menu we can try these without greatly increasing the cost or the effort required in preparation. There are times when we want to depart just a little from every-day foods.

The buyer of one of the largest grocery firms in the country accuses women of rapidly becoming delicatessen fans. There is no one who knows quite so much about our marketing habits as the man who buys and sells the goods. This particular buyer says that the delicatessen will "get" us if we don't watch out, that we are in danger of losing the art of preparing food attractively and serving it daintily. He accuses women of letting the delicatessen sell them make-shift foods at twice the price it would cost to prepare really good ones at home. He asks, "Why can not women do as they did a few years since—take the little trouble required and vary the menu by preparing dainty foods at home, not by haunting the food-shops at 5 p. m. and getting a bad buy in return?" Do you think this man is right?

Many of the hotels and restaurants have adopted the custom of some of the European countries, that of serving hors-d'œuvres or appetizers as the first course of the dinner or formal luncheon. In Sweden and Russia (we presume the custom still prevails in the latter country) the half-hour before the dinner proper is one of the pleasantest; then the guests may chat and at the same time enjoy as many as they desire of the delicious hors-d'œuvres so attractively arranged upon a side-table. In Sweden the appetizers are called "smorgisbord," and an almost unlimited number are served. We counted some twenty-five in a delightful Swedish restaurant it was our good fortune to discover not long ago, and then we stopped counting. Of course we did not attempt all of them, for we remembered what was to follow, and we thought it wise to stop with four or five, resolving to go back just as soon as we could and sample more.



ALLIGATOR-PEAR SALAD, CASSABA MELON, AND ARTICHOKE

These little "before-the-dinner foods," small servings of highly seasoned food intended to stimulate, not to satisfy, the appetite, are tiny portions of meat—thinly sliced sausage or fresh pork—or fish, such as smoked salmon, herring, sardines, and anchovies, or salmon served with mayonnaise; olives plain or stuffed in unusual ways, artichoke-bottoms dipped in oil, and celery stuffed with cheese. These are only a few. When a variety of attractive appetizers are carefully served they make a good beginning for the "out-of-the-ordinary meal." Curled toast and bread-sticks or crisp rolls are all good to serve with them.

Late Winter and early Spring sometimes find our menus a bit jaded, but a few deft touches help considerably. Many a mediocre food has been transformed by just such a touch—a bit of fish served in a lettuce-leaf with a little dressing and presto! it is an appetizer, not a left-over.

Listen to This Distinguished Chef

WE TALKED to M. Henri Ribordy, chef of the Bankers' Club of America, about the serving of hors-d'œuvres at home. He believes that it is practical to attempt them and that they would be much appreciated.

But we said, "Is this not an expensive thing to suggest?"

"No," was his answer. "Look in your ice-box. There is always something with which to make hors-d'œuvres—a bit of lettuce, a little fish. Instead of purchasing several tins of sardines to serve at one time, buy only one and spend the extra money on a can of pimientoes, a little smoked salmon, a small amount of cold ham, a few radishes, some celery and lettuce, and you have the foundation for your service of appetizers, which can be prepared two or three hours before you wish to use them."

This famous chef, who caters to over a thousand men every day, says that they do like these dainty foods, but he warns us to make them small, very small indeed, only a taste—not enough to spoil the appetite for the rest of the meal. We are giving you M. Ribordy's suggestions for some of the hors-d'œuvres you can make at home easily and with very little expense.

The Italian calls life delicious combination of fish, pickle, pimiento, artichoke, and what-not, which can be purchased in a tin, "antipasto"; the French call a similar combination "hors-d'œuvre." Either one of these, with a marinated vegetable and a little celery and lettuce, makes an attractive hors-d'œuvres variés. Real caviar (made from sturgeon-roe) comes to us from Russia. As little as an ounce may be purchased in a glass tureen or tin. Caviar is expensive, but is so highly flavored that very little is required. The same may be said of pâté de fois gras—the preparation of fatted goose-liver which is sold in tureens. Anchovies in oil are a general favorite. Then there are artichoke-bottoms and fonds (the small Italian artichoke), which are all available. A can of pimientoes goes a long way and furnishes color and flavor and serves as a garnish.

One clever hostess, whose Sunday night suppers are famous, prepares an attractive platter of hors-d'œuvres. Graham bread and butter sandwiches, a bowl of French dressing to serve with lettuce, or a more substantial salad with mayonnaise, and puts them all on a tea-wagon with cups and saucers, forks, spoons, and plates, and an electric coffee-percolator. This is rolled before the open fireplace and the guests serve themselves. Why is this plan not a practical one for other maidless households?

These are some suggestions that M. Ribordy made for the readers of Pictorial Review:

Stuffed Celery—Make a paste of Roquefort cheese, sweet butter, and paprika, fill the celery, and sprinkle over with chopped nuts.

Tomato Surprise—Select tiny tomatoes (cut off the tops and remove the insides), make a mixture of chopped celery and apples, and mix with mayonnaise. Fill the tomatoes with this.

Anchovy Canapé—Toast small pieces of bread, cover with fillets of anchovy, and decorate with chopped hard-cooked egg and parsley.

Stuffed Olives—Remove the stones from the large Queen olives with a tube, and fill with a mixture of Spanish pepper and celery mixed with mayonnaise.

Stuffed Eggs—Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves and mash the yolks, combining with a little mayonnaise and green and Spanish pepper. Fill the whites and garnish with strips of green and red pepper. Sweet butter may be used instead of mayonnaise.

A Suggestion for Serving Caviar—Warm a tin of caviar and lay on a square of ice in the refrigerator. When cold and ready to serve, place the tin of caviar, still on the square of ice, on a tray covered with a napkin, and serve with chopped onions, chopped egg yolks and whites, lemon, and parsley on lettuce-leaves.

Pâté de Fois Gras—Make the pâté de fois gras into small balls and serve on a slice of tomato. Put a small bit of parsley on the ball, or dip the ball in mayonnaise to which a little gelatin has been added, or in a chaudfroid sauce. (Look this up in your cook-book.) Garnish with parsley.

Ham Cornets—Slice baked ham very thinly and form into cornets. Put a sprig of parsley in the center.

Herring Canapé—Remove the skin from small smoked herring and put the herring in oil. Chop and combine with a small amount of chopped beets and celery and spread on small pieces of toast.

Combination Canapé—Prepare slices of toast and cover with strips of smoked salmon, anchovies in oil, and caviar. If a large slice of toast is used it may be cut in quarters.

Cucumber Surprise—Peel an apple and cut in quarters, removing the seeds and fashioning like a boat. Put quarters in water, to which a little lemon-juice has been added to keep them white, until ready to serve. Remove and drain, and fill with finely chopped cucumber mixed with mayonnaise.

Shrimp—Cut the shrimps in small pieces, mix with mayonnaise, and serve in tiny pâté-shells. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Cole-slaw with French dressing on a lettuce-leaf.

Curled anchovies on lettuce garnished with chopped egg.

Six- and eight-compartment glass dishes may be purchased, which are very nice for serving hors-d'œuvres at home. The compartments or sections are most attractive when lined with cups of lettuce-leaves, or a tray or platter may be used for the appetizers. The following combination was recently served us on one of the hors-d'œuvre dishes: A tin of sardines, which had been opened, was placed in one of the sections, with quarters of lemon as a garnish. In another section were crisp stalks of lettuce filled with cream cheese; in another, small tomatoes, quartered and marinated in French dressing; still another held ripe olives. Fillets of anchovy were laid on a lettuce-leaf, and crackers spread with caviar filled the last section. The canapé is so easily made that it is surprizing that it is not more often used as an appetizer, for one needs only small squares, rounds, or oblongs of bread which are toasted or sautéed and then spread or garnished with caviar, or anchovies or pastes of lobster, shrimp, cheese, or other highly seasoned food, and serve hot or cold. The hostess is not adding greatly to the expense or trouble by serving a canapé, for many of the pastes come already prepared. A small tin of a cod-roe preparation, costing twenty-five cents, will make eight canapés, or a tube of sardine-paste, with enough to make canapés for twelve, costs thirty cents. Then there is a preparation of Norwegian anchovies, a "butter," which is delicious and inexpensive. The canapés are served either in the dining-room with individual service or in the living-room with a fruit drink. A glass of orange-juice with just a dash of lime-juice makes a delicious drink.

STUFFED CELERY AND TOMATOES, CANAPÉS, AND MUSHROOMS

Selecting a Perfect Melon

THERE is nothing more pleasing to serve for the first course of the "special" luncheon than grapefruit or melon. The first melons that come into the market are usually the muskmelons in May or June from the Imperial Valley. A muskmelon should be springy at both ends and without bruises. These are followed in the Summer and Fall by the cantaloupe, the honeydew, the Cassaba, and the Egyptian melons. Many of us have failed to appreciate the flavor of the honeydew because it has come to us underripe. When testing for ripeness, hold the honeydew with both hands and press the rind with your thumb. It should give slightly under pressure. Then listen to hear the seeds rattle when you shake the melon vigorously. The large Cassabas are preferable to the small ones. Test for ripeness by pressing the blossom-end with the thumb. It should feel soft and springy, and very often you will find a soft spot in the rind. Always put a green Cassaba in the window in a sunny window to ripen before cutting.

If you want to serve a particularly appetizing soup, there are many flavors which you might try. If you are not using fish in another course try a fish soup which is rather unusual and not at all difficult to prepare. A "cream of lobster" can be made from fresh or canned lobster or from one of the lobster-pastes, or if the rest of the meal is very simple, the famous French bouillabaisse, made from several kinds of sea-food, might be served. A rather unusual soup is a purée of Mongole, which you can make easily by combining a can of tomatoes and one of pea soup and adding some julienne strips of cubed carrots, celery, and a few green peas. For a cream of corn soup there is corn free from the husks and ready to use. There are dried and powdered vegetables that can be transformed into delicious soups by adding milk or cream. Another great delicacy is the green-turtle soup, and you can also buy bouillon which compares very favorably with the home product.

We have talked quite a bit about appetizers and other foods that come before the main course, but perhaps you will wish to put the best of your culinary efforts into the pièce de résistance. Foods which are cooked under glass are always popular in the large hotel; but they command such high prices that we wondered if it wouldn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

SERVE SOME UNUSUAL APPETIZERS FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

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Resort Frocks

Original and Exclusive Models

Passed at the Waldorf Salon

WHEN you go to the famous resorts and breathlessly watch the parade of beauty and fashion that daily scrolls before the verandas, you are instantly struck by the simplicity of the smart wash frocks. Original, by all means; sometimes daring; but always beautiful.

A few short months and these same styles will be the most popular at the summer colonies. But to many, their prices are prohibitive, for in the exclusive shops where they are sold they cost from $20 up into the hundreds.

Yet now come Resort Frocks you can afford!

In these pages last month perhaps you read about the first Queen-Make Fashion Salon held in the State Apartments of the Hotel Waldorf, where Resort Frocks were first exhibited and passed upon by fashion critics. Then again the great editors and artists met in the same way to see the newest, latest Resort Frocks.

In the photograph above you see three of them, two of which were voted first and second places by the famous fashion critics. Perhaps it was because they are made of heavy linen and gingham, suitable for wear right now, wherever you may live. At any rate, artists used to perfection of color and line, designers used to creating in chiffon and velvet, and fashion editors of America's leading magazines who view the best models of the most exclusive houses, were enthusiastic about all the models.

THIS is not mere boast nor idle talk: Famous critics and Resort Frocks speak for themselves—as authentic as the wonderful embroideries used and as sound as the absolute guarantee which is attached to each dress. No matter what materials are used, no matter what delicate or deep colors or intricacies of trimming, each Resort Frock is guaranteed to wash and has a special label.

You will want to go to your own favorite store and leisurely examine each dress. And because Resort Frocks cannot be made in the thousands, we ask that you go *soon* before you are told they have been sold. Ask also to see the many new and charming dresses, and slip-over aprons of our regular "Queen-Make" line, famous for 25 years.

Miss Jaunty Atlantic City, No. 897 (at the left), is a youthful model of plaid gingham, whose Peter Pan collar and cuffs of white poplin, which also appears on the pockets and the wide sash, ice black satin ribbon tie and the wide sash, ice black satin ribbon bow at the neck and attractive "different" sleeves all combine to make this a most unusual dress for $5.95. Colors: rose, blue, tan or green. Sizes: 16, 18, 20 and 36, 38 and 40.

Miss Caprice Aiken, No. 850 (in the center). A charming dress in pastel shades of crepe whose fashionable lines are gotten by fine fagoting on sleeves, bodice and scrappanels on the skirt; price $8.75. Colors: green, peach, copen and helio. Sizes: 16 to 20 and 36 to 46.

Miss Gala Pasadena, No. 857 (at the right), is made of fine quality linen in a solid color, trimmed in an effective way with fine Hungarian peasant embroidery which is the latest style feature of fine dresses. It achieves further distinctiveness thru being a stylish collarless model. Price $15.50. Colors: cocoa, green and copen. Sizes: 16 to 20 and 36 to 46.

The Booklet Presents

Twelve Resort Frocks —we know you want to see all of them. And we've made it as attractive and as economical as possible. A free copy is waiting for your request. See the latest styles in three days' time!

See what the Critics saw—

YOU will want to see the latest styles carried out in the smartest wash materials; you will want to notice the lines, the trimming and the care and finish which each dress receives. You will want to see all of them before you choose the three or four for your own wardrobe, and others, perhaps, for your daughter.

Should your store not have them, remit to us direct giving your size and color preference and we shall fill your order as soon as possible.

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RESORT FROCKS

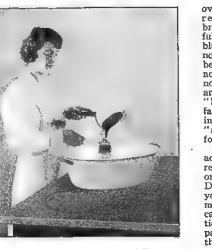
PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

BRIGHTENING UP WITH COLOR

An Expert on Home Dyes Tells Us Some Fascinating Things to Do

BY JANE BETSY WELLING

HAVE you ever thought what a startling difference a change in color can make? Cheap white cheese-cloth dyed deep rose loses all its former sterilized white-bandage identity in its present rosy glow, and next year the rose, dyed purple, may bring new thoughts of cabbages (purple ones) and kings. I have often found that ten minutes of concentrated thought on this one little subject of color can influence the results of the Spring house-renovating more than five times as many weary hours spent on laundering, sweeping, and scrubbing.



PREPARING THE DYE-BATH

Does your living-room with its pale-brown paper and downtrodden rug seem to you this Spring to lack the freshness and the glint that your Winter-weary eyes demand? You can pull down the tired-out blue drapes that have been hanging all Winter so patiently and replace them with the loveliest orange that your fancy can picture.

Cheese-cloth, or those cheapest and most ignored qualities of unbleached cotton, when they have taken unto themselves in the dye-bath a color that could never be found on the piled-high shelves of any department store, are exquisite enough to add a gleam of beauty to the dullest background and the most weary room.

No one hesitates to give a coat of paint or enamel to the battered piece of furniture that is out of harmony with its surroundings. The adding of a coat of dye to faded material is a no more treacherous undertaking than is the renovating process of painting. The tired-out blue hangings of the living-room, now faded by sunlight and laundering to the ghost of their former gaiety, can easily be redyed blue by following the directions on the dye-package; or they can be changed to a color *similar* to the original blue by treating them to a blue dye-bath, or changed to a blue-purple by dyeing them in bright royal purple, or to a blue-green by a medium-green dye.

The colors in dyes react upon each other in almost the same way as the colors react in paints or pigments. Faded bluish colors will redye blue or any color that appears strongly bluish; faded reddish colors (pinks, rose, etc.) will redye red or any color that appears strongly reddish; faded yellowish colors will redye a darker yellow or any color that is strongly yellowish. Provided that one does not attempt to dye one "unlike" color over another, the results will be bright and successful; that is, faded bluish colors will not redye orange, because orange has no blue in it (does not appear bluish), and orange dye will "kill" even this faded blue by making it more dull and "muddy" than before.

Classify all colors according to their reddish, yellowish, or bluish qualities. Decide what color you wish to dye the material. Follow carefully the directions given on the package for using that particular dye.

In matching colors it is usually necessary to dye a sample of the material. Do this by taking a small amount of the dye-bath in a small saucepan and dye the sample according to the same directions you are going to follow for the large piece of material. If you find your sample is too dark, throw away some of the dye-bath and replace with the same amount of clear water. If the sample is not dark enough, dissolve more dye and add to the dye-bath.

WHEN dyeing materials into fast colors be sure to follow carefully the directions for the length of time given for boiling on the package and for the amount of required fixing-agent. When the dyeing is completed, rinse the material thoroughly until the last rinsing-water is perfectly clear. This removes all dye not combined with the fiber, and so prevents any possible rubbing off of the color on other garments.

Make sure that the dye is always thoroughly dissolved and strained through a cloth, that sufficient water is used to cover the material, and that the material is stirred for the entire time it is in the dye-bath. If these directions are followed carefully there will be no danger of spotting.

Curtains can be charming of cheese-cloth dyed to harmonize and will brighten up the house in the Springtime. In more vivid colors curtains of cheap materials are most attractive for the lake, cottage, or country bungalow or the breakfast-porch. I am reminded of some curtains that I saw made for the casement-windows of a brown-stained living-room in a cottage. The valance across the top and the straight side drapes were of a coarse quality of gingham dyed a soft but intense orange.

The inner curtains of softly gathered cheese-cloth dyed a pale lemon-yellow caught and magnified all the sun-

CONT'D ON PAGE 71

MATCHING A SMALL SAMPLE

STIR THE MATERIAL CONSTANTLY

RINSE WELL AFTER DYEING

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The Car for the Girl in Business

The modern business woman needs her own personal transportation medium. It saves time and increases her efficiency and earning power. Yet, because she is a woman, she also insists that her car shall measure up to a high standard of quality.

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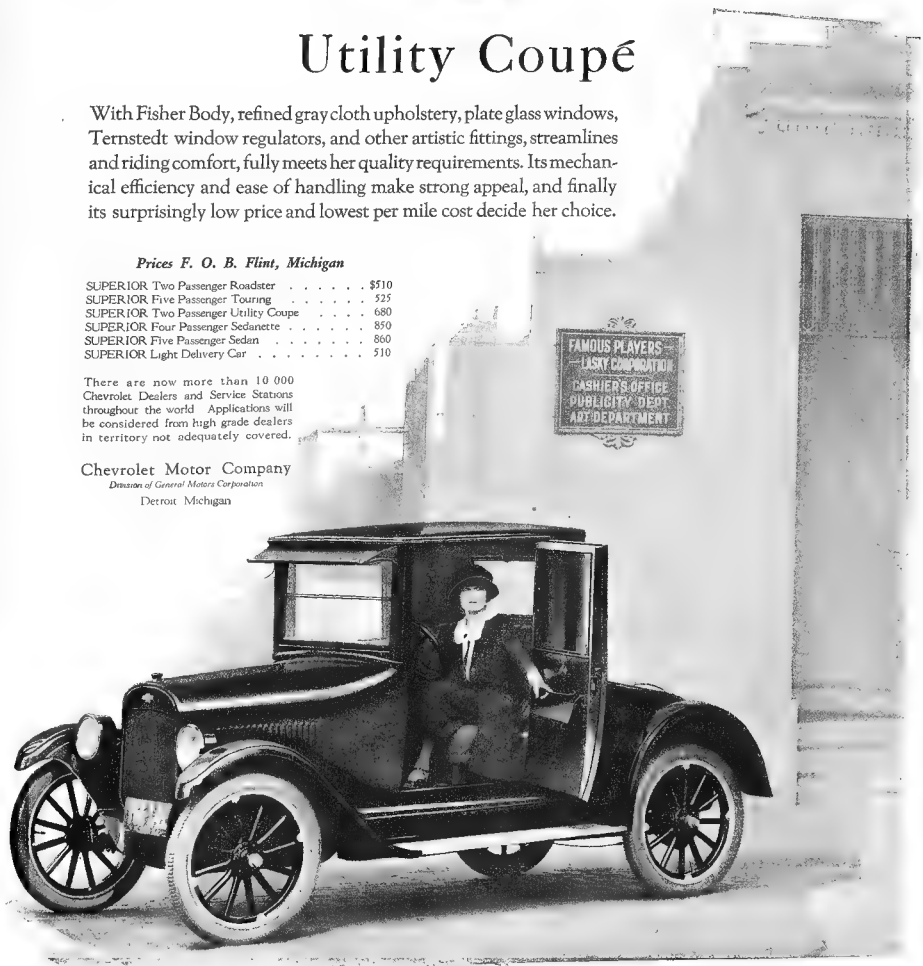

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Make This Gown Yourself with Belding's Silks

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost about $16.15 for Belding's Taffeta, $18.85 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine, or $28.90 for Belding's Crêpe Faille. Use Pictorial Review Pattern No. 1521, requiring in size 36, 5¾ yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta, or 5¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine, or 5¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe Faille.

You will require, in addition, ½ yard of lace 36 or 40 inches wide.

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Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks—Fabrics—Embroidery—Sewing Silks

IT MATCHES IF IT'S BELDING'S

MY FRIEND THE PLAYER-PIANO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

ent occurs in music than in the other arts: It runs away from you. The statue stays put, so does the picture, the rug, the tapestry, but not so music! It eludes you like a fawn. You can not say: "Wait, I want to hear that last phrase." You can't turn anything back at a concert—it escapes like a dream. But using the player accustoms you so thoroughly to the music that its passage does not confuse, but interests; the concert becomes an unalloyed, intelligently emotional experience, for familiar music is always more endearing than new music.

I often play for my little godchild of three. I wish you could hear her demand certain classical things to which she dances and sings. She has her own little names for things she wants, and she even now shows a delight in the finer music. Do you think I or her parents could perform offhand chaconnes of Bach and dances of Brahms without ages of practise? But the player increasingly brings to the child music as books bring to her literature. The time is almost here when not to know the Brahms "Second Symphony" (which, by the way, is glorious on the player) will mean you are as untrained as the person who has never read any of Shakespeare or Sophocles.

AS FAR as I am concerned, this cultural value, this broadening of one's life in music, is the great contribution of the player to the home. It is therefore a unifier, a strengthener of home values.

Ernest Newman, the great English critic, says this: "I have no hesitation in saying from my own experience that the average of knowledge of out-of-the-way music is higher among the possessors of the piano-players than among professional musicians."

I think that this is a very strong but true statement. He says again in speaking of the professional student of music: "I can testify that ninety-nine per cent. are deplorably ignorant of music. They play a dozen or two famous works well; outside of these they know next to nothing of music in general or pianoforte music in particular."

Last year I had a player concert in my home for charity, and I, with accompaniment rolls edited by La Forge, Conrad Bos, and Charles Gilbert Spross, accompanied Charles A. Ryan of the Metropolitan Opera. I could keep time with her, follow her, and "prefer" her, so that her lovely singing was not marred by imperfect teamwork. Is not that a boon to musical adventure? Elena Gerhardt, than whom there is no finer artist, has also given concerts accompanied by the reproducing piano-player, and many, many others.

Some years ago, when Samuel Swift (editor of much of the Grieg or know and other musical works) was alive, I used to hear Harvey Loomis and Arthur Johnstone, foremost American music-composers, play or praise the player-piano. I believe Harvey Loomis has his bench elongated so that he can the easier get the right pedal-pressure in thrilling renditions of complicated works on his pedaled type (not electric).

A. A. Milne, the English playwright, gets the most delightful hours from his player and feels so "set up" because people always think that he is playing a piano without the intermediary. I thought of this one day when my music teacher said that she would like to hear me play a Bach loure on the player while her son, a delightful pianist, played the same thing on the piano. She said she would wager anything that she could tell the difference. The upshot was that what she thought was her beloved son's rendition was my playing, and vice versa!

Such was Deems Taylor's the well-known critic's experience last year when he went to a concert where Ignaz Friedman was scheduled to play on a player in duets.

Mr. Taylor recounted his experiences in the paper the next Sunday and said he closed his eyes occasionally, even if people *did* think he was going to sleep, to find out whether he could tell when the pianist was playing and when the player was. In every case where he was positive it was too human for the player he looked up to find that the reproducing piano was performing, and when he imagined that the rendition was mechanical it was the pianist himself.

LAST Spring at a musical gathering I was delighted to hear the accomplished Edward Royce (son of the late Prof. Josiah Royce), composer of songs which Bauer and Gabrilowitch and all the great pianists and singers use in concert work, say something like this about the piano-player: "No one can possibly know music who does not use a player. How *could* any one have time to learn the intricacies of concertos of all composers, the sonatas, the whole tribe of compositions that are extant, when no one could possibly learn, much less have the time, to *read* the music?" Furthermore, he added that when the roll-makers begin to cut music that isn't heard at every concert there will be further cause for joy.

It thrilled me to hear successful musicians and composers say the things that I have felt for eons. However, I am in good society in my love for the piano-player and my belief in its thorough artistic value as an instrument *per se*. Just glance at this list of modern musical folk who have played and praised the player-piano Ernest Newman, Strauss, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Elgar, Sinding, Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, Sjoti, Ganz, Schmidt, Harold Bauer, Arthur Friedman, John Powell, Gabrilowitch, Grainger, Corto, Hofmann, Busoni, etc., and the incomparable Paderewski, who goes on record with this: "The instrument (reproducing-piano) is of significance in musical study. It is an aid to advanced students in saving valuable time. There is great temptation to waste precious time in playing new works. This might be much better spent in studying exact details of fingering, pedaling, or phrasing."

Josef Hofmann, too, in speaking of the reproducing-piano, says: "There is nothing so instructive for the artist as to sit aside and criticize his own playing. He learns to control himself better after listening to his own playing and analyzing it."

Little by little, the roll salesmen say, people buy better music-rolls, because the trash will not stand repetition continually, while the classics on *repetition* are understood and liked better. So the piano-player is not only creating musical appreciators, but teaching the truth that the fine things in life are things that stand the time test.

SO THE piano-player is not only making larger audiences, but gradually forcing the composer to compose for the player-piano. There is nothing like the stimulation of appreciative audiences. Where, then, is the ancient plea, that mechanical devices would ruin the musical taste? The piano itself is a complicated mechanism which has taken years to perfect. Compositions *to-day* are more complicated than in Handel's time, for the piano itself can handle more difficult music. But even to-day composers are restricted by piano limitations. But on the piano-player there would be no limitations, and the ancient tale of Mendelssohn winning a musical wager by playing a note with his nose instead of a needed eleventh finger will soon seem preposterous.

I lay more credit to my happiness to the player-piano than to any other one possession. Not because after a days' work I get relaxation and respite from it, but because so often I am giving other people enjoyment by the musical messages of the composers of all nations and many periods. Such it is to be a mechanician!

SEA MADNESS

BY

HAROLD VINAL

YOU who have loved the way of streets and hills
And build, like jewels, houses on their brow,
Will hunger still for country daffodils
As I am sick for ships and harbors now.
You who have loved the robins on the lawn,
And, like a lover, flowers in the grass,
Have never watched a vessel in the dawn,
Or marked the way of schooners when they pass.

So am I bound forever to your walls,
I beat my hands against your wooden door,
Startled at night by every wind that calls,
Crying for sight of water on a shore.
Some day a wind will break the heart of me,
And I will leave you all and take to sea.

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THE CULTURAL MISSION OF THE DUO-ART REPRODUCING PIANO

by JOSEF HOFMANN

I unhesitatingly and strongly recommend the Duo-Art

My acquaintance with the Duo-Art extends over a period of several years. During this time I have recorded and authorized the publication of more than thirty compositions, which faithfully represent my playing. From the standpoint of this intimate familiarity with the Duo-Art, I unhesitatingly and strongly recommend it.

The Duo-Art will foster musical culture in any home where it may be introduced. Its influence will go far towards off-setting the demoralizing effect of much of the so-called "popular" or vulgar music of the day.

It engenders an appreciation of good music

Students of the piano are greatly benefitted by the Duo-Art. By enabling them to hear the renditions of great compositions by famous interpreters, it engenders an appreciation that can only come through frequent hearing. It also enables them to learn the leading pianists' modes of expression and employ them, first by imitation, later in the effort to emulate them.

Highly recommended to educational institutions

This instrument may also be highly recommended to educational institutions because of the wonderful opportunities it offers for studying interpretation, dynamic effects, rhythm and the proper use of the pedals.

It should be understood that there is nothing mechanical about the playing of the Duo-Art except the mere striking of the notes, which is a purely physical process even when the artist strikes them. The performance of the Duo-Art has its source in the mind of the artist and is as much a product of his imagination as when he plays in person.

I cannot conceive of any better training

Familiarity and association with the noble thoughts that constitute good, or so-called "classical" music, must not only gladden the heart, but refine the feelings and sensibilities of everyone, child as well as adult. And I cannot conceive of any better training for the average layman, who desires to cultivate an appreciation of the great compositions than repeatedly hearing the Duo-Art perform the best of music as recorded by the foremost artists.

The Duo-Art creates cultivated listeners

There is already a great awakening to good music on the part of the public. Opportunities to attend concerts and recitals are yearly becoming more frequent. To create cultivated listeners, capable of enjoying these privileges, is an important feature of the Duo-Art. For it must be remembered that there is no pleasure or enjoyment from which we can derive more than we take with us in the shape of receptivity.

The Duo-Art is Supreme

I mention the Duo-Art, particularly, because the Duo-Art is supreme in presenting a true likeness of the pianist's playing. This is due both to the extraordinary variety of dynamic effects, and rhythmic values of which the Duo-Art is capable, as well as to the superior method of Duo-Art recording.

(*Signed*) Josef Hofmann

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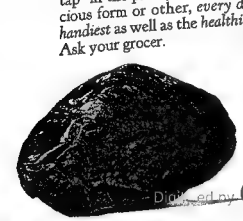

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THEY'RE MODEL KITCHENS

The Modern Sanitary Canneries Which Prepare Our Foods

BY MARIE SELLERS AND EDITH M. BARBER

OUR visit to southern California to see the land of the fruits was well worth the effort it took for a night trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles. We actually got up with the Lark—the alluring name of the train we traveled on—and peered from our windows hoping to catch glimpses of orange-groves and olive-trees. The beauties of the Coast unfolded with the early morning light. Rugged hills, touched with the colors of the rising sun, ran to the water's edge or stood stark against the horizon. A queer low shrub covered the sandy meadows between the beach and hills, its bright shade of green quite unlike the colors of leaves and bushes we were accustomed to in the East. A new kind of seaweed perhaps. As we stood at the window of the observation-car a passing porter noticed our perplexity and, evidently anticipating our question from long experience with curious tourists, remarked casually, "Beans, ladies, beans."

Beans—yes—hills and hills of them, fields and fields of them grown to supply the bean-pots of the country. Beans that will eventually reach the housewife dried for cooking, or baked to a golden brown and put up with pork and sauce inside the faithful tin can. Indeed it is inside the faithful tin can that a large proportion of California's abundance of fruits and vegetables is shipped to the Middle Western and the Eastern markets. The major portion of the canning industry in the Golden State is located in the northern valleys—Santa Clara, San Joaquin, and Sacramento—but it is also a constantly growing industry in the South.

We welcomed the opportunity of going through some of the canneries to see with our own eyes scientific methods which have made it possible for vegetables and fruits to become a year-round habit for the family table.

There we saw the process by which these products are made safe and sanitary. The canneries are placed at convenient locations in the orchard or market-garden districts in order that the fruits and vegetables may be picked, brought to the packing-houses, canned, and made ready for shipment on the same day. To provide the best possible product for canning great care is given to the choice of varieties, and expert supervision safeguards the growing, cultivation, and harvesting of the crops.

In these districts, where almost every vegetable in the cook-book grows in profusion, the joys of market-gardening on the Pacific Coast were evident. Spinach grows in a soil almost free from sand, and does not need the heroic treatment which the housewife so often must give it to get rid of the grit. You may take your choice of green or white asparagus—and both from the same planting—as the white and green are really the same variety, the white being blanched as it grows by keeping it banked with earth so that the sprouts do not reach the light before they are long enough for cutting. The cutting is done with a long cheese-knife which is pressed down through the soil to the base of the sprouts. Sometimes during warm, humid weather, the cutters will have to go over certain fields twice a day to get the asparagus strictly white because the sprouts grow very rapidly, almost like a mushroom. Within a few hours after the point is exposed as it grows through the crust, it will be found turning pink, then purple, and finally green.

You may also choose peas large or small. The tiny "French" peas which are so prized, we learned, are merely very young and immature scions of their race. They have not lived long enough to develop as interesting a flavor as older members of their family, but they are deliciously tender both before and after canning.

In the few hours we spent in one cannery we saw the arrival of car-loads of fruit from a near-by orchard, and later saw the cans of these same products cooling for labeling and packing. Next to the rapidity with which the canning process went on we were impressed with the immaculate cleanliness of everything and everybody in the plant. "See How Clean Everything Is" is the printed slogan which appears in every part of the building. "See How Clean Everything Is." If one believes in the new theory of autosuggestion one can readily understand the effect of such a reminder continually recurring. In addition to those signs in the actual canning-rooms, we noticed one such placard in the cafeteria lunch-room for the women employees and another in the community nursery where mothers who work in the plant may check their children for the day and know that they will be well cared for by the capable woman in charge, both in the house and on the playgrounds adjoining.

A welfare department looks after the health of the employees, and a nurse is constantly in attendance not only for any emergency which may arise, but for a daily inspection of the hands and clothing of all women who handle food. Certain steps in the preparation of many of the products for processing must be done by hand, altho much of the work is accomplished by machinery.

Careful grading for size and quality is the first step. Then follow standardized methods of canning in which each product is partially cooked in live steam, hermetically sealed in cans, and then processed to the required temperature and held there for the correct period of time for perfect sterilization. The sterilizing is done in hot-water or steam-pressure cookers, depending upon the product and its temperature requirements. (Perhaps you have a family-size pressure-cooker yourself for your canning.) After a quick cooling, the cans are labeled and packed for shipping, not only to all parts of this country, but to almost every country in the world.

LEAVING the canneries and the garden districts in our search for an olive-grove, we again passed through the ranch district which we had visited in our quest of the citrus-fruits. Orange-trees and walnut-trees are lovely to look upon, but an olive-grove has an added touch of romance in its name. It hardly needed the beauty of the purple and rose mountains, which make so close a background for the gray-green quivering foliage, to tell us that the olive is indeed the savior of the desert; for only a few years have gone by since a sandy waste filled the San Fernando Valley, where now stretch miles and miles of olive-trees.

While there were plenty of olives awaiting the picking, we had long been warned that an olive, whether green or ripe, as it comes from the tree is not ready for the palate until it has been brined. The olive-plant was equipped with capacious vats, graders, and steam-pressure cookers. Sanitary methods were again in order with processing at a temperature which guarantees the keeping qualities of the olives whether canned in glass or tin.

After the various grades have been selected for canning, the remaining small fruit is put through mighty presses to remove the olive-oil. We learned that the quality of large and small grades is the same, and we also discovered another fact in our travels throughout the West. An olive in general there means a ripe olive! We came home, not loving green olives less, but loving ripe olives more. Whichever we choose, we shall know that they are tested, packed, and processed in the latest approved manner.

Later as our train sped eastward across the desert, leaving the gardens and orchards behind us, we visualized that barren waste blossoming like the reclaimed lands near the Coast and adding its quota, as needed, to the food-supply of the world.

Courtesy of Canning Age

A BUSY CORNER IN ONE OF THE HUGE MODEL CANNING-KITCHENS

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Keep Your System Regulated
Eat Dried Peaches and Figs
and Fig Products

HEALTH—FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA

Peach Sauce
Made From Dried Peaches

Every breakfast should start with fruit of some kind, so the health authorities say. Eat the various seasonable fruits, but, when they are not obtainable, utilize dried peaches and figs, which health authorities will tell you contain even more beneficial properties than fresh fruits.

Fresh Fig Pie
Made From Canned Fresh Figs at Your Bakery

Now you can have Fresh Fig Pie all the year around, for a new process has been discovered which makes possible the canning of figs as they are picked ripe from the trees. These figs are sold to bakers who use them in making Fresh Fig Pie.

This offers you a rare treat.

Fig Brownies

Children in particular will take a keen delight in eating "Fig Brownies." These are made from Fig Meat in convenient mouthfuls. They come in 5c cartons and also are sold in bulk at 2 for a penny. Pure figs slightly sugared; ideal for "between meals" eating to allay that hungry feeling.

Fig Preserve

Fig Preserve is made from crushed figs. Those who delight in jams and marmalades will find in Fig Preserve a rare delicacy indeed. The very best of California Figs are used in making this product, which will receive a hearty welcome in every household where it is introduced.

Where Dried Fruits are at their best

In no other section of America, or other parts of the world, do Dried Peaches and Dried Figs reach the high point of perfection of those produced in California and marketed under the BLUE RIBBON trade name.

In California every condition is ideal for the production of quality fruit. Continual sunshine and clear skies during the growing season develop the very finest flavor and generous sizes. Modern methods in drying fruit out in the open, and in caring for the fruit, bring California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs to you absolutely pure and clean and full of health-producing, energizing qualities.

The highest authorities on health and nutrition pronounce these fruits ideal because they contain protein, vitamines, fibre, fruit acids and other elements which make for better health. They possess these properties in far more generous quantities than most other fruits and foods.

Better health is assured if these fruits are eaten daily. They are delightful in sauces, puddings, pies, cakes in fact many foods can be made better if dried peaches or figs are added.

Always insist on California Dried Figs and California Dried Peaches. Ask for the BLUE RIBBON Brand, which means the highest qualities and absolute cleanliness. *Sold by grocers everywhere.*

A post card addressed to DEPT. 'C" will bring to you an interesting booklet showing many ways of using these fruits in the daily menu. It is free. Send for it today.

Stewed Figs
Made From Dried Figs

Every mother knows that figs are the greatest natural regulator, so serve Stewed Figs for breakfast. Stewed Figs are also a very welcome dessert at the dinner table, especially nice, clean California Figs with their wonderful flavor and appetite appeal.

Dried Figs are inexpensive, easy to prepare in sauces, and are very desirable in making Cakes, Pies, Salads, and other good things to eat.

Preserved Whole Figs
From Fresh Figs

Probably the finest and most wholesome fruit in the world today is California Preserved Whole Figs.

They have long been considered a rare delicacy, but not until recently has it been possible to offer them in grocery stores at a price within reach of everybody. The world's finest figs are produced in California, and now a preserving process has been invented so that this wonderful fruit can be brought to the table of the American people.

Fig Meat
A Nutrition Food

Fig Meat comes to you in attractive, sanitary cartons. It is made from crushed dried figs, and welcomed everywhere by health institutions which have learned that Fig Meat is the greatest food in the world for those who are in need of a food that will give them strength and stamina.

PRODUCED AND PACKED BY THE

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MAIN OFFICE *FRESNO, CALIFORNIA*

BLUE RIBBON
Dried Peaches & Figs & Purple Ribbon Fig Products

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AN APPRECIATION OF LADY ASTOR

Member of Parliament from the U. S. A.

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIS

EVERY once in a very great while the United States of America hands old John Bull a huge chuckle and then stands aside and waits with glee for his slow but sportsmanlike smile of acknowledgment. And perhaps the keenest weapon Uncle Sam has ever used for one of these jocund pricks in the ribs is Lady Nancy Langhorn Astor, first woman Member of the British Parliament and from the U. S. A.

Almost, we must believe it was with malice aforethought that Uncle Sam highly bred, brought to birth, nurtured, and educated Nancy Langhorn in "Ole Virginy" to send her over to England to be the first woman to break into her governmental stronghold. No girl child could accidentally have been born with the power, built of beauty and wit and womanliness and strength and daredevilry and charm, which made Lady Astor calmly walk over all other candidates into the place in the House of Commons left vacant by her husband, Viscount Astor, when he was obliged to move up into his hereditary seat in the House of Lords, in turn left vacant at his father's death in 1919.

Rather ruefully the new Lord Astor began to look over the list of possible candidates for his seat in the Lower House, where he had been doing things which he hated to leave unfinished as he ascended into the twilight sleep of the House of Lords, but he was electrified to find high up on the tale, offered him for his advice by his constituents, the name of his wife, Lady Astor. His answer was, "Why not?"

At cottage door, crossroads, and hamlet she had mixed vigorously into his campaign for that seat, and he knew that his constituents recognized her wisdom, her passionate desire for justice, her love of liberty and opportunity for everybody irrespective of sex or class; and it seemed fitting that they should want her to represent them in making the laws which would obtain those conditions for them.

The men of the Plymouth District had felt the virile sting of her wit and the impact of her solid good sense when they heckled her in her speeches, made while her husband was standing for that seat, and the women had felt her sympathetic energy penetrating into their domestic problems of milk-supplies for their babies, with clean villages to rear them in; consequently, one and all, they wanted her to fill it, and so voted.

It was a great day for America when her daughter, Nancy, befrocked herself in a very austere but well-tailored suit, plain little black hat, we feel certain, carefully but conservatively powdered her straight F. F. V. nose, and demurely sauntered to her seat in the British Government The entire American press threw its collective hat high into the air and shouted "Hurrah! hurrah!" across the Atlantic Ocean. The British press sputtered a bit, but on the whole "did her rather well." By the same token if any British churl had done anything seriously offensive to "Nancy Langhorn"—but then none of us Anglo Saxons are ever going to do anything to each other to fight about any more We are going to trust England with "Our Nancy" and let her be our steel coupling-pin, so well tempered that she will bend and stretch at any strain, but hold us together on the civilization track with her anything but frail might.

And from all over the world women have anxiously and critically watched Lady Astor help govern Great Britain. If she should fail she would fail for all of us. Behold! She has been wise, she has gone step by step, placing her little thoroughbred feet slowly but firmly and surely and safely. At first those august M. P's heckled her a bit in a ponderously gentlemanly fashion, but her comeback was such an instantaneous flash and thrust that the venturous member could hardly tell where the lightning struck him, and that indoor sport was soon abandoned by the wounded.

On the whole she has alined herself with the Lloyd George Government and on all subjects "has her say," but when laws which affect directly women or children are being drafted she is consulted by the leaders of all parties and her dicta have a powerful influence

And when the time comes for Lady Astor to speak out in meeting she speaks with no uncertain tongue. No mere House of Commons awes Nancy Langhorn of Danville, Virginia, U. S. A., when she wants it to pass a law her way. Her unconsciousness in her earnestness is amazing.

> ***WE LET you men strut and act important because we have lacked the physical and moral courage to tell you that you are the weaker sex; but every woman knows it."***
>
> ***"We must have industrial peace or we won't have any other kind of peace anywhere."***
>
> ***"It's the love of women that helps men to understand the love of God."***
>
> ***"I want good conditions for all people who work, but I would rather have my children labor under the worst conditions than to join the loafers!"***
>
> ***"There is one most important thing upon which women must concentrate the whole energy of their minds before they can afford to turn their attention to other things and that is the enforcement of peace."***

The English press fairly gloated over an incident which happened when she was deep in an argument with Lord Robert Cecil, who is a personal friend of the Astors. She was sure she could controvert him with his own words, as set down in the Parliamentary records of an earlier date, and in the midst of her speech she attempted to turn the pages of the ponderous printed volume before her to the page which held the words she wanted, but failed to find it. Did she become flurried and miss her point? She did not. She calmly handed the book over to Lord Cecil, himself, with these femininely trustful words, "Find it for me, Bob," and went on with her speech Naturally she brought down the House. Yes, from our vantage-point across the Atlantic, I think we American women can congratulate ourselves that so far we have made good in the British Parliament.

And now on for our own United States Senate! But wait! Hear what Lady Astor advises American women about helping to rule America!

In mid-April, when Old England is drear with drizzle and fog, Lady Astor must have felt the call of "Ole Virginy" in its Spring burgeoning, for she set sail for home, bringing her Member of the House of Lords with her. In passing it is interesting to note that Lord Astor is just as good an American as his Lady, having been born, reared, and educated in the United States. His Rebel wife describes him as "a miserable Yankee with an amazin' amount of understandin' which he gets from his grandmother, who was one of the Gibbses of South Carolina." That Gibbs strain of blood must have been strong in gentleness and sweet courtesy, for it has distinctly tempered Lord Astor's Yankee keenness and British imperturbability. He is exactly what an English Lord should be even if he was practically made in America. No American sister of "Our Nancy" who has seen him bend over her and steady her, as she has crouched down by the footlights in the great auditoriums in which she has delivered her orations and been given her succession of ovations, to clasp hands with as many of her audience as could reach up to her, asking and answering questions and kidding and joking and laughing with them, can help having a very tender spot in her heart for Lord Astor. I shall never forget the picture of unity they presented in the Philadelphia Academy of Music as they so crouched after she had made her brilliant, erratic, compelling speech for the Woman's Trade Union League; a speech whose sketchiness he had filled in, when his turn came, with deep, forceful, important, boldly drawn lines

For forty-five minutes she had stood before that audience, many thousand strong, as many or more men than women, and lashed and crackled and flashed her wit above and among them like a Southern electrical storm and then lulled and hushed them and poured out to them inspiring drafts of her poignant Christ-conscious wisdom

We laughed with Lady Astor when she said:

"Of course women may be weak, but in that case men must be weak too because she made them, didn't she? And she ought to be ashamed of some of them!

"We let you men strut and act important because we have lacked the physical and moral courage to tell you that you are the weaker sex; but every woman knows it.

"And just think, if we started 'tellin'' the things we know about you!" Yes, it must be confessed that "Our Nancy" of Virginia said "tellin'"—in fact her entire oration was innocent of a single final "g" and all of her "rs" were deliciously slurred until they sounded as if they were being played on the mid-string of a darky fiddle.

"You know, some of the men in the House of Commons are fearfully dignified, but I know how to treat 'em—just as if they were a lot of schoolboys. But I'm sorry for politicians. You see I stand up for my trade."

Yes, we laughed with Lady Astor when she set us off with her rippling gibes and inciting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

LADY ASTOR, M. P.

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"A Skin You Love to Touch"
by Grant Reynard

You too, can have the charm of "A Skin you love to touch"

THE beautiful fresh clear skin you long for—with the right care you can possess it!

Any girl *can* have a smooth, flawless complexion.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

If you are troubled with blackheads—with ugly little blemishes—with conspicuous nose pores; if your skin is too oily, or so pale and sallow that it gives your whole face a lifeless appearance—begin now, to overcome the condition.

Give your skin the right Woodbury treatment for its needs, and see how easy it is to free your complexion from the faults that have been troubling you.

The right Woodbury treatment for each type of skin and its needs is given in the booklet around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 303 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 303 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Bon Ami

for Aluminum etc.

See how it shines! I would never think of using anything but Bon Ami on the *polished* parts of my aluminum ware. It always looks like new because Bon Ami cleans it gently—without the tiniest scratch to mar the polish.

Apply Bon Ami with a wet cloth. A moment's pause while it dries and dissolves the tarnish. Then a dry cloth—away goes the grime—back comes the shine.

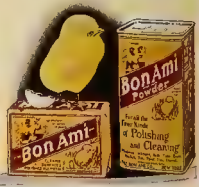
Bon Ami is used for cleaning and polishing many things. Look over the list at the right and make sure you are getting all the help that this "good friend" can give you.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE COMMUNITY

The Prize-Winning Letters in Pictorial Review's Contest Abound in Practical Ideas Now in Successful Operation

EDITOR'S NOTE—Pictorial Review is gratified to learn, from letters received in response to the article, "Housekeeping for the Community," (August, 1922), that community life is being enriched in many places and in varied ways. More satisfying community life is being achieved through organized co-operation wherever the people have found that romance does not always lie over the rim of the world, but may be discovered in one's own home town. According to Roosevelt, "Community life makes the nation." This magazine accordingly rejoices in the letters that tell of community life in nurseries and playgrounds, in hospitals and neighborhood houses, in rest-rooms and little theaters, in stadium and library, in swimming-pool and singing-school, in baby's bureau and book club, in dancing-school and market!

For those who consecrate part of their lives to community betterment, the following pledge is offered. It is a slight modification of the "Athenian oath," with which young men of ancient Athens declared their fitness for citizenship:

"We will never bring disgrace on this, our 'community,' by any act of dishonesty or cowardice."

"We will strive increasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. In all ways we will transmit the 'community' not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

THE PRIZE LETTERS

A REST-ROOM FOR FARMERS' WIVES

THINKING perhaps you may be interested in some Canadian community plans, I have taken the liberty to describe our rest-room for farmers' wives.

Portage la Prairie is eighteen miles from our farm in Woodlands municipality. I knew we farmers were paying taxes to maintain a rest-room for farmers' wives in the large community hall in that town, but not until I had occasion to make use of it did I realize what a boon it was.

I had run a sliver into my hand and blood-poisoning developed, making it necessary to go to Portage to see a doctor. Having made an appointment by telephone, the doctor told me the clinic was in the rooms above the rest-room. When my train got in he saw me at once and lanced and dressed the hand. The puzzle was what to do with the long hours ahead until I could get a train home. Feeling too ill to shop and hating to go to a hotel, I decided to go down to the rest-room.

The nurse helped me down the stairs, where we were met by a motherly woman who was very kind. "Now, isn't that too bad," she said, and led me to a broad couch, tucked some pillows around me, and pulled a blanket over me. "Now, you just close your eyes a bit, and let me know when your train goes and I'll phone for a taxi. You need not worry." By and by she hustled in with a cup of tea and a slice of toast, which were the nicest welcome as breakfast was a hurried affair.

Lying there with nothing to do but look, I sized the place up. The room was beautiful, with polished oak floors and woodwork; great mirrors (some of us farmers' wives haven't seen for years how uneven our skirts hang); a reading-table piled high with papers and magazines, wide, comfortable couches and rocking-chairs for children as well as grown-ups. In one corner was a small crib or two and a high chair, also a stack of toys that could be washed.

At the far end of this large room, which, by the way, has a huge fireplace in it, was the dearest tea-room imaginable, with a tiny kitchenette off it. Here the matron's daughter assisted in getting lunches for the women who came.

OUR BABY BUREAU

BY DORIS J. TUCKER, *San Bernardino, Cal.*

A Special Prize of One Hundred Dollars Has Been Awarded This Letter, the Money Being Turned Over to the Baby Bureau Here Described

THREE years ago last June three of us started in my little home town what we called a Mothers' Club, only we were not yet mothers. We were all just young, inexperienced brides, knowing nothing about babies. From the layette to the whooping-cough stage they were enigmas to us, and we had great difficulty in planning our preparations. We decided to form a club one afternoon, when we met on my piazza to sew and plan for the future. We called ourselves the D. and D. Club—Dames and Darlings—and arranged to meet every two weeks to plan and sew for our babies.

Soon other young girl-wives joined us, and before our third meeting our number had swelled to fourteen prospective mothers. It was lots of fun at first, but we soon discovered that we accomplished little because we were so ignorant. So one of the girls suggested that we invite a couple of the older women, who had had babies of their own, to meet with us and help us plan our wardrobes and give us individual advice. Two older women accepted our invitation, and at each meeting laid out the work for us. They telephoned each member before the meeting just what work to bring. Before the Summer was passed the little layettes were completed and laid carefully away for the little owners who would soon be there to claim them.

The women had given us lots of good advice about our babies, and as one after the other of them was born, we decided that we had need of the club more than ever—need of the ideas of the older women and the new ideas that grew out of our own experience.

The club grew and grew and soon became too big to meet in one little home, so we decided to use the community building and to have regular meetings with regular programs—reliable people to speak to us on the care of growing children. The doctors and nurses of the town and women who had had experience came in for their share of speech-making and advice-giving. We all felt the need for the little club and pushed it as much as we could.

To-day we go regularly every Wednesday to the bureau rooms to listen to lectures by the city doctors, the county nurse, and to mothers who have proved successful; and once in two months we hire an outside speaker to address us—perhaps a doctor from another town or a welfare-worker in the vicinity. These speakers are paid by donations taken up among the club-members and from other people who are interested in our work. Through our efforts, altho many of the lecturers, after hearing about our bureau and our struggle to start it, turn back their donations for the good of the cause.

One thing which has attracted most attention in our baby library, where we have quite a collection of layette lists, doctors' pamphlets, and medical books, most of them donated by citizens of the town, altho some of them have been purchased from doctors and reliable medical firms. There is hardly an afternoon that some young mother-to-be does not drop in for information.

Often a couple of shy young girls will happen in to ask advice of the kindly matron in charge. She arranges a meeting with the doctor who donates his services and who is on duty every Thursday and Saturday. Each doctor in the community takes his turn, so there is an equal division of the labor. But recently there has been such a line of visitors that they can not all be seen in the allotted time. So we have decided to raise money to pay a doctor to devote himself to the cause.

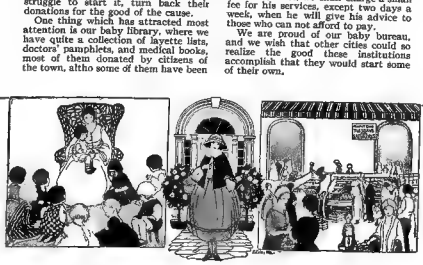
A bazaar staged by the younger girls was the first venture. They spent weeks making dainty clothes for both mother and babe, and lined bassinets and toilet-baskets. And proud indeed were they the night after the bazaar to find that scarcely an article was left, and that the proceeds of the sale netted close to five hundred dollars! To be sure the prices on some of the things were a trifle high, but this seemed permissible. The bazaar proved so successful that several round robins have been tried out and have brought in such good returns that the fund is now within sight of the one-thousand-dollar mark.

Not long ago a young girl came to the bureau to help the cause. She told the matron that she and her husband were too poor to give money, but that she would like to make some fancy articles to sell at the rooms. So she was given a corner in the club-room, where she works nearly every afternoon. Already she has sold over sixty-five dollars' worth of baby garments, charging the club only for the bare cost of the materials. This spirit has predominated in the whole campaign.

Just at present we are planning a "tag-day" suggestion, which was submitted at the last club-meeting. We are going to sell hundreds of tags and book-marks with little baby pictures—also the work of a couple of girls too poor to make donations. We shall set aside one day for this and every one of the members who is able will try to sell tags to every man, woman, and child that will buy them. Of course there will be no regular price on them, but just whatever each one feels like giving.

One physician in particular has been very kind to us. He has persuaded all of the physicians in town to set aside one day in which all their proceeds will be turned over to the club. With a "tag-day" and this donation from the medical men we expect to raise enough money to pay a small salary to a good doctor. At first, in order to make expenses, we shall charge a small fee for his services, except two days a week, when he will give his advice to those who can not afford to pay.

We are proud of our baby bureau, and we wish that other cities could realize the good these institutions accomplish that they would start some of their own.



Fifty women at least came in during the morning, and bitter cold it was even for Manitoba—forty degrees below zero. The matron called nearly all by name, helped take the wraps off the children, carried a fretful baby around on her arm to relieve the tired mother—in fact she did everything to make them feel at home.

At lunch-time I had chicken sandwiches and a bowl of piping-hot vegetable soup, chatting meanwhile with the women lunching there.

Once in a while a mere man would breeze in with a red face, sort out his family and its various bundles, wrap them up, and pack them into a sleigh for the homeward drive.

Women bustled in and out all afternoon, talked over the great bargains, and compared notes. One little woman brought two coats in to have the matron decide which of the two looked the better on her.

At four o'clock a cup of tea with biscuits was served in the Canadian way, and soon after the matron helped me with my wraps, called the driver in to help put me in the cab, and said good-by, with the injunction: "Take care of that hand and be sure and come back," adding, "and bring the kiddies. We welcome the children here at this rest-room."

Marella R. Whitmore,
Poplar Point, Can.

OUR COMMUNITY STADIUM

SOME TIME ago our town gave an outdoor songfest. Half the community was seated on the river-bank in more or less discomfort. There was a piano on an autotruck, and the "weekin ragg" with old-fashioned songs, led by a local celebrity who has since become famous.

The success of the affair gave the leader an idea for an outdoor community Stadium, and immediately a campaign to raise money for it was started. This was carried forward with so much vigor that by the beginning of the next season our Stadium on the banks of Rum River was a beautiful reality.

One great success was a historical pageant, in another issue a young girl was brought by an Indian brave down the river in a canoe, and, dressed in Indian costume, sang Cadman's Indian songs. "Ye editor" wrote a pageant, entitled "The History of Agriculture" in several episodes. Each episode was presented by a different farmers' club. It began with the Garden of Eden and ended with tractors.

The expense of construction of the Stadium was met by the receipts from these entertainments and by contributions from townspeople. One wealthy man gave the city a strip of land directly across the river from the Stadium, a beautiful glen shaded by stately elms. Another big-hearted citizen is building a cement bridge to unite the Stadium with this beauty-spot, making the whole a delightful park.

Between the cement seats of the Stadium, built one above another against the bank, and the swift waters of the beautiful river, is a broad stretch of green-grass turf. The sparkling water, waving branches, and towering hills provide a background for this natural stage, more wonderful than the most skilful art could furnish. Especially on moonlight nights is this vista entrancingly beautiful. Plays and sketches with an out-of-doors setting are especially artistic given here. The acoustics of the place is fine. A charming novelty is introduced by turning out the lights instead of lowering the curtain between acts.

The whole town and most of the county "turn out" when there are "doings" at the Stadium. Every one brings a pillow and extra wraps if the evening is chilly. We are very proud of our Stadium, and many people come from the Twin Cities to enjoy it with us.

Mrs. W. H. LePlant, Anoka, Minn.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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The Nibbler Boys

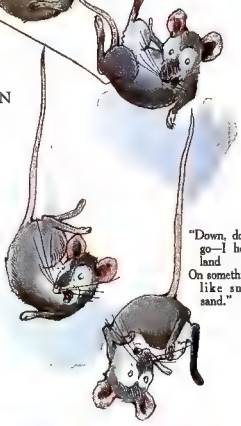
A LUCKY FALL

"The artist hasn't made it clear
Just why we two are caged in here."

"I'm starved, and soon if we don't dine
I'm going to bite right through this line."

"If this page wasn't torn, I vow
We wouldn't be alive right now."

"There! Now you've done it—sure as sin;
You've smashed the line that held us in."



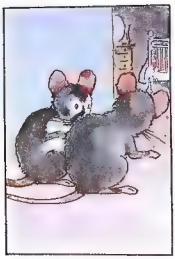
"Down, down we go—I hope we land
On something soft like snow or sand."

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

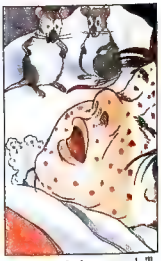
AN INK-RED-IBLE PLOT

"The cat is sick —if cook were too,
There'd be no one to watch us two."



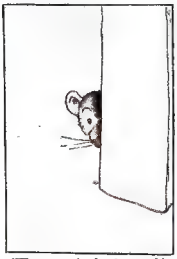
"The way she snores makes my fur creep;
I wish she'd stay all day asleep."

"If this scheme works the way I hope
The kitchen's ours from salt to soap."



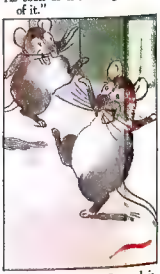
"Her face looks great; she'll have a fit
As soon as she's caught sight of it."

"It's mayzles Oi have got, that's sure,
Or somethin' else that's harrd to cure."



"The master's phoning; cook's in bed
With bandages all round her head."

"There goes the doctor to her room;
He'll help increase her fear and gloom."



"The cat is sick! The cook is too!
Now we can eat until we're blue!"

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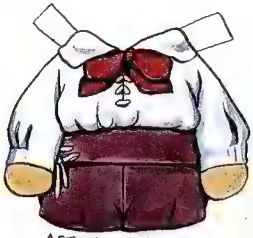
DOLLY DINGLE'S FIDO DRESSES UP

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

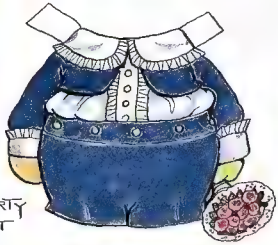
FIDO



AFTERNOON SUIT

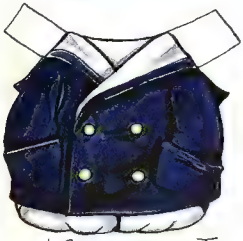
TAM O'SHANTER

CUT ON DOTTED LINE



PARTY SUIT

PAJAMAS.



SPRING OVERCOAT

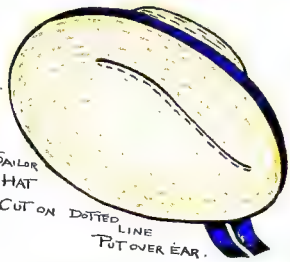
FIDO is chasing the Blue Birdie. He thinks if he catches it he will surely have happiness. The Birdie flew and flew, and Fido ran away, far away from home, and he got near enough once to pull a feather from the Blue Birdie's tail. Then what do you think happened? He found himself in a strange land, where all the animals had to be dressed all the time, and he felt so uncomfy, and his party clothes were too tight'n' everything.

He met the Fairy, and the Fairy was so sorry for Fido, who was crying his eyes out, that she waved her wand and took him back home to Dolly Dingle, his dear, kind little Mi.sie. And she told him that the Blue Birdie of Happiness was meant to fly everywhere, but nobody must try to catch it, for if any one did he would get more than he bargained for.

BATH-ROBE

PLAY SUIT

EXTRA SLIPPERS AND SOCKS FOR PARTY SUIT



SAILOR HAT

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

PUT OVER EAR.

G. G. Drayton. ©

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HELEN SHIPMAN is one of the principals in the tuneful musical play "The Lady in Ermine." (Upper

PHOTO BY APEDA

GRACE LARUE, the well-known star, now appearing in "The Music Box Revue." (Center oval.)

PHOTO BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE

SONYA LEYTON is one of the beautiful girls in the melodious "Blossom Time." (At right.)

PHOTO BY APEDA

Google

Not a Day Older

FORTUNATE is the wife and mother whose youthful appearance evokes this compliment on the day of her china wedding. Yet the most famous beauties of history, beginning with Cleopatra, were most admired when, from the standpoint of years, they were no longer young.

This gift of eternal youth depends upon one attraction—a fresh, smooth skin: "Keep your school-girl complexion" and you can ignore the passing years.

How to keep it

Very easily, as you can quickly prove. The secret lies in thorough cleansing, once a day, of the minute skin pores which compose the surface of the skin.

For these minute pores have a most important function, they provide the skin with the natural oil which keeps it smooth and soft. But when this natural beautifying skin oil is allowed to accumulate, when dirt and perspiration are allowed to collect in the pores, serious clogging is the result.

Unless all dangerous accumulations are carefully removed, you will soon be wondering why your complexion looks so coarse. The appearance of blackheads and blemishes complete the disfigurement.

Before you resort to the harsh methods which may roughen and toughen the delicate texture of the skin, try this simple but effective method of beautifying.

Get a cake of Palmolive Soap; mildest and most soothing of all facial soaps. Massage the profuse, creamy lather gently into your skin, using your two hands. Rinse carefully and use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream. Normally oily skins won't need it. Do this just before bedtime and you lay the foundation for a fine, real beauty sleep. In the morning your mirror will compliment you by reflecting a freshened, beautified complexion.

Palm and olive oils

Palmolive Soap is the modern, scientific blend of the same palm and olive oils which were the favorite cleansers in the days of ancient Egypt. Modern progress has perfected their combination, but they have remained the ideal soap ingredients for three thousand years.

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would cost at least 25c a cake. World-wide popularity keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This reduces the cost to 10c a cake.

Why Palmolive is Green

Because the rich, natural color of these rare oriental oils from which it is blended, naturally imparts their color as well as their quality to the fragrant green cake.

The soft moss tint is nature's own—just as is the color of grass and foliage. Thus there is no need for artificial coloring. Nature does it for us.

Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for
10c

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A new use for Lux—dishwashing

The new way to wash dishes

Rids your hands of that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look
54 dishwashings in a single package

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

It isn't like experimenting with something new and untried. Of course Lux would be wonderful for dishwashing. You would know it—yet you feel as if you had made a delightful new discovery. Lux saves your hands. It is as easy on them as fine toilet soap.

Your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day—sometimes even longer! That is why it is so important to use a soap for washing dishes that won't irritate your skin, that won't dry the indispensable natural oils.

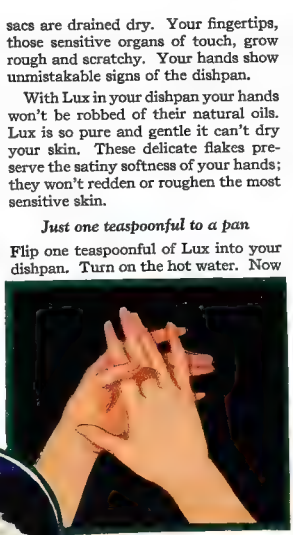
Just underneath the surface of the skin, Nature placed these oils—secreted them in millions of tiny sacs. They nourish the chiffon-thin outer skin, keep it soft, pliable and resistant.

But Nature didn't provide against the ravages of kitchen soaps. If your hands wash dishes in harsh, alkaline soap suds three times a day these abundant oil sacs are drained dry. Your fingertips, those sensitive organs of touch, grow rough and scratchy. Your hands show unmistakable signs of the dishpan.

With Lux in your dishpan your hands won't be robbed of their natural oils. Lux is so pure and gentle it can't dry your skin. These delicate flakes preserve the satiny softness of your hands; they won't redden or roughen the most sensitive skin.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

Flip one teaspoonful of Lux into your dishpan. Turn on the hot water. Now watch these fragile flakes break into instant suds. Just one teaspoonful—it sounds incredible, but try it!



A single package does at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes, morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china you use on special occasions, but the regular everyday dishes as well.

Dishes so clean and lustrous!

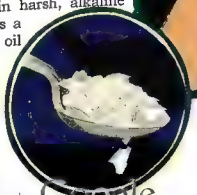
No cloudy, dull surfaces left on your tumblers, no soapy streaks on silver and dishes.

Just a swish of your dishmop in the pure Lux suds—and out come your dishes—clean and sparkling.

Lux is so speedy—so wonderfully satisfactory.

Instead of tiresome waiting for bar soap to melt or fussing to beat up a lather with an awkward soap shaker—all of the old time "getting ready" to wash dishes—here are tissue-thin flakes that dissolve the very instant the hot water touches them.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



One teaspoonful makes the water soapy all through

As easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FLOORS: OLD AND NEW

BY RUTH DUTILH JENKINS

THE very first consideration in a new house or an old one, in a new or an old apartment, is the condition of the floors. The walls may be freshly decorated and the woodwork finely finished, but if the floors are worn and scratched, or stains and cracks visible, the charm and desirability of the place have vanished.

"What sort of floors has it?" the prospective renter or purchaser asks of the agent regarding the house in question. "Hard wood? No? Then I don't want it." The place is condemned, sight unseen.

Yet, living along from day to day and year to year in houses and apartments, the floor is perhaps the last thing that receives attention or even consideration. Have we not all been in homes where beautiful and valuable rugs looked dull and uncared for just because they were laid over floors whose finish had long since disappeared? All the cleaning in the world will not restore varnish, or waxing camouflage abuse.

The first question for the housewife is, How can the wood be protected and cared for with the minimum of labor? Then what is the best finish to use? How can old boards be restored to something like their former smoothness and finish?

Homes today must not only have floors that are good-looking and durable, but they must require the least possible care, for, even with vacuum cleaners and dustless mops, the service problem is ever with us, and efficiency in the home demands the best results with the minimum of effort.

In selecting the floors of a new house one may decide between oak, maple, and pine-grain, finish, and manner of laying. Some prefer the dark, neutral background of the oak; others the lighter, clearer tones of the maple.

"My living-room must reflect the out-of-doors," an architect was told by a nature lover. "We must have light and sunshine not only pouring in the windows, but reflected in the walls and floors." A maple flooring has given her just what she wanted, and she finds, in addition to the effect of light and sunshine, she is able to keep the floor clean with little effort. Dust does not show, and when it is removed, brushes off the satin finish easily.

On the other hand, the dark-oak floor is a fine background for richly colored rugs and gives dignity to a room that the lighter flooring can never secure. An oak floor may have any finish, from dark to light, the depth of color depending on the stain and age. Excellent effects may be had, too, from pine, so-called "soft wood," which, if well seasoned and kiln-dried, may be almost as satisfactory as the other woods, and will give the effect desired at much lower cost.

In finish, one chooses between shellac, varnish, and wax. These, like the choice of material, depend on cost, durability, and effect desired.

It is well to have the same finish all over the house, except, perhaps, in the kitchen and bathroom, where cement, tile, or linoleum is preferred. Certainly floors should be of the same material on the same floor. Oak or maple for the living-rooms, maple or pine for the bedrooms, is the accepted choice and may be considered standard. This gives the second floor wood that is cheaper and lighter in effect, leaving the better flooring for the living-rooms on the ground floor.

LINOLEUM SAVES ENDLESS HOURS

The shellacked floor gives a bright, glossy finish, with a hard surface, but one must take into consideration that shellac is only a top-finish, which, when it is worn off, must be scraped down before a new coat can be applied.

Varnish can be used over stain, and has a decided advantage when the wood has little or no grain to consider. The waxed floor takes much longer to secure the soft, well-cared-for look so attractive in such a floor, and must be gone over carefully, first with a filler and perhaps with a stain, but nothing, in time, quite so repays the worker for his trouble as this finish. Kept in good shape, the waxed floor grows increasingly beautiful and attractive as the years pass, and is probably the least care when kept in good condition, of any of the finishes.

New floors, once one has decided on them, taking into consideration cost, effect, and upkeep, may be given little further concern, especially if the new broom-closet holds an oil-mop, waxing-weight, floor-wax, soft brushes, vacuum cleaner, and all the implements necessary to keep the floors in good condition, for no investment pays as well as floor-cleaning equipment of the proper sort. Waxing may be done on hands and knees, but at the expense of an aching back and tired knees, while a dollar or two spent on a weight will save endless fatigue and patience. By all means fit out the broom-closet with adequate tools, unless you want your floors, charming and glossy in their newness, to look worn and uncared for in their neglect.

But old floors! Here the housewife's heart fails her. Landlords are adamant as far as floors are concerned, washing their hands of them as completely as if floors were invisible, and cracks and raw boards only a mental vision of the tenant.

"Floors are all right," said one landlord to me, gazing blindly at the scratched, blistered boards. "Can't do much to do 'em over." That, indeed, is where the "rub" comes in. But if one can bring oneself to do over the floors, he will be rewarded with the feeling of a good job done, a vastly improved home, and, besides, the probability that he can secure any sort of expensive repairs from the same landlord who balked at refinishing the floors! I speak from experience with many kinds of floors and many types of landlords.

It scarcely pays to do over a floor unless one is willing to take the time to do it well; but as the floor is the background of the rooms, and a part of our daily-day life quite as capable of annoying us with its rough spots as delighting us with its smooth restfulness, nothing pays better for any effort expended on it. To cover a worn floor of varnish with another layer is making a bad matter worse. To paint a floor which should have a coat of varnish is only laying up more jobs for oneself.

"How do you like your best-room floor?" a neighbor inquired of me the other day, ushering me into the freshly done-over room, with its fine carpets, blue bed-spread, blue cushions, and *blue* floor! There was no note of contrast, and the floor, one knew, would in a few weeks be a dull drab, worn in spots, with the job all to do over again if one wanted to keep up the fresh, clean look.

In doing over a floor the finish must be first removed, going over it, section by section, with a varnish-remover, wiping this off, and scraping the gummy surface with steel-wool or a broad spattula or flexible knife. When the bare boards are ready for their new coat, go over the surface, removing all splinters and rough places with a hand-plane, if necessary. To fill the cracks is likely to be a waste of time. A varnish-stain will disguise them if deep enough in color.

You may use a varnish-stain which comes ready-mixed, or follow the stain with a shellac. The first is much easier for the amateur to use. When there is no grain to bring out there is no need of more than one coat. The worse the condition of the floor, the darker should be the color of the finish. Dark oak is good, or walnut. Mahogany will only serve to accentuate imperfections and defects.

It is not a difficult task to refinish floors. The hardest part, of course, is in removing the old finish, but if one takes it slowly and does a thorough job, he will be astonished to see how rapidly the work goes, and how small, after all, is the space to be covered, which at first, when everything was taken out of the room, seemed endless.

John and I, in our various moving experience, have had to live with many kinds of floors. But feeling that good rugs require good floors, and that the flooring of one's home is important in the matter of comfort and looks, we have done over floors that might have daunted many another person.

Nothing seems as discouraging to the home-maker as the floor problems. For the renter, with the landlord to reckon with, it is a matter that had best be taken up before the signing of the lease. I shall never forget one landlord who, hastily deciding at the last moment to give us a coat of finish, had the job done a few hours before the vans arrived. We had the pleasure of seeing, in spite of boards and warnings, the varnish move out on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

Food—good Food!
Your strength and vitality depend on it

NO one ever did real justice to himself or his work, if undernourished. You may get plenty of food, and still be underfed, if your food doesn't contain the elements for proper nutrition.

If you eat "de-mineralized" food—food robbed of mineral elements—you are bound to lack the energy and endurance you should have. This is one of the reasons why Grape-Nuts should play an important part in your regular diet.

Grape-Nuts is a highly nutritious food made from wheat and malted barley. It contains the vital mineral elements that are needed to build up strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve—no cooking necessary. A package contains many servings, costing about one cent each. Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, and it is on the menus of hotels, restaurants and lunch-rooms.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

Grape-Nuts FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY HEALTH PRODUCTS

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The PORTRAIT of a GENTLEWOMAN

TODAY, clever women have begun to realize that the secret of being well dressed doesn't lie in looking like everyone else. Untold possibilities are opened to the woman who will study herself and then proceed to the selection of clothes fashioned in that becoming good taste that will make the very most of her natural charms.

A New Book ON Becoming Dress

By JANE HILL

about dressing to type, about health and grace and corsets not much about corsets, but you'll never hear anything more important, so far as being well dressed is concerned, if you live to be a hundred. A copy of "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman" is yours for the asking if you will send your request to The H. W. Gossard Co., 1012F So. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

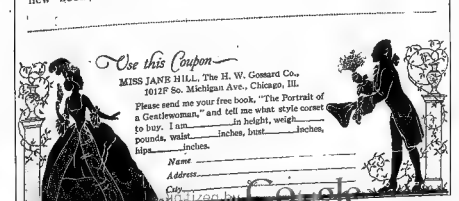
Gossard Type Corsetry

WHEN we get down to the all-important subject of corsets, the understanding of your type gains added importance. All scientific corset designing and all satisfactory corset buying is based on just this fundamental difference between one woman and another.

Everyone has heard about the Nine Ideal Figure Types. But perhaps you haven't been quite sure to which type you belong. Would you like to have this important question settled once and for all? Then read Jane Hill's new book; it tells a great deal

Longerlyne Brassieres

THE ideal brassiere is the Gossard Longerlyne, developed by the same experts who have made the Gossard Corset—and what can one say that is a higher recommendation than that? They give the coveted longer lines to the figure, magic away extra flesh at the diaphragm, and have added length that prevents them from slipping up over the top of the lowest corsets. You'll find them, and Gossard Corsets, moderately priced at the best stores you know.



Use this Coupon

MISS JANE HILL, The H. W. Gossard Co.,
1012F So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free book, "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am ____ in height, weigh ____ pounds, waist ____ inches, bust ____ inches, hips ____ inches.

Name ____

Address ____

City ____

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-In Hospital, New York City

AN OPEN LETTER ON SOME INFECTIOUS DISEASES OF CHILDHOOD

I HAVE six children, ages six months, two years, five years, seven years, nine years, and eleven years. Four of these children go to public schools. Thus far we have been lucky in escaping all of the contagious diseases, but measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox cases have recently developed among our neighbors. Is it worth while to try to prevent my children from having these diseases, or shall I let them become exposed and get it over with while they are young? Please tell me something about these diseases and other common ones of a contagious nature.—Mrs. S. L."

Answer—By no means ever expose a child to any one of the infectious diseases. Very serious lasting results may come from even a mild attack of one of them. Take every precaution to prevent exposure both at home and in school. While your older children would probably be the ones to bring home any of these diseases, the two younger ones would most likely be the greater sufferers if they contracted the infection.

As we grow older we become less likely to contract contagious diseases. Therefore if you can get your children through infancy and early childhood without having had these diseases the chances are that they may escape them entirely.

Here are some facts every mother should know about the most common infectious diseases. "Period of incubation" means the time that usually elapses from the moment a child is exposed to a disease until the first symptoms appear.

PERIOD OF INCUBATION

Measles—9 to 14 days. Scarlet Fever—3 to 6 days. Whooping-Cough 9 to 14 days. German Measles—10 to 16 days (varies greatly). Chicken-Pox—14 to 16 days. Mumps—18 to 21 days. Diphtheria—2 to 5 days (varies considerably).

It is possible that any one of these diseases may develop before or after the periods given here, but these are the averages most often found.

It is now believed that most of these infectious diseases are conveyed to others by discharges from the nose and throat of the sick person. A third person seldom carries measles, German measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, or mumps to another. While it is possible to carry scarlet fever and diphtheria, these diseases also are most likely to be conveyed by direct exposure. In the case of diphtheria the germs of the disease may be in the nose or throat of a person who is called a "carrier," altho this person is not really ill with the disease himself, and if he comes in contact with another person who is susceptible to the disease he may very readily give it to that person. Hence it will be seen how very careful we must be to allow any one to kiss a child on the mouth.

As soon as a child is ill in any way, the mother should put him to bed in a room by himself and keep all others out of this room until he is seen by the family doctor. If more mothers appreciated the importance of this and it were done more frequently much unnecessary illness would be prevented.

If a child is developing measles he usually has a cold in the head, with running nose and red eyes, is fretful and cross, and has some temperature; later on a cough will occur, and from three to five days after the first symptoms the rash will usually develop. It is during the early stage that measles is most often carried to others, as the mother does not isolate the child promptly and harm is done before she knows he has measles. The rash looks first like small red spots, which appear behind the ears and on the face and neck, spreading over the rest of the body gradually and becoming more blotchy as the spots enlarge and join. Often a little white crescent of skin is visible between the red blotches. There is a peculiar odor that comes with measles, and that is very noticeable to any one at all experienced. The child must be placed at once under the care of a doctor and kept isolated for ten days after the rash has disappeared, or while there is any sign of discharge from the nose, throat, or ears.

In cases of chicken-pox, very often the child is not ill enough to attract attention until the rash appears. He may have some temperature, with a general feeling of illness and restlessness. The little red pimples are scattered over the body, especially the back, and may be seen in the mouth in most cases. These turn into vesicles or blisters, then scabs or crusts form, which finally drop off, in some cases leaving a little white scar, but in many others leaving no mark at all. The child must be strictly isolated until all crusts have dropped off. This usually takes about three weeks.

When a child is developing whooping-cough, it can not be told from an ordinary cold and cough for the first few days. Gradually marked paroxysms of coughing occur, with frequent vomiting in many cases. The child gets red in the face. Within a short time after the paroxysms develop the characteristic "whoop" will be heard. There is seldom any fever unless complications set in. The child must be kept away from others for at least six weeks, or while any cough remains. It is a crime to expose other children to this disease. Tuberculosis and other very serious complications sometimes result, and no one has the right to take any risks. A doctor must be called.

Scarlet fever begins suddenly with a sore throat, fever, vomiting, and within one or two days at the most the typical rash appears. This is like a bright-red blush on the neck and chest, but quickly spreads over the rest of the body in most cases. In a few it is confined to a limited area. Later as the rash fades the skin will desquamate or peel. The patient must be kept away from others in very strict isolation for at least three weeks, or longer if there is any peeling of the skin or discharge from the nose, throat, or ears. A doctor must be in constant charge of the case.

Diphtheria begins with a sore throat and often swelling of the glands of the neck. The temperature is usually not especially very high at first. Grayish-white patches will be seen on the tonsils. These spread rapidly unless prompt treatment is given. The croup form resembles ordinary croup, but comes on much more gradually, and there is generally very difficult breathing as the membrane spreads in the larynx. Newg neglect any kind of sore throat, even for a moment. Isolate the child and send for a doctor.

If diphtheria is treated promptly with antitoxin a very large percentage of cases are saved; if neglected or postponed the majority are lost. The child must be kept away from others until three negative cultures have been taken from the nose or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Blank for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

THE NEW KIND OF FARMHOUSE

The Sixth Article of Our Valuable Series, "Planning the House to Save Labor"

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

MR. YATES aimed at scientific farming, but there was one thing that held him back—lack of intelligent help. Being a highly intelligent man himself and a graduate of the State Agricultural College, he applied his intelligence to solving his problems.

He owned a farmhouse larger than the average one—large enough so that the barn, set back a goodly distance, did not entirely overshadow it, which is not the case with most barns and farmhouses. And it was a well-planned farmhouse as farmhouses go, since it had a center hall, a front porch, a back porch with a wash-basin on a shelf so that the farm-hands did not have to go to the kitchen to wash up, and there was running water for the sink and laundry-tubs. It had a wood-shed attached to the kitchen, which also served as a bathroom for the family, and Mrs. Yates did not have to run out in all kinds of weather for kindling. But, after all, it was a house planned with little thought for saving labor—planned in the days when house-planning and housekeeping were separate and distinct subjects, and were so treated.

The farm itself bore evidence of being operated by a man of foresight, for Mr. Yates had a tractor, a corn-binder, and a manure-spreader, and he had built one of the first silos in that part of the country. His experience had taught him the value of economics for farm labor as well as factory, but he knew little of housekeeping, and he had not applied his knowledge and experience to it.

So Mrs. Yates found farm life very different from what she thought it would be in the days before her marriage, when as a teacher she spent her school vacations at a roomy farmhouse where she saw nothing that would detract from the pleasure of Summer boarders, and where she absorbed the enthusiasm of the young agricultural student, who occupied so much of her time and thought. In her own home, instead of coming to a table loaded with fresh food from the garden, she spent hours preparing the food for her family and the farm-hands, and she came to the table tired and worn, and was impossible to procure—the work being so much harder than domestic service in town. True, she had an oil-stove for Summer-time and both a fireless cooker and a pressure-cooker, which the home-demonstration agent had persuaded her to get, but there was much additional work to be done that these two valuable devices could not effect. She could occasionally get a neighbor's daughter to help with the washing, but that was all.

Then one day last Summer a fortunate calamity occurred. Mrs. Yates scratched her arm on the jagged edge of the wash-tub. She was a busy woman; she paid little attention to a scratch at any time, and this day it was nearly time for the noonday meal. She not only did not apply an antiseptic to the scratch, but she did not wash it or bind it up. In a few days poisoning set in, and in a few more days the doctor said she must be hurried to the nearest hospital.

After days of careful nursing at the hospital she was ready to go home with a sound arm, but not before she had made the rounds of the hospital and seen its method of housekeeping. Why, say one woman there, with electrical machinery, did in a few hours heavier work than she could do at home in a day! There they were, doing the laundrying, the cleaning, the cooking, for so many people, and talking about their work in pretty much the same vein as her husband talked of his—to them it was a profession. So Mrs. Yates went home with something to think about.

When she arrived she learned of the twin to her calamity—the barn and silo had been burned to the ground. Her husband's mind was already made up: this was the second time in his experience that a fire had devastated a part of his premises through the medium of a kerosene-lantern. He had a catalog of an electric-lighting system for the farm. After the installation the cost of operation would be slight. He had been thinking about the purchase of one of these systems for some time, anyway, for really scientific farming could not be carried on successfully on a big scale unless provisions were made for taking care of the details by some other means than human labor. It was worth while putting in the electric plant, and his barns did not seem to be safe without it.

Mrs. Yates had been reading about labor-saving devices for the home—the same things that were used by the women in the hospital, but in smaller sizes. It was then she wrote to the author of this series detailing her work and stating her needs. She asked first what it would cost to equip her house with a good grade of electric vacuum cleaner, washing-machine, ironing-machine, dish-washing machine, and sewing-machine, and she sent the floor-plan, requesting information on just the best locations for placing the devices that required pipe-connections.

When she got the list back with prices, *womanlike*, she hesitated at the total cost, for she had spent little money on saving labor for herself, Mr. Yates, however, saw the list, and, *manlike*, he recognized immediately the economic value of the articles for saving his wife. He thought of the hospital bill and the anxiety he had suffered when they were not sure that Mrs. Yates would come home at all to her family.

Well, they would make a fresh start. The old way wasn't a success—they would revolutionize the farm, and with the order for the electric plant for the farm was mailed another order for a cloth-washer, a gasoline-heated and electrically operated ironing-machine, and a vacuum cleaner. The first two would cost less than what they paid to the neighbor's daughter in a year for her help only a part of the time, while the vacuum cleaner would prevent Mrs. Yates getting too tired out to do anything else on cleaning-days.

Then Mrs. Yates and the writer of this series put their heads together. A few changes in the plan of kitchen and pantry for systematizing the work would cost little as the season when farm-hands were not greatly in demand and could be pressed into doing carpentry instead of farming work.

The kitchen, instead of being left as one large room, all of which had to be cleaned if any part became dirty, was divided into two rooms, one of which was made into a combined dining and sitting-room for the men, with a direct entrance from the porch so that the men would not have to enter the kitchen first. The ironing-machine and ironing-board (hinged to the wall) were also placed in this room so that the ironing might be done in it during the day while the men were at work.

The sink was removed from its location thirteen feet from the range and placed conveniently between the coal-range and the oil-stove, while the washing-machine and tubs occupied the space formerly occupied by the sink, and the washing-machine was connected with the plumbing.

Mrs. Yates is planning for an electric dish-washer, which she feels will be a great saving with a large family. This will be placed far enough from the sink so that the person working at the sink or drain-boards would not be hampered should another person attend to the dish-washer's location, and when the dishes are taken from the machine they will be placed in the cupboard without an additional step.

There is a place near at hand for a portable kitchen cabinet, while a closet for pots and pans, and scouring-powders was built in the corner near the sink, the bottom of which opened for a "lift," leaving as a cooler to send certain foods to the cold-storage room below. An opening in the outside wall of this closet made it an open air-shelf for keeping foods cool. A broom-closet was partitioned off part of the storage-room, which was now divided into a pantry, with cupboards and place for an electric ice-box, which is to come in the future, and a dining-alcove for family use was added. Closets for coats and for the use of the men were placed

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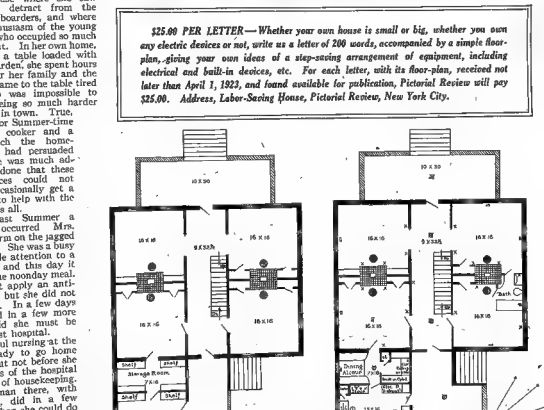
AN ELECTRIC DISH-WASHER WITH HANDY CUPBOARDS BUILT OVER IT

***$25.00 PER LETTER**—Whether your own house is small or big, whether you own any electric devices or not, write us a letter of 200 words, accompanied by a simple floor-plan, giving your own ideas of a step-saving arrangement of equipment, including electrical and built-in devices, etc. For each letter, with its floor-plan, received not later than April 1, 1923, and found available for publication, Pictorial Review will pay $25.00. Address, Labor-Saving House, Pictorial Review, New York City.*



THE ORIGINAL FLOOR-PLAN THE REARRANGEMENT

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PICTORIAL REVIEW HOME BUREAU

THE NEW KIND OF FARMHOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

between the kitchen and the men's room, while shelves were placed in the space in the entry between, serving for storage purposes and as a serving-counter for food.

The coal, which was previously kept in the cellar and brought up the stairs scuttle by scuttle, is now brought up in a metal-lined box on a "lift" or dumb-waiter through the floor, and under the hinged drain-board nearest the range, and all wood and kindling which had been stored in the wood-shed was likewise placed in the cellar and transferred to the kitchen by means of the "lift." A dumb-waiter requires some space for the mechanism, and incurs some expense.

One box filled with coal and wood now lasts two days. Aside from avoiding several trips a day to the cellar, everything is sent up at the same time, and since coal and kindling remain in the wood-box until used, there are no coal and splinters to sweep up from the floor.

BEFORE Summer comes again the porch is to be extended seven feet in width, to be used as a family sitting-room much of the time, while the men's meals will be served there in hot weather, and much of the work, such as sewing, preparing vegetables, churning, etc., will be transferred to this comfortable spot, thus saving wear and tear on the rest of the house. A bathroom, exclusively for the men, was placed on the end of the porch.

The dining-room is being restored to its culinary dignity for use when desired, and a bathroom built from part of one of the first-floor bedrooms, and an additional bath and two bedrooms are being fitted up from the attic space.

The attic over the kitchen, instead of being one big space, is being divided into separate and individual sleeping-compartments for the men.

Coal and kindling for the heating-stoves are stored under the main part of the house and sent up in a metal-lined box by means of another "lift" through the floor of one of the dining-room closets. This box is on wheels so that it may be rolled to the other rooms with its supply of fuel.

The floor of the men's sitting-room is to be painted a bottle-green, easily washed, while the floors of the kitchen, pantry, dining-room, and maid's room will be covered with heavy linoleum, carefully waxed for preservation, and saving much fatigue to feet, spine, nerves, and muscles. The porch floor will be slanted and painted with outdoor paint, and a hose attached to a wash-tub faucet will be employed to wash it off with the expenditure of little labor, since the water will drain off.

On the farm the electric plant shells the corn; it operates the feed-cutter and milks the cows (in one-fourth the time it formerly took to do the milking by hand), and soon it will be operating the fanning-mill, the Pasteurizer, the grindstone, the sausage-grinder, the meat-chopper, and the cream-separator. Indoors, in addition to supplying light, thereby eliminating forever that dirty task of cleaning and filling kerosene-lamps, it furnishes the current for the vacuum cleaner, the clothes-washer, the ironer, the wringer, and the electric iron, and before the next Fall's sewing comes along Mrs. Yates expects it to be ready to run the electric sewing-machine, operate the electric dish-washer, and churn the milk.

Already family life and farm life are happier. Mrs. Yates has systematized her work and planned a schedule, and she has learned that her own frame of mind and her own attitude toward housework react on her family. Farm life at last, through the medium of electricity, is becoming what she had pictured it in the days before she assumed the responsibility of home and family.

In the Lowlands

(EVENING)

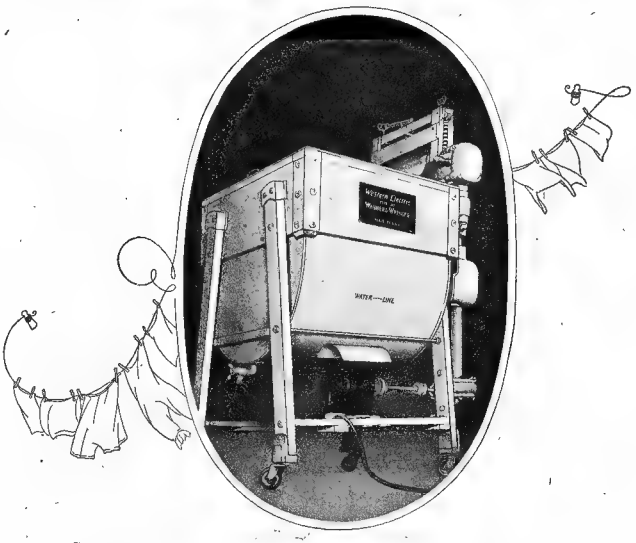
BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

WHITE, fleecy clouds against the sky,
Like sheep within the evening fold—
On the dull surface of a pool
The sunset's transitory gold.

A languid dwindling of the light—
The chirping of an insect throng—
And from a covert of the swamp
The whippoorwill's eccentric song.

Bats, leather-winged, in zigzag flight,
Reeling across the sultry dark—
And at the thicket's tangled edge
A firefly's fitful, throbbing spark.



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You can depend on your Western Electric Washer to work right because it was built right. Engineers who know their business took care of that.

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Go to your Western Electric dealer before next washday. Get him to send one of these washers to your home for a trial. It will never go back.

Send for booklet. "The Eight Hour Day in the Home." How to save your time and strength. Write to Western Electric Co., 199 Broadway, New York.

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Quaker Oats has taught the love of oats to millions the world over.

In fifty nations Quaker is the favorite brand,

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Here we flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel. Oats differ as does fruit.

Some are puny and insipid. Some have the richest flavor Nature gives to grain.

If you believe in oat-food—know how children need it—then always get this super-flavor. Make the oat dish a delight.

Even this grade costs but one-half cent per dish.

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Think what Nature gives to Oats

The oat supplies 16 food elements. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food.

In this dish children get the minerals they need, the body-building elements. Millions of others suffer for the lack.

As vim-food oats are rated at 1810 calories per pound.

Wise mothers serve oats daily, for safety's sake.

packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

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BETTER MARRIAGE IS WITHIN REACH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

which to secure a divorce at home, or who wish to cloak the real cause, migrate in endless file because in those States no questions are asked, and a residence sufficient to get a divorce can be acquired in a few months? Does it not naturally follow that the inhabitants who get their living from this unsavory commerce control votes enough to keep the bars down and to let the traffic continue? Indeed, the cynics say that the people of our country wink at these resorts, looking upon them as convenient sinks for washing dirty linen. A liberal uniform national marriage and divorce law would rid society of these pest-houses and go far toward curing the numberless other abuses and injustices of our interstate confusion.

And the marriage laws are even more deplorable. Whereas the divorce scandal is notorious and all know about it, heretofore only experts and students have realized how cruelly and ignorantly the young have been permitted to misstep. That hardy offshoot of liberty—the idea that marriage is nobody's business except the contracting parties—has offered constant encouragement to ill-considered or dangerous mating by neglecting to restrain the marriage of the very young, the feeble-minded, and the diseased. And this is found to spell disaster for family concord and welfare of offspring. There is a notion, extant in the minds of many young people that even courts have no right to impose an age limit on sexual impulse and that society becomes "highbrow" when it puts obstacles in the way of childbirth that has the hallmark of wedlock. The details of the disparity in our marriage laws and the evils which flow from their laxity and contradiction have been recently set forth in these pages to justify repetition.

THE Moralists and clergy would have us believe that our epidemic of divorce springs from increasing lack of reverence for the sanctity of marriage. They claim that the family is disintegrating not merely from lack of mutual forbearance between husbands and wives, but from a lower moral conception of this relation. However this may be, I am firm in the belief that a uniform marriage law would do more to stiffen the moral fiber of the American people than any other piece of legislation. The flabbiest spots in our spiritual tissue are not always the most advertised. The ignorant, weak-kneed, easygoing optimism, unregarding as free, that keeps the safeguards of matrimony at the lowest level for its own benefit is one of the steadiest contributors to the divorce-hopper. And here let me interject that if the rank and file of the clergy were only as zealous in challenging unsuitable applicants for marriage as they are in later condemning the sundering of the tie, there would be fewer domestic catastrophies. The runaway finds constantly an accomplice in the wearer of holy orders. As our countryman, Dr. Howard, says in the closing pages of his treatise, "A History of Matrimonial Institutions": "What proper check is society placing upon the marriage of the unfit? Is there any boy or girl so immature, if only the legal age of consent has been reached; is there any 'delinquent' so dangerous through inherited tendencies to disease or crime; is there any worn-out debauchee who can not succeed in finding a magistrate or priest to tie the sacred knot?"

It is "up to" the club-women of the United States to take upon themselves a reasonable check upon hasty or unsuitable marriage, and the way to do this is through a uniform national marriage law.

BUT what shall we do, you ask, and how shall we get one? At the start you are sure to be told by doubting or cautious souls, most of them, that the panacea of a Constitutional amendment for marriage and divorce evil has often been hopefully mooted and as often reluctantly dropped. And why dropped? Because the unlikelihood of being able to induce the citizens of three-fourths of the States to sink their communistic idiosyncrasies in favor of some compromise to benefit the nation caused the promoters to take a back seat and murmur, "It's no use to try." They closed their ears in anticipation of the outcry of forty-eight sovereign peoples that "our laws to protect the sanctity of the home are good enough for us. Do you think we would vote to change them at the bidding of highbrows?"

Their fear was the counsel of the fainthearted, yet until recently it was justified. The tenacity of local sentiment and of the doctrine of States' rights fitly dies hard and yields only to the ardor of aroused conviction. But now a new force is in the field—the voting power of woman. And if she whole-heartedly organizes in defense of her imperiled ideals, the home, and proclaims from East to West and North to South that the time has come for all who love their country to harmonize their differences on this vital issue, it can not be doubted that the citizens of three-fourths of the several States will fall into line and ratify any reasonable marriage and divorce law which Congress shall pass. The American people, if this issue is clearly set before them by a nation-wide campaign of education, are too intelligent not to see the need of such a law.

I have deliberately put the cart before the horse in order to visualize what will remain to be done after Congress acts. The initial, the immediate step, of course, is to persuade Congress to propose an amendment to the Constitution giving itself power to pass a national marriage and divorce law. In order to do this the women must persuade the Senators and Representatives that they, the women, are so deeply in earnest and deem the measure so vital to the welfare of the nation that "no" can not be the answer.

AS FOR the bill which will follow in due course, it is as certain as the rising sun that Congress would not support an illiberal bill, one either niggardly with respect to reasonable grounds for divorce or onerous from its impediments to marriage. The majority of divorces occur because people are unhappy, and when a tangible ground is sought they are liable to invent one if the statute does not fit their case. The courts are practically powerless against collusion, and students of social results are agreed that the more stringent the laws the less likely are the figures to conform to the actual number of estrangements and separations or to indicate their genuine cause. Similarly, too great a restriction of matrimony would tend merely to increase the number of illegitimate children. What is required is a measure which, making due allowance for human frailty and ignorance, rescues the institution of marriage in this country from its present chaos of abhorrent contradictions and puts it on a plane where the legal provisions for it and its dissolution are everywhere the same.

The bill, however intelligently prepared, will be inevitably challenged in its details. Everybody can not be pleased at the start. It is likely to be assailed both by the "wets" and the "drys" of the divorce tangle. But this is a matter of particulars. The first and instantly imperative step is to have the bill, when drawn, introduced. Then to advise Congress that it is there and that the women of the United States are solidly back of it. I do not need to tell how to reach the ears of Congress. Merely concentrate the facilities for mass action already at the disposal of the women on the Senators and Representatives of the individual States. A barrage-fire such as can be brought to bear upon them will oblige them to pay serious heed to the proposal and to give it the fullest hearing.

But let me here anticipate and dispose of one last deterrent by which the discouraged or the artful will seek to frustrate this great movement. More than twenty years ago, at the instance of the critics of confusion gathered at Washington, a number of States agreed to try, by Uniform Laws Commissions, to harmonize the general lack of conformity in the laws, including those dealing with marriage and divorce. Ten years have elapsed since these commissions, representing the best legal and moral intelligence of the nation, approved for adoption a wise and reasonable Marriage Act and a Uniform Divorce Act of equal merit. The hope was that so many States would be ready to alter their laws that substantial uniformity would gradually result.

AND what has been the actual accomplishment? Summarizing a year ago, I wrote: "Up to 1918 the Marriage License Act has been adopted in only 2 out of 51 States and Territories, the Marriage Evasion Act in only 5, and the Uniform Divorce Act (a new draft approved in 1907) in only 3. A pitiful showing from the point of view of readiness to subordinate community sentiment to a carefully considered code that would unify the laws in their application to family life from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Understand why these results have been so meager. The several Legislatures have failed to act because there was no public agitation in favor of the changes. Only the experts appeared in advocacy of them. What is everybody's business becomes nobody's business, and the public conscience has sidestepped the issue with the happy-go-lucky shibboleth "Let George do it." This sluggish attitude will continue indefinitely unless the women make it their business to transmute it into a wave of moral indignation.

All authorities are agreed that a Federal amendment, and a Federal law enforced by State court machinery, is the preferable way to a better marriage and divorce system. If we were to wait for the forty-eight States to pass uniform laws, it would be the millennium before they could be brought to agreement. And even then, at any time, each or any of the States could, if so disposed, pass additional laws to nullify the uniformity. A Federal law authorized by a Constitutional amendment becomes a law everywhere in the United States when ratified by the Legislatures of three-quarters of the States.

Women of the country, put the powerful shoulder of your group vote to the wheel and keep it there. Do not be discouraged if, at first, the way is hard. Remember! A Presidential election is only two years ahead, and you can make a national uniform marriage and divorce law a plank in the platform of each of the two great political parties. Take the way of victory. Preserve the fabric of our national family life. You, and you alone, can do it!

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No More Gray Hair—Says Science

Wonderful, Clean, Colorless Liquid Restores Normal Color Results in a Week

Secret Sought by Thousands Now Revealed

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering: "She is showing her age. See how gray she is?"

Or are you a man still full of the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old" for active service because your hair is gray?

But no matter how gray your hair, you have it in your power to see it restored to its former color with all the glossy richness which it showed in early years.

"I have tried so many things," you say. "All the hair dyes ever sold, and yet you see——"

Forget the failures. They are past. Now you are to be told the secret of restoring the natural color with a wonderful, clean, colorless liquid. You are to be shown how in the privacy of your own room, with hardly an effort, you can make a change which will bring youth to your appearance, joy to your heart.

A Remarkable Treatment At Your Service

This treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, and containing properties which quickly restore the lost color to the hair and give it renewed vigor. Simply apply it to the scalp and hair and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And surprising as it may seem, this preparation is not sticky, greasy or messy, and it will not stain the skin. It is as agreeable to apply as water.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now also you have the means of banishing your grayness in the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

Nature's Aid—A Tonic to Scalp and Hair

Kolor-Bak is actually a scalp and hair tonic because of its cleansing, stimulating qualities which promote health and strength—thus aiding Nature to bring about a normal condition of the hair.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. The hair will be the same color from scalp to tips—it will not be dark on top and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded. Having this uniformity in the restored color is quite as important as getting rid of your grayness.

You not only have this uniformity, but you see your hair come back to the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blond it becomes blond. The one clean, colorless solution does for all.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillæ) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair, or lack of circulation, etc.

It is simply amazing to see how the grayness disappears when Kolor-Bak is used, no matter what the cause of the grayness.

A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scalp matter which impedes circulation and evidently destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles. Thus it helps to keep the hair from becoming brittle or falling out. By removing the cause of the trouble, it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

This Guarantee is Your Protection

You need not accept our statements that Kolor-Bak will do all we say. With every full treatment we send our legal, written binding agreement and guarantee—

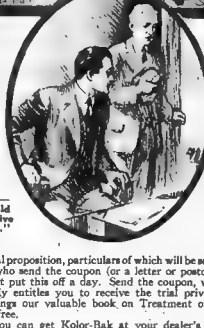
—That Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.

Always—Youthful Appearance Wins Admiration

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and was becoming grayer and grayer. It was falling out. I began to look older. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair. I was simply amazed at the astonishing change produced by only a few applications of Kolor-Bak. The itching stopped with the first application. The dandruff disappeared. My hair soon stopped coming out. The most wonderful thing of all, however, is that my hair is again its original natural color—not one single gray hair to be found in my head. I look ten years younger and I really feel that much younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!

(A typical letter)



Gray haired—"Too old for active service."

Thousands Tell You How Kolor-Bak Helped Them

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak," writes a grateful man who owes to Kolor-Bak the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position.

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Send for Our Trial Offer to Readers of Pictorial Review

We invite every reader of Pictorial Review who has gray hair or who suffers from itching scalp, dandruff or falling hair to prove Kolor-Bak without risking a penny.

To give you all the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent to those who send the coupon (or a letter or postcard).

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which not only entitles you to receive the trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free.

Or you can get Kolor-Bak at your dealer's with our money back guarantee.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratories.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 395, Chicago

Please send your Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

Name .....

Address .....

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of as measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking
LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR
LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL
LORAIN

Solving the Problem of the Daily Dinner

A WOMAN'S greatest pleasure lies in doing things that increase the happiness of her family. Day after day, setting aside her own wishes, she remains at home in order that the appetites of her family may be satisfied.

If she *does* go away, a-visiting, shopping or to church, she is usually compelled to return early or penalized by being forced to prepare a meal under conditions that tend to destroy the joy of well-spent hours.

Sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing —all these can be done at any time, postponed if necessary from one day to another. But, the getting of a satisfactory dinner—*that* must be done every day and on time. Thus the getting of dinner is frequently a problem *unless* you own a gas range equipped with the wonderful Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

The woman who owns a Lorain-equipped Gas Range has no dinner-problem. She need only place *all* the foods to be baked, boiled or roasted, in the magic oven, set the RED WHEEL at the specified temperature and go where she pleases for from three to five hours. The daily dinner will be perfectly cooked, ready to serve at meal time, and have even a better flavor than the most carefully watched meal.

Nor is this *all* that the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range will accomplish for you. It will cook *perfectly* every flaky pastry, every juicy roast, every feather-light biscuit, every savory vegetable, EXACTLY THE SAME—EVERY TIME—AND WITHOUT ANY ATTENTION WHATSOEVER during the cooking process.

During the summer months you will be able to can fruits and vegetables in the oven, right in the glass jars—quickly, easily and with assured success as to flavor, color, and keeping-qualities.

Wherever gas is available you'll find dealers who sell one of the six famous makes of gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Go to the nearest dealer and ask him to explain and demonstrate to you the remarkable advantages of these famous ranges.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 63 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 63 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of the Lorain Fish Dinner Menu with Recipes.
I have checked my favorite stove.
Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain Regulator"

DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

ST. PATRICK'S POTATO SOCIAL

BY NETTIE R. MILLER

THE women of a church society wished to raise some money for a special object. Each one was asked to raise a certain amount, earning it herself, and at the end of the allotted time an experience social was held at which each participant told her experience.

As it was in March, one woman, who had a large house, gave a potato social on the evening of St. Patrick's day. This social could be given at some other time if desired.

The invitations were written on brown paper cut in the shape of potatoes, and each guest was asked to bring his funniest Irish story.

The admission was fifteen cents. A potato supper was served on the cafeteria plan. The dining-room was arranged to represent an Irish cottage. The floors were bare, the tables plain and unpainted. Straight chairs were used, also heavy china with wooden platters and bowls. An old woman with a shawl over her head sat near the door knitting lace, while girls with dark print dresses, kerchiefs, and aprons served the food. Menus, which were cut from brown paper in the shape of potatoes, were fastened on the walls of the room, and consisted of dishes carrying out the potato idea rather than adhering to the law of balanced rations. The bill of fare was as follows:

Scalloped potatoes	10 cents
Potato biscuits	5 cents
Potato fritters	10 cents
Potato salad	15 cents
Potato croquettes	10 cents
Potato custard	10 cents
Potato spice-cake	5 cents
Coffee	5 cents

The guests were given punched checks by the waitresses, and they paid the cashier as they passed out. One of the women sold coconut potato candy throughout the evening, from which she netted the sum of five dollars.

For decorations ropes of green and white tissue-paper were festooned about the rooms, with here and there bunches of small potatoes.

The most awkward part of a social is when the guests are first arriving. To avoid formality the hostess arranged a hunt for partners. Potatoes, cut from brown cardboard, were hidden about the rooms. On the men's potatoes were questions which were answered on the women's potatoes by some word or expression containing "green," as follows:

1. A delicious apple?
2. A plan?
3. A tree?
4. Mountains in Vermont?
5. A place where flowers are kept?
6. An inexperienced person?
7. A dealer in fresh vegetables?
8. A room in a theater?
9. The kind of a back we all want?
10. A bird?
11. Turf?
12. Poison?
13. A tree of the laurel family?
14. State of being green?
15. A kind of sand?
16. A sauce made from sorrel?
17. A tropical climbing orchid?
18. The forest in leaf?
19. The nickname of a State?
20. A market for vegetables?
21. A young goose?
22. A seaweed?
23. The name of a popular girls' book?
24. Jealousy?
25. Pertaining to an English mathematician?

1. Greening.
2. Green-gage.
3. Evergreen.
4. Green Mountains.
5. Greenhouse.
6. Greenhorn.
7. Greengrocer.
8. Greenroom.
9. Greenback
10. Greenfinch.
11. Greensward.
12. Paris green.
13. Greenheart.
14. Greenhood.
15. Greensand.
16. Greensauce.
17. Greenwithe.
18. Greenwood.
19. Green Mountain State.
20. Green-stall.
21. Green goose.
22. Greenlaver.
23. "Anne of Green Gables"
24. Green eyes.
25. Greenian.

When each one had secured a potato, the man searched for the woman who had the potato containing the answer to his question. This hunt broke the ice and created much amusement.

A very brief program of music and recitations was given, and a young woman and a young man in the garb of Irish peasants performed some Irish folk-dances.

The guests were then given little brown-paper booklets for the contests. Each of the contests counted so many points for the winner, and at the end of the evening a prize was awarded the one who had gained the largest number of points. Each guest put down in his contest-book the number of points won in any contest.

Next was feeding potatoes to the pigs. A wide-mouthed quart-jar was placed on a table. Each contestant was then blindfolded, some small potatoes were placed in his hand, and he was told to feed the pig. The one who succeeded in getting the most potatoes into the jar received five points toward the prize.

A small blackboard was placed at one end of the room, on which the contestants, blindfolded, were asked to draw a potato. The one who drew the most natural potato scored five points. This contest was very amusing and created much fun.

After this a small basket of potatoes was brought in, and the guests were asked to guess the number of potatoes in the basket. The one guessing most nearly the correct number won five points.

Next, six contestants abreast ran a potato race. A small potato was placed on the back of the hand to be carried across the room and dropped into a wide-mouthed jar. The one who first performed this feat won ten points.

Each guest was next provided with a potato and a small, sharp vegetable-knife and told to carve a pig from the potato. Fifteen minutes were allowed for this feature, and the one who, in the opinion of the judges, carved the best pig had fifteen points to his credit.

The last contest was the telling of Irish stories, a committee of three being appointed to decide which was the funniest story, and the winner in this contest received ten points.

When the contest-books were collected and the points counted, a prize was awarded the one having the largest number of points to his credit.

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE COMMUNITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

A Successful Nursery

I AM writing to tell you what the city of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, has done in the way of community housekeeping.

Mayaguez is the third largest city of Porto Rico. Situated on the western coast of the Island, it has a thriving commerce. Since the Agricultural Experimental Station is located here, there is usually a large colony of Americans.

The chief industry of this part of the island is coffee-planting. The women of Porto Rico usually harvest this crop, leaving their large families of children at home alone when the coffee season begins.

The Presbyterians have established a thriving mission on the Playa, one of the poorest districts of the city. They have a fine new building with every modern convenience. One of the missionary teachers while visiting the poorer homes found very often several small children alone in the house—their mothers and fathers were off at work. Most of these children were left alone without food all day unless some neighbor remembered them. This was told to some of the American women of the colony, and they at once resolved to do something.

All agreed that what was needed was a Community Day Nursery. As the Playa is such a very poor district, it was decided to operate from there. The Presbyterian Mission offered the American women a big room in their building for this purpose. One of the doctors of the town made out a balanced food ration for the babies. There was no trouble in getting the children. As soon as the mothers found out that there was a place where they could leave their babies in the mornings and return for them at night, they seized the opportunity.

This nursery has been active for more than a year now. At first started by a few Americans, it has now grown until it entertains the Porto Rican community as well as the American colony. The babies are taken care of by two competent women. There is a small kitchen where good, wholesome food is prepared three times a day.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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WHAT SURPRISED THE CHEF

Real Cream in Cream Soups

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed a noted chef, who was visiting the "Home of the 57," "You don't mean to tell me that you put *real cream* in your cream-soups!"

His specialty was cream soups. His exclamation of surprise came when he saw the great cans of real cream, fresh from the dairy, waiting to be made into Heinz Cream Soups.

"Of course!" was the reply. "What else?"

"But I never use cream in my cream soups—or even milk. It isn't necessary. Nobody notices the difference."

He was told, however, that real cream was necessary for Heinz Cream Soups.

Doesn't the label say "Cream"?

When a Heinz Soup is called "Cream Soup" it is because it is *made with real cream.*

When Heinz Beans are called "Oven Baked" it is because they are *really baked in dry heat ovens.*

"Pure" means *pure,* and there are 57 Varieties of HEINZ *pure food products.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
57 Varieties

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A muffin a day
is the natural way

Pillsbury's Health Bran

Here's Health!

THERE is health insurance for all your family in the generous use of Pillsbury's Health Bran. Everyone recognizes the healthfulness of bran, but not every housewife knows the *real* superiority of Pillsbury's—what tempting, golden-brown muffins it makes—and delicious cookies—and rich, wholesome bread.

Just as nature grew it

Since bran is a natural food and a natural laxative, it should come to you just as nature grew it. Pillsbury's is not cooked or doctored in any way before you buy it. It is not an artificial product, but nature's own contribution to your family's health.

You can serve Pillsbury's Health Bran with full confidence that the crisp, clean, coarse flakes of selected bran reach you untampered—just sterilized and packed in air-tight cartons to keep intact the rich, nut-like flavor and health-giving properties.

Special Pillsbury recipes

There is nothing better than bran to give the system the cleansing "roughage" it requires. There is no better bran than Pillsbury's. And there are no better ways to prepare it than with the special Pillsbury recipes on the Pillsbury package. Buy it and try it today.

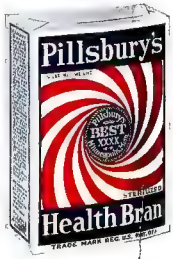
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury Recipe

BRAN MUFFINS: 2 cups Pillsbury's Health Bran, 2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk [lukewarm], ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon of shortening, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ cup water. Beat shortening, egg and sugar together until creamy. To the sour milk add the soda dissolved in the water [boiling], then the bran, flour, salt, baking powder and the egg and sugar mixture. Mix thoroughly and divide into buttered gem pans and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Sweet milk may be used by substituting 3 teaspoons of baking powder for the soda and baking powder specified above.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Durum Flour
Farina



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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE COMMUNITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

There is also a small bathroom where each child is bathed every day. Twenty-five babies is about the average number a day, but often there are more. The expense for feeding and caring for them is small. Usually seventy-five dollars a month will cover expenses. This sum is raised by the Mayagüez community.

Each month a meeting is held by the Community Council. The babies are discussed from A to Z. An inspection of the babies' quarters and food is made. Recently enough money was raised to purchase a pair of scales for weighing the children. "Better babies for Mayagüez" is now our slogan.

A community baby nurse has just arrived, so from now on we expect to reach a greater number of babies and work more efficiently.

The next thing in the way of community work will be a community club for the mothers of our babies. The project is looming very large on the horizon at the present time of writing. There is a great need in Porto Rico for this kind of work.

Irene M. Moore, Mayagüez, Porto Rico.

A Community Garden

BEFORE we started our community house-cleaning by means of a garden competition, Woodridge was sometimes known as Mudridge. It was a suburban community in the District of Columbia and was much in need of many improvements, including streets. Then came the garden competition, with a well-laid plan behind it, which included something for the thoroughfares as well as the properties they were supposed to serve.

The garden competition was launched at a meeting of the local citizens' association, and prizes were established for grounds, lawns, vegetable gardens, and the like. Merchants gave appropriate prizes, such as mowers, hose, wheelbarrows, rakes, garden sets, seeds, and plants. An artist in the community designed certificates of award, individually handwritten and handsome enough to deserve framing by their winners. Before the final judgment a local committee eliminated the places that were plainly not in the running, and told the board of final award that it was simply to sift and rate the best that were left.

The judges were chosen with care, not to say perspicacity. One was a qualified horticulturist of the Federal Department of Agriculture, who knew the technique of gardening; another was an architect who knew the value of a landscape ensemble; and the third was the head of the District of Columbia government, who knew the value of the newspapers for publicity purposes, and realized that the Woodridgers were starting a new thing that would get lots of space for descriptions and pictures of the winning places in the newspapers. Besides, Woodridge had long been importuning for improvements, and he saw in the visit on the judging committee the chance to get acquainted with the suburb at firsthand, to see with his own eyes the traffic routes that to him were nothing more than two parallel white lines on a blue-print.

The Woodridge committee offered to furnish automobiles, but the city father had his own, and furnished the sense of the home grounds on the worst streets were included in the finals. Providentially it rained the day before the judgment, and one of these worst streets, still ungraded, tho of the required width of sixty feet, was about six feet deep in water in the hollows and puddles. In this street the commissioner's car bogged down hopelessly and broke an axle, thus proving beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the street was no street at all. The city father's chauffeur carried him and the judges out on his broad shoulders, and the judgment went forward while a wrecking crew raised the car out of the quagmire.

In due course these events followed: The awards were made, and neighbors became more neighborly and visited the prize-winning places and learned to know and like their owners. Folks began to swap dahlia tubers, flower-seeds, bulbs and roots of gladiolus and lilies. From these they began to exchange experiences and confidences, finding kindred interests and forming real friendships. Persons in the city, who had been looking forward to the time and place of a real home with a yard and green lawns for the children to play on, read in the papers of the achievement of Woodridge through its garden competition, and more than one family attested that they had established homes there because the contest indicated that it was the kind of neighborhood they were looking for.

And the very next appropriation for street improvements included a provision for the slough that had nearly swallowed the official's car, together with two or three others that had been almost as bad. These improvements induced more persons to build homes, and the garden competitions of the succeeding years, appealing to the American zest for contest, induced the home-owners to improve the grounds, especially since new classifications were added to give awards for the greatest improvement within a year, and for the best place less than a year old. Later on a Fall garden and flower festival was added, and this flower, fruit, and vegetable show drew crowds from the city and from other suburban communities, and there was started a series of inter-community contests, which has resulted in neater, sweeter, cleaner, greener communities all around the city of Washington.

Bristow Adams, Ithaca, N. Y.

Co-operating in Apartment Life

PERHAPS the greatest essential in home-making in a large city, at least to the mother, is what it will put into the lives of the little ones. During the four years of our own little girl's life I have lived in several cities, meeting practically the same difficulties in each place—the handicap which apartment life gives to the health and activity of a child, and the constant care and perplexity to the mother.

When I discovered the apartment community life which I am going to describe, it seemed really remarkable to me how it solved the problem of play, fresh air, and safety of the very young generation and how it gave the mothers more time to themselves, made their lives less those of harassed housekeepers and more those of happy home-makers.

The occupants of these apartments are mostly young college men and women in the first years of the flush and glory of their own little households and families. Living on moderate salaries, which do not permit the luxury of really capable and reliable nurse-maids or cooks, and being mostly strangers within huge New York city, without obliging relatives to leave the children with, it made it difficult for the mothers to get the most necessary shopping expeditions.

Realizing that some community co-operation might happily solve their problems, they very soon got together and organized the Mothers' Club, to which all mothers in the apartments are eligible. The dues are very moderate, which even the most strained budget can afford.

The fathers, not to be outdone in ingenuity, have formed a tennis club. This is a splendid recreation, and the courts being conveniently near, many of the mothers are members and quite as enthusiastic players as the men. Saturday afternoons are always gala days, with usually a tournament on the program.

A large vacant property directly facing the apartment-building has been divided into two parts, the entire property surrounded with a wire fence, so that there can be no doubt about this community enterprise being a private affair and not public. One is a splendid grassy playground where a capable motherly woman, paid by the Mothers' Club, supervises all the children from nine until one o'clock. And any mother can be secure in the knowledge that her precious bit of humanity is well cared for in the sunlight and pure air, and kept safely from the streets with their dire accidents, while she is busy with the necessary indoor duties.

Or if she is athletically inclined and a member of the tennis club, whose courts are the other half of the fenced property, she can play as many hours as she has to spare in full view of her children in the playground.

Any pleasant day, passers-by stop to watch at least twenty happy kiddies, whose ages range from eighteen months to five years, romping in an enormous box of clean white sand, which is protected from the sun's glare by a well-constructed canopy.

There is a wonderfully strong community spirit, which not only makes every penny whose interests lie along the same line, are willing to co-operate. This congeniality makes a great success of the garden-dances, which are given in the beautifully laid-out court in the rear, and are arranged by the Mothers' Club to assist in financing the playground with its upkeep and improvements; and as many families are away during the summer time, and others glide the absence do not pay dues, such entertainments cover any deficit in the nurse's salary.

The renting company, which deserves great credit for its co-operation, regards this class of people, living under these favorable conditions, desirable as tenants. It has given the use of a large basement-room (where toys may be contributed) for indoor play on rainy mornings.

It is a very practical demonstration of what is possible in other large apartment-dwellings with children.

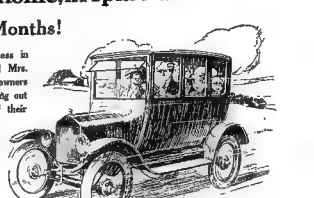
Elizabeth Ames, Ithaca, N. Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

—"so now we have our car,

bought with the extra money we earned at home, in spare time!"

$536 Cleared in 5 Months!



THIS is the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Begalke. Not many Auto Knitter owners have the time and energy needed to bring out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Begalke have, but i homes all over the country the Auto Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars every week the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have some extra money in exchange for some of your spare hours?

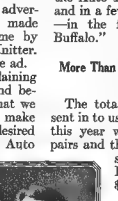
By G. G. Begalke

EVER since my wife and I have been married, it has been our desire to have some kind of an automobile, but as time went on it never seemed possible.

Last October I noticed an advertisement telling how people made money at home in spare time by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. We mailed the coupon from the ad.

We received literature explaining the proposition thoroughly, and became convinced. I felt sure that we had indeed found the way to make the extra money for our long desired automobile, and ordered an Auto Knitter.

To make a long story short, we soon learned to make standard salable wool socks, and we are now glad to say that in the four and a half months we have used the machine we have turned out 1080 pairs of men's socks; part of these we sold to the company under the wage contract, and part we sold to private customers at $1.00 to $1.50 a pair.



G. G. BEGALKE

And finally, after the knitter and a stock of wool was paid for, we had a net balance of $536.56 clear profit for our work. On Washington's Birthday I celebrated by buying a brand new Ford Sedan, and our long-time wish came to be a fact. So now we have our car, bought with the extra money we made at home in spare time.

If we had not invested in the Auto Knitter we should never have been able to buy a car, but by turning our spare time into real cash right at home, it was so easy that now we are going on earning until we have a piano too

G. G. Begalke, Wisconsin

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company and in a few days she has the money —in the form of a "check from Buffalo."

More Than $100,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 1,000,000 pairs and the total amount of wages sent them in "checks from Buffalo" will exceed $100,000.

This immense number of pairs is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishers and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old,—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected by a Contract

You are given a signed Five-Year Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

Send for Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc, Dept. 22, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 6 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address.....

City. ..... State.....

Pict. Rev. 3-23

Why Not Satisfy YOUR Wants Through Auto Knitting?

Even though you may have no actual need to earn money, how pleasant it would be to do so, wouldn't it?

If you too had an Auto Knitter you could turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worthwhile sums of money—to be used for clothes, home-furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves.

Not a Miracle Worker —But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The money-making possibilities of the Auto Knitter are great, but their full realization depends, of course, upon the energy and industry of the individual owner. To make over a thousand dollars a year at Auto Knitting requires an uncommonly good record and requires "overtime," rather than "spare time" work. But even in two or three hours a day, worth-while dollars can be made and our Work Contract guarantees you a market for every standard sock you knit.

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Learn What Your Skin Needs

TO keep your skin healthy and beautiful, you must possess a thorough knowledge of its needs. Every skin needs Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, but every skin does not need the same treatment.

A sallow skin means poor circulation. A brisk treatment of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will stimulate the blood flow.

Oily or dry, your skin needs a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

This will remove the dirt that gets beneath the surface; the dirt that really harms and coarsens the skin. Soap and water cleansing removes only surface dirt. Apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally night and morning. This will supply the necessary oil that your skin needs.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. You need have no doubts as to its absolute reliability. In tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1734,D. & R. Bld'g, New York

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

"Save your feet"

"This Ended My Foot Troubles"

"Jung's Arch Braces are simply wonderful. You'd hardly believe the difference they make. I used to have terrible pain in my feet and ankles; I could hardly stand or walk; now I really forget I have feet. Try a pair of Jung's. I'm sure they'll relieve you, too."

Jung's Arch Braces assure comfort

They correct fallen arches and foot strain. Relieve tired, aching and burning feet instantly. Overcome pain in the heel, instep or ball of the foot as well as the ankle, calf and knee. Eliminate cramped toes and callouses. Counteract the extra strain due to the wearing of stylish shoes. They assist and thus strengthen the weakened muscles which corrects the cause, gives immediate relief and results in permanent foot comfort. May be worn either over or under the hose, and with any kind of foot-wear. Recommended by leading doctors, osteopaths, chiropractors, chiropodists.

Over Half a Million Satisfied Wearers

No matter what other supports or appliances you have used, you should try a pair of Jung's Arch Braces.

Entirely Different From Other Foot Appliances

Made of special Superlastik—light and porous, yet, firm and durable. No ungainly humps or burdensome pads. No larger shoe necessary. No metal plates. Exact size for every foot. Price $1 per pair. (Canada $1.25) Your money back if not satisfied. Jung's Miracle Arch Braces, extra wide, $1.50 (Canada $1.75.)

If your shoe dealer, druggist, or surgical dealer can't supply you order direct. For Men, Women and Children.

Write Today For Our Free Book

Contains valuable information about the feet. Illustrated with X-Ray Views. Tells cause and relief of foot ills. Send for your copy today. Free—no obligation.

The Jung Arch Brace Company, 633 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Canadian Office—Kirkham & Roberts, Mgrs. 633 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Look for this Trade-Mark It protects you against imitations

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

The "Original"

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE COMMUNITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

especially fine for the little "only ones" without brother or sister to play with in the land of make-believe.

There is more of the spirit of the smaller town, where friendships are more numerous, sympathies quicker, and assistance offered more freely, and where little families own their own homes, and there are fewer changes and less restless moving into other quarters.

It has been my experience to live in many places, in many environments, but this little home and community were so contented and successful that I wish many apartment-dwellers could carry out the same plans, and find the same comfort of well-being for themselves and children.

Esther Watson Anderson, New Castle, Pa.

Varieties of Community Housekeeping

THE many and important branches of service comprising the list which follows are reported in the flood of contest letters received. They reveal the wide range of activity and the tremendous impulse to a sounder and happier life.

Babies' Bureau
Book Club
Children—Care of (see Book Club)
  Bedtime Club
  Dramatics for children
  Neighborhood solutions by co-operating mothers
  Nurseries. Playgrounds
Christmas celebration
Church activities
  As centers for hospitality — Athletic contests
  As centers for recreation
Clean Up! Paint Up!
Community Clubs
  Book Club — Mothers' Club
  Cooking Club (preserving bee and canning club) — Poultry Club — Sewing Club
  Country Club for Farmers — Wild Flower Club
  Housekeepers' Club
Community Library
Community life in an isolated part of the West (an achievement)
Community recreation
  Dances — Singing
  Dramatics — Suppers
Community Work for Americanization
Co-operative buying and ownership (see Housekeeping)
County library movement
Flower show
Garbage disposal
Garden competition as a beginning for community life and spirit
Home Demonstration work—tributes to it
Hospital a community problem
Hospitality—benches and drinking fountains for the public
Hot lunches for schools
Housekeeping problems solved co-operatively
  Co-operative buying
  Co-operative care of children
  Co-operative cooking
  Co-operative culinary department
  Co-operative employment of "Sarah" by the hour
  Co-operative sewing
  Co-operative specialization among neighbors, with exchange of products (best cake maker, best bread-maker, etc.)
  Co-operative suppers (recreation combined)
Houses—community houses
Libraries for community and county
Markets
Millinery
Neighborhood water-supply
Newspaper
Nurse
Nurseries
Paint-up campaign
Parks (from apartment court to seaside)
Paternalism in the community
Picnics
Playgrounds
Recreation
Rest-rooms
Schoolhouse
  A dancing school — Hot lunches
  As a community center — Sunday-school
Sewing-circles
Singing
Stadium
Sunday-schools
Swimming-pool
Women's Exchanges

A COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

throat. The time varies greatly and must be decided by the doctor in charge.

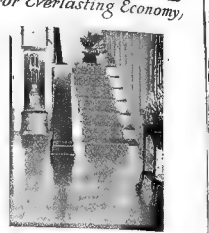
Diphtheria may often be prevented by what is known as the "Schuck test." This test will show whether a child is likely to contract diphtheria if he is exposed to it. If so, he may be given injections of a substance called "toxin-antitoxin," which will make him immune. The test and injections must be given by a reliable doctor who understands just how to do this work, which is quite harmless and usually scarcely noticed by the little patient.

Mumps begins with a swelling on the jaw and spreads up onto the face and behind the ear. It may be on one or both sides. There is some pain on moving the jaw and often some fever. The child should be isolated, kept in bed while the fever lasts, and kept away from others for a week after all swelling has gone down.

German measles is an entirely separate disease from measles, caused by a different germ. A bright-red rash, fewer than that of measles, but not so fine as that of scarlet fever, is usually the first symptom. There is some fever and often swelling of the glands of the neck; some catarrhal symptoms usually are found. A doctor must be called, and the child isolated for one week after the rash has disappeared.

OAK FLOORS

(For Everlasting Economy)



Your Floors Make Your House

No amount of costly decorations or furnishings can possibly give your home the charm and quiet elegance that emanates from fine oak floors, and they are an economy as well as a luxury—a rare exception to the rule. Once found only in expensive homes, now modern methods place them within the reach of all. If you can afford to build or remodel you can afford Oak Floors—beautiful, durable, easy to clean, dustless, sanitary.

Two booklets, in colors, on the uses and advantages of Modern Oak Floors, mailed free on request.

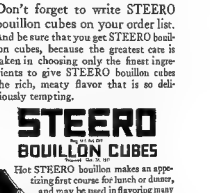
Oak Flooring Advertising Bureau
1031 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

When you are buying necessities—

Don't forget to write STEERO bouillon cubes on your order list. And be sure that you get STEERO bouillon cubes, because the greatest care is taken in choosing only the finest ingredients to give STEERO bouillon cubes the rich, meaty flavor that is so deliciously tempting.

STEERO
BOUILLON CUBES

Hot STEERO bouillon makes an appetizing first course for lunch or dinner, and may be used in flavoring many left-over dishes. Send 10 cents for samples and sixty-four-page STEERO Cook Book.



"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

Schieffelin & Co.
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A Stove *for a* Dime

AMAZING! The many uses of this little stove. Use it for cooking, light ironing, heating water quickly, warming baby's milk, in emergencies, in the sick room. Hundreds of other uses. Always ready to give you heat in a moment. Be sure to get this

Sterno Canned Heat Folding Stove

Send 10c to Sterno Corp., 9 E. 37th St. N Y C. Dept. P R for stove

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home—by which you may add years to your life. It's book 2 weight of information about food elements and how to use them. Also

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Tiresome Exercises

Effective weight control diets and food facts—vitamines and blood building diets, and the cause of the restricted diet of various organic maladies. The book is free. Send a 2c stamp for postage. No a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
351 GOOD HEALTH BUILDING
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

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Through at nine

Old-fashioned sweeping cut deep into every housewife's morning. How different—with a Bissell. Once over is enough. So easy running, a child can operate it. Important, too, the saving in labor, in health—the banishment of dust. Ten or fifteen years of daily usage generally finds the Bissell still in service. Hence, the most economical sweeper made.

A Bissell is more than four wheels, a box and a brush. It embodies forty-seven years of constant, scientific study. It is a perfect mechanism, with patent-protected features insuring thorough, quick and easy sweeping. In millions of homes it is the daily dependence of women, many of whom have had the same Bissell over twenty years.

Sold by furniture, hardware, department and house furnishing stores everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
218 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" Ball Bearing
Carpet Sweeper
Price, around $5 00, depending upon grade and locality.

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All Smiles

This offers a free test of two new comfort creators for your baby—Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Bauer & Black Baby Soap. Try them for just a few days, then note the comfort they bring. 112 leading baby doctors helped us to perfect them. Now countless mothers use them. And in numbers of maternity hospitals they have supplanted less scientific ways. Send your name and address and we will send you liberal trial packages free and postpaid. Or obtain a supply at your druggist.

Bauer & Black, 2502 Dearborn St., Chicago

D&B

For more than 29 years Bauer & Black products have been used by leading hospitals, surgeons and physicians

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AGENTS $5 to $15 Daily

Easily made introducing new style guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children 57 styles, 78 colors, all grades. No experience or capital necessary. YOUR PAY DAILY IN ADVANCE. Easy to sell—just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Satisfied customers and repeat orders mean permanent business and regular income. Big outfit furnished—all colors and grades, including finest silks, wools and heathers.

Free. A sale Offer Besides

MACO-CURE MILLS CO., Dept 2955, Charlestown, O.

Clark's 20th Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 22, specially chartered "Belvia," 20,000 tons; 21 days, $250 up, including meals, trains, drives, fees. ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.
FRANK C. CLARK, TIMES BUILDING, - - - - NEW YORK

JUST WHAT WOMEN WANT
Make THE Chicago and countrywide combination—THE HOME and reflects your cut figure and new dress. Send for booklet. Or better, order for $1.50. Patterns for $1.00. Send your name and address and $1.00 for 3 months' trial subscription.
NATIONAL MIRROR CO., 211 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FLOORS: NEW AND OLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

feet of the moving-men as our things were moved in. The condition of the floor the next day was enough to wring tears from more patient tenants than we! But even that was not permitted to discourage us, for good floors we had to have, and we went at it patiently, going over room by room until the apartment looked like a real home once more, instead of a gummed, spotted, fearful place.

Proper tools are of supreme importance for those who mean to solve for themselves their own floor problems. It pays to buy good varnishes, stains, and brushes. It pays to have good equipment to keep up the finish.

Before using stains or finishes of any sort try them on pieces of wood to be sure that the result will be what you want and that the finish will dry in the least possible time.

TWO years ago John and I ceased being renters and bought an old-fashioned but delightful colonial type of house. Here, indeed, we found many of the problems that had confronted us before. Worn floors, old floors, new floors; maple, oak, pine, and plain board! We have—or had—them all!

But room by room, we have worked at the difficulties, and now we feel that our floor problems are things of the past, for with waxed finish and hindrance the time we have spent will save us endless hours of time in the future.

If you have a floor problem, go at it immediately; do the work yourself, if you can, for in no other way will you be able to secure the added joy of home that comes from some piece of work done for its improvement. And few things that can be done for the beautifying of the home will give as much satisfaction or increase its comfort and attractiveness as good floors well kept.

BRIGHTENING UP WITH COLOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

shine that filtered through the barred casement-windows. The effect was delightful, for there was a fire burning in the grate and a long divan covered in a dull color and heaped comfortably with square, round, and roll-shaped pillows dyed all kinds of fascinating yellow, yellow-green, orange, and dull red-purple colors. The pillow-covers were one and all cut from a bolt of the most unesthetic-looking unbleached cotton from the topmost shelf of the country dry-goods store.

The possibilities for making cheap materials blossom like the proverbial rose are almost limitless, thanks to the extensive supply of dyestuffs offered us to-day. All this color within our reach is a staggering new possibility for those of us who are still thinking in terms of a reaction from our great-grandmothers' day. Dyeing was then one of the countless necessary tasks of the pioneer woman, who must produce dark, serviceable clothing for her family. Butternut-brown, prepared from the boiled butternut-shells that grow on the huge old trees on the farm, was a utilitarian color, with little relation to the rich dark hues that it is our privilege to buy all prepared for us and some of which are stainless to the hands and utensils of the dyer.

THE story of dyes and their production is a devious and fascinating tale, for the lure of dyestuffs has sent men in ships far out across new and unchartered seas into the corners of distant and unknown lands. Dyes have cost more than a king's ransom, and dyed robes have been limited by royal decree to the use of the favored few. Royal purple, which long ago was almost priceless because it could be secured only from a bashful little sea-animal that cowered in its shell at the bottom of the Mediterranean, could only be procured for ten or fifteen cents to produce a pound of this erstwhile royal hue.

Tied and dyed pillow-tops of inexpensive cotton crêpes offer an excellent solution for protecting more expensive silk and velvet tops or for the pillows for the couch-hammock.

Tie-dyeing is a perfectly simple process involving only two ideas different from ordinary flat-dyeing. It is one of the earliest types of design, having been used extensively by primitive peoples. The process has been so much in vogue since it was first introduced from Java and the islands of Japan a few years ago that many textile manufacturers produce printed goods in imitation of the tie-dyed hand-made patterns.

The process is really simple. It consists of wrapping a piece of string tightly around a bit of cloth, tying the string firmly to prevent its slipping, and immersing the whole material into a dye-bath. When the cloth is removed from the dye-bath, rinsed, wrung, and the string untied, it will be found in its original color underneath the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Spring and Sanitas go hand in hand

From kitchen to guest-room, Sanitas Modern Wall Covering imparts an *enduring* beauty that harmonizes with any decorative scheme. You can point with pride to any room decorated with

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

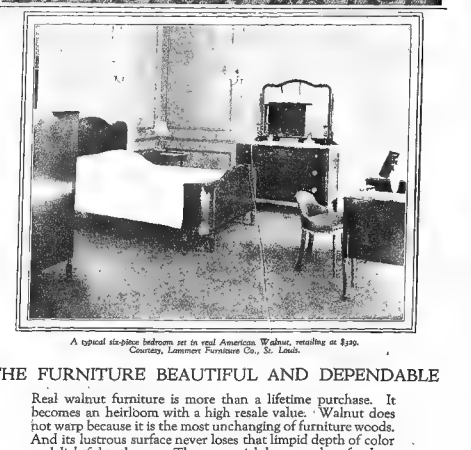
Sanitas, being made on cloth, can be applied to any surface. It conceals cracks in old walls, is not injured by settling of new walls, and is ideal for covering composition wall-boards. Does not tear, crack, or peel.

The surface is made of durable oil colors that do not fade, absorb grease or water, or collect dust, and can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Sanitas comes in enamel-finish, for kitchens and bathrooms; flat-finish plain tints, and decorative patterns for every room.

Ask your decorator to show you Sanitas.
Write us for samples and booklet

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
DEPT. 17



A typical six-piece bedroom set in real American Walnut, retailing at $330. Courtesy, Lammert Furniture Co., St. Louis.

THE FURNITURE BEAUTIFUL AND DEPENDABLE

Real walnut furniture is more than a lifetime purchase. It becomes an heirloom with a high resale value. Walnut does not warp because it is the most unchanging of furniture woods. And its lustrous surface never loses that limpid depth of color so delightful to the eye. The warm, rich brown color of walnut is in the wood itself, not applied. So, too, is its beautiful figure or grain. Hence walnut does not show dents, scratches, dull spots, as artificially surfaced woods are apt to do. And its natural figure gives your walnut set its own individual pattern. It is easy to see why old walnut pieces are always highly prized.

Write for a free copy of "Real American Walnut"—a practical furniture buyers' guide, written in popular form. It is interesting and instructive.

Good Furniture Has Always Been Made of Walnut

AMERICAN WALNUT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
Room 713 616 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN WALNUT

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COOKS *THREE* THINGS AT ONCE

The most enjoyable kind of entertaining

WAFFLE IRON

A cast aluminum waffle iron which needs no greasing may be purchased separately for $4.00. It fits into the toaster compartment and makes beautiful, crisp waffles, browned on both sides at once.

YOU can prepare an informal supper on the Armstrong Table Stove right at the living-room table—crisp waffles, creamed oysters on toast, club sandwiches, or any tempting hot dish!

This remarkable stove *cooks three things all at the same time.* The heating unit is in two parts. You cook above, between and beneath—boil, broil, steam, fry, toast, and bake wonderful waffles! With its distinctive square shape and snowy white enamel which cannot tarnish, it harmonizes with your nicest silver and china.

Ask to see an Armstrong Table Stove at your electrical or hardware dealer's. Price $12.50 with aluminum toaster, deep broiling pan, griddle, four egg cups and rack; and sparkless tilting plug which controls heat by lifting off—no tugging or pulling. Write for our folder, "A Week of Menus."

THE ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING CO.
Formerly The Standard Stamping Company
133 Seventh Avenue Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

Cooks 3 things at once
Makes Waffles Too!

Sunset
—One Real Dye for All Fabrics
Cotton-Wool-Silk-Mixed Goods

All Fashion's newest shades are easily obtained by combining SUNSET'S

22 COLORS ALL FAST

Pink, Sand, Yellow, Old Rose, Light Blue, Bright Blue, Old Blue, Purple, Scarlet, Orange, Gray, Taupe, Cardinal, Wine, Heliotrope, Khaki, Light Green, Dark Green, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Navy Blue, Black.

All are dyed a fast, beautiful SUNSET color in one dye bath. No need to buy new material—no need to take garments apart; trimmings, linings, sewing threads, etc. are dyed the same even color: soiled, faded material becomes like new, does not have a dyed look. You can harmonize stockings with slippers, trimmings with dress goods, etc., and save many weary hours of shopping. This is another point of SUNSET superiority.

Manufactured by our exclusive, patented process, expressly for home use, SUNSET is the modern way of home dyeing, entirely different from the old fashioned methods of pre-war days. No matter what your experience with other dyes may have been, try SUNSET, it will not disappoint you.

Manufactured by
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

TRY SUNSET

It is Clean and Easy to Use. Does not stain hands or spoil utensils. Even the inexperienced produce finest results by following simple directions. See Color Card at your dealer's. If he does not yet sell SUNSET, don't accept substitutes; mail 15c to our Dept. 28 for each color you need.

Our Home Service Department will be pleased to help solve your Dyeing Problems.

Sales Representatives:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue
New York

15c

BRIGHTENING UP WITH COLOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

string. The string acts as a resist to the dye. The same piece may be tied and dyed several times by a continuous process of tying up parts of the material and dipping in dye, untying, retying, and dipping into a similar color, etc. The background is always a mixed or composite color, resulting from the frequent dippings; the tied circles are of pure color.

Summer aprons can be dyed in such care-free, jolly colors to match the kitchen china or the daffodils out in the garden or the Spring foliage that mere work becomes subservient to the charm of the gay muslin apron. Tie-dyeing fits so perfectly on the pockets or on the ends of the tie-strings that it seems not a decoration, but a necessary part of the whole effect. Small polka-dots as a border above the hem or on the bib part can be made by tying the material over the point of a nail before dyeing.

Stunning pillows can be produced from the rag-bag by dyeing the cotton, silk, or linen rags to be found there into lovely harmonious colors, cutting and folding them into strips about one inch wide, and braiding these round and round to form oval or round pillows of the desired size. Braided rugs to match the color-scheme of the room in which they are to be used or of bright, closely related colors combined with black to add a dash of color to the sunporch or dining-room are more effective than they are expensive.

Children enjoy making up these quaint little braided pillows of bright colors when the problem of sewing the strips together is simplified by sewing them against a circular background of muslin cut to the correct size. Striking spotted effects can be obtained by braiding together two strands of light and one strand of dark color, and vice versa; by varying the number of "times around" for the different colored braided strips, by varying slightly the darkness or lightness of the colors that are used, and by grading the colors; that is, using the brightest and lightest in the center, with the colors growing duller and darker toward the outer edge.

Fascinating little napkins can be dyed for the picnic basket, the tea-table, or the simple little salad and iced-tea luncheon that is ideal on hot Summer days. These more napkins can be things of beauty when made from the very cheapest ten-cents-a-yard variety of unbleached muslin, so thin that it looks like unstarched scrim and so uneven in weave that its texture is charming. I have in mind some lovely ones that were made of this particular quality of muslin, oblong in shape, with fringed edges to do away with hemming, the fringe being held by an over-and-over stitch of colored thread, and with quaint little fairy flowers, the like of which never grew in earthly gardens, appliqued in bright colors against a pale pinkish-lavender background.

But of course all these are merely suggestive of the many things that can be evolved when the Spring-fevered housewife gets out her pot of dye and transforms the most commonplace into the most beautiful!

"BEFORE-THE-DINNER FOODS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

be possible to serve some of these unusual dishes at home. We found that the individual serving-dishes with the bell-covers made of glass cost about one dollar and ten cents, or that the tops can be purchased separately for forty cents. And then we thought why not use our earthenware dishes in which so many shirred eggs had been prepared for our family instead of buying the glass serving-dishes. So we started out to see what market delicacies are most delicious cooked under glass, and we found that sweetbreads, oysters, and mushrooms are the favorites.

Sweetbreads are the thymus glands of the lamb or calf. Those from the calf are the larger, weighing as much as a pound and a half a pair. A sweetbread has two parts, the round, compact part, known as the heart-sweetbread, and the other part, the throat-sweetbread. Unless you are able to distinguish between the two do not buy them separated, for you might be given two throat-sweetbreads, which are not quite so desirable as the heart-sweetbreads.

Sweetbreads spoil rapidly, so they should always be cared for just as soon as they come into the kitchen. Put them into cold water for one hour, then drain and put in salted boiling water to which has been added one-half tablespoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar. Simmer the sweetbreads for twenty minutes and then plunge into cold water. Remove the membranes and veins. No matter how you intend to serve sweetbreads, they need this preliminary cooking.

Sweetbreads Under Glass—Parboil as above, and cut each one in four pieces and sauté in four tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin to which have been added two bouillon cubes or enough beef extract to give a glazed appearance; the sautéing should take about four minutes. Cut a slice of toasted bread to fit the bottom of each individual dish. Spread each piece with a thin layer of grated cheese and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Place one piece of sautéd sweetbread on each slice of toast and put three tablespoonfuls of cream in the bottom of each dish. Put on the glass cover and bake ten minutes in a moderate oven. A sautéd mushroom-cap may be placed on top of each piece of sweetbread.

Vegetables in Four Classes

SOME one has divided the vegetables into four classes: the plebeian, the aristocratic, the decorative, and the "strangers within our gates." It was the experience of a leader of a marketing expedition who took a group of club-women into the market section of one of our large cities that most of the vegetables belonged in the last-named class, for these women seemed to know only the potato and a few others just as commonly used. Only one of the group had ever served eggplant, another was quite sure all mushrooms were unsafe to use, and a third had never seen endive.

Mushrooms are classified as one of the aristocrats of the vegetable market; artichokes, eggplant, and asparagus are some of the others.

Fresh mushrooms are appearing more frequently in the big markets all the year round. Mushrooms are also canned, powdered for soups and sauces, preserved in oil, dried and sold loose by the pound or pressed into blocks or strung on strings, or even put into cans after they are dried. The tiny button-mushrooms preserved in oil are called "cepes," and are used as garnishers or for garnishing.

We are told that most of the fresh mushrooms that come to the markets are grown in the mines of Pennsylvania and that some of the large breweries in the country are converting their plants into mushroom-beds. Mushrooms should never be used unless they come from a reliable source, as there have been too many cases of poisoning from inedible varieties.

Select mushrooms that are whole, firm, and dry, and look under the caps for a sign of worms, for a broken, worm-holed mushroom indicates maggots. The gills or underneath side of the mushroom should be fresh and unfurled, usually a pinkish or light-brown color, and the skin should stretch smoothly over the cap and be a medium-brown color. If you want mushrooms for broiling, sautéing, or cooking under glass, select the large-capped mushroom, for there is less waste than in the little button variety, but the button-mushroom is to be preferred for a garnish or sauce. While it is true that the price is often higher in the Winter, mushrooms sometimes sell for as low as fifty cents a pound, and in the Spring for even less.

THE waste in fresh mushrooms is large, as high as fifty per cent., but the economical home-maker carefully washes the mushrooms and puts the skins and stems into the soup-pot for flavoring.

Dried French mushrooms sell for one dollar a pound, and they are excellent to have on hand for flavoring soups, sauces, stews, and macaroni- and noodle-dishes. Examine the mushrooms to see that you get only the caps and that they are entirely free from maggots. Italian mushrooms cost about a dollar and a half a pound, and the Chinese about two dollars a pound. Altho the price per pound of dried mushrooms may seem high, they are really very inexpensive because there are so many to a pound. Unless you happen to be near an Italian grocer or can get to a Chinese store, you will probably have difficulty in buying these.

There are two kinds of artichokes, very different except in name. They are the Jerusalem and the globe or French artichoke. The Jerusalem artichoke is a tuber, the color of a Bermuda potato, and very knobby. It is sold by the pound. The globe-artichoke is a real aristocrat, altho it belongs to the thistle family. Both the leaves and the bottom are considered a delicacy.

Globe-artichokes come from California, and are in the market all through the Winter months. Select artichokes that have crisp outside leaves and that are fairly free from black, bruised spots.

Marketmen tell us that there is little demand for the cultivated globe-artichoke and that even when they are selling as low as ten cents apiece they are a drag on the market, for few housekeepers appreciate how really delicious they are served hot with drawn butter or Hollandaise, or cold as a salad with French dressing or mayonnaise.

Canned artichokes, two to a can, sell for thirty cents, and they might well have a place on an emergency shelf, for they are quickly steamed in the upper part of the double boiler. Imported jars of artichoke-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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When the little accident happens—be as careful as your doctor.

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"BEFORE-THE-DINNER FOODS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

bottoms, that tender portion which is the choicest part of the artichoke, can be purchased, but are more expensive than the ordinary canned artichoke.

The most succulent of the salad-plants is the endive, and now that it is grown in this country it is to be found in the markets during the Winter and Spring months at a reasonable price. Select stalks that are firm, crisp, and white, so there will be no waste. One pound of endive will serve four to six dinner salads.

One of the "strangers within our gates" is okra. The taste for okra is a cultivated one. This vegetable is a favorite in French and creole cookery and is used by the Greeks, Turks, and Armenians. We all know it in chicken gumbo soup. Okra is sold by the quart; the pods should be fresh and crisp. It may also be purchased canned. The United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., publishes Farmers' Bulletin 2,323, "Culture and Uses of Okra," which gives many good recipes, and may be had for the asking.

WHEN buying fresh asparagus select stalks about the size of your little finger. There should not be more than three inches of the tough end to be discarded. Fresh asparagus is not obtainable in the markets at a reasonable price during the Winter months, but we have discovered that green asparagus is canned, and is excellent to serve hot with melted butter or in salad.

Eggplant is a member of the nightshade family, and is related to the tomato. The choicest variety is called Black Beauty. An eggplant at its best is not shriveled, spotted, or soft, but firm, with a dark glossy skin. Lift an eggplant to see if it is heavy for its size. This vegetable is more largely used by the Italian and French than by the American nation. Our foreign neighbors bake it with cheese and serve it as the main dish of the dinner. Eggplant is delicious when sautéed and baked, or scalloped.

The alligator-pear, or avocado, makes one of the most delicious salads when the hostess wishes to depart from the customary green salad for luncheon or dinner. As an epicure has said, "The avocado was undoubtedly created to serve in a salad." Have you ever eaten a salad of hearts of romaine and alligator-pears? The alligator-pear comes to our markets from the West Indies, California, and the Southern States, and, like many fruits that are picked green for transportation, it often arrives hard and unripe, and certainly not fit for immediate table use. To be at its best it should be as ripe as a Bartlett pear; then it will fairly melt in your mouth. The Mexicans use the expression "as soft as butter" to indicate the proper ripeness of the pear. Altho you may think an alligator-pear at fifty cents an expensive delicacy, one pear can be made to serve twelve people If you watch the market carefully you may pick up an alligator-pear for as little as fifteen cents when it is just at the perishable point It is then no longer of value from the marketman's point of view, but is just right from yours.

DESSERT are legion, but the hostess is always looking for something new that can be easily served. A well-known dining-car service features individual jars of preserved figs on its menu-cards, and they are very popular Have you tried them on your home table, just four figs to a serving and a generous supply of cream? If they seem a bit expensive to serve as a fruit, even for the special occasion, buy one of the little jars, cut the figs in small pieces, and pour the syrup and figs over a brick of vanilla ice-cream and you have a dessert that approaches perfection. Marrons, the French chestnuts in syrup, may be used in the same way.

If you are in search of an elaborate dessert, peach Melba is a good choice. Go to your fruit-closet for peaches that have been preserved in a rich syrup, or if you have been frugal and canned your fruit with very little or no sugar, simmer the halves of the peaches, until they are quite transparent, in a syrup made in the proportion of half a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla to one cupful of water. Chill the peaches and place half of a peach, cup side up, in the bottom of a dessert-glass, then add a serving of rich vanilla ice-cream, top it with half of a peach, and pour peach Melba sauce over the top. The sauce is a rich raspberry syrup which can be bought in bottles, and it is ready for use.

If just a bit of sweet is needed to finish the meal, a tray of bar-le-duc, a saucer of cream cheese, and crisp crackers arranged on a plate may be passed to each guest.

Afternoon tea furnishes relaxation, so it justifies itself. For the home-maker who enjoys serving afternoon tea but wishes to keep the service as simple as possible there are many wafers, cakes, and biscuits that can be kept in the pantry ready for toasting or crisping at the last moment Cassava wafers come in cartons, and need only heating in the oven to make them delicious. Swedish wafers, toasted and buttered and served with a little orange marmalade, make a delightful accompaniment to the tea, and the sweet rice-cakes are ready for serving at any time.

LONG-DISTANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

But there's a slight distinction in my favor, you see—I am loving you, not making love to you."

"You're hurting me," she told him. "Pretty badly."

"You have no right to be hurt. It's nothing ugly that I am giving you. Out of pain and bitterness and despair I've wrought something rather fine; it isn't like you to disdain it, my dear. Ever since you were a little girl with dark braids swinging to your waist, I've brought you presents; every corner of the earth I've ransacked just to have you touch those gifts with your fingers, to say, 'That's lovely, Hal — that's lovely'—and smile. The only thing worth giving you was not in my power to bestow, but I wanted to make sure that you had it, no matter whose hands had held it out to you. Happiness is yours, Anne. I have nothing left to give you but my love. I swear to you that there is not one thing in it that gives you the right to say that it hurts you. Believe me, you can take it in your hands—and smile."

"Yes—yes, Hal." She smiled at him, grave and misty-eyed, and he smiled back.

"Then that's about all, my dear, and I'll be going. It's no hour at all for a poor bachelor to be awake. Good night, Anne; sweet dreams to you."

"HAL, I don't want you to go—please, I don't want you to go." There was something so desperate in her low entreaty that he halted with lifted brows. "I know that it's utterly foolish and unreasonable—and—and selfish, but I simply can't bear to be left here alone until Derry calls me up. Please, please don't leave me."

"Very well." He turned back to his chair slowly. "This isn't like you, you know."

"I know." She steadied her voice carefully. "It isn't a bit like me—I haven't any nerves at all, as a rule; not enough to make me sympathetic even. Derry says my lack of imagination is simply appalling—that unless I can see a thing or touch it or taste it or smell it or hear it I simply won't believe that it exists—that I don't really believe that the world's round, because it looks flat to me! He laughs about it, but I do honestly think that it worries him."

"It generally worries Derry when some one doesn't see things his way." Devon smiled reminiscently.

"Well, you know how *he* is. He fully believes that they're trying to signal to us from Mars, and he almost goes wild because no one pays any attention to the signals! He thinks that photographs are much more incredible than ouija-boards, and that telephones are far more extraordinary than telepathy. It wouldn't be any effort to Derry to believe that the world was shaped like a box-car, with blue and green stripes and a nice little handle to carry it around!"

"You must be a great trial to him, Madam Materialist."

"Oh, he wrings his hands over me. He says for sure one is not as spiritual and be as literal as I am is nothing more nor less than a swindle.. Oh—oh, if he could see me to-night!"

"But will you be good enough to tell me what in the name of Heaven *is* the matter with you to-night?"

"I don't know—I don't know." She drew a long breath, making a piteous effort to smile. "I'm—frightened."

"Frightened of *what?*"

"I don't know, I tell you." She glanced about her with a long, despairing shiver "Of the night—of the world—of the room—of everything."

"The room! You know when you talk like that, Anne, you make me seriously consider ringing up a doctor. Why, I don't believe that all Arcadia holds a more enchanting room—gayer or kinder or more friendly; it's nothing short of a miracle what you've done to this old barn! It's the most reassuring room I've ever set my foot in; you know, when you come into it with its fires and flowers and lights, its colors and its fragrance, you can almost hear it singing and laughing to itself, 'Here —here dwells happiness.'"

"Oh, yes, you're right—it has been happy." Her eyes strayed over its treasures—the shelves warm and bright with books, with the beloved Lowestoft standing chints holding out its prim nosegays proudly for all to see, the English prints on the walls echoing the gay warmth of the hooked rugs on the floor. She brought her haunted eyes back to Devon.

"It's a pretty room," she said in a strange little voice. "I do think it's quite a pretty room. But do you know what it looks like

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A Dollar will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heartaches, and even bitterness, because it seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true. But I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all-wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the *fashion* figure, you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. *My* bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I will send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C.O.D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring and Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay the balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Post Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent postage prepaid on approval. I always allow a full half year to pay. This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postcard is enough.

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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Is Your Family Like Jack Sprat's?

PERHAPS May doesn't like fish, and Bobby is too fond of pies, and father won't eat certain vegetables. Most families are like that, and mother has certainly a hard time to please them all. But here are two of my dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—that have been *unanimously* voted delicious in thousands of American families. Perhaps *your* family will like them too.

Chocolate Sponge

Making Enough for Six People

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cupful of sugar
½ cupful boiling water
3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla
Few grains of salt
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Fruit Salad Supreme

(Ten Servings)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
3 cups boiling water
3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces
½ cup mild vinegar

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar and sugar. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing—Substitute vegetables for the fruit and you will have a delicious vegetable salad.

NOTE. By omitting the lettuce and salad dressing, this may be served as a dessert, and raspberry or other fruit juices may be used in place of the cold water to give a different flavor.

Free—150 Recipes

There are over 150 economical, easy-to-make, carefully explained recipes in Mrs. Knox's books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Free, if you will send your grocer's name and four cents in stamps to cover postage.

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Same Sparkling Gelatine with lemon flavoring in its particle granules for

LONG-DISTANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

to me to-night? To-night it looks to me like a corpse that some one had dressed in a flowered frock and a ribboned hat."

"Anne!" His voice cracked out like a whip. "Now that's enough; you're to pull yourself together at once, or I'm going to call up the doctor. That's an abominably morbid thing to say; it's simply not healthy. I'm not joking, my dear. I have every intention of calling him up if you haven't yourself in hand in the next five minutes."

He leaned across to the table, drawing the little shining black instrument closer toward him.

"D'YOU think I'm sick?" she asked piteously. "You know, I do think I must be sick. I'm so—I'm so dreadfully cold."

"Here—" He rose abruptly. "Where's your scarf?"

"No—no—it isn't a scarf I want. I'm cold inside—dreadfully, dreadfully. It isn't a scarf."

"You're worrying me badly, Anne. Look here, what is it? This party of Derry's, honestly?"

"Yes—the party. It's foolish, I know—I know; don't say it, please—I know."

"Well, but what about it? Did Derry seem worried himself? Did he sound upset?"

"No. He sounded—casual. As casual as—as casual as—" She made a little despairing gesture with her hand. "I can't tell you how casual he sounded."

"Well, then—"

"Well, then, but that's it, Hal. Derry isn't a bit a casual person—and here were you for the first time in three years—and here was I, and he knew it. He must loathe being left alone out here with the maids—and he sounded as tho it were—nothing. Just nothing at all."

"And is this honestly the mole-hill out of which you've built your mountain?"

"No—I don't know—I can't even explain it to myself, how could I explain it to you? It wasn't anything tangible at first—just a feeling of—of discomfort—something vague and not definite. I couldn't even put my finger on it. I told myself that I was being silly and unreasonable—I did indeed. You mustn't think that I enjoy this kind of thing. I hate it—I hate it."

"But I'm so utterly at sea to account for this, my dear, and I want to help you. You're tormenting yourself about something real, if we could only put our finger on it. Something Derry said or did that worried you; you can't make me believe that you've manufactured all of this out of thin air! It's like unlike your way, ever since that first day I met you, a pale mite of a thing with great eyes and long braids, brave and proud and gentle in the midst of the rest of those young hoidens, I've found you exquisitely fair and adorably, adorably mysterious. No one's ever been like you, Anne; you mustn't wreck my world by showing me little clay feet to-night."

She smiled at him faintly. "Trying to flatter me into being a good child? That's dear of you, Hal. I'm beyond flattery. I'm making up for any past arrears of reason to-night, I promise you."

"Well, then, let's get to the bottom of it—hunt the good old subconscious self into the open! Now, what exactly was this famous telephone conversation, word for word?"

She turned her head restlessly.

"Oh, Hal, does it matter? Very well—only I've told you once, you know. He said, 'I'm awfully sorry, dear, but I won't be able to get out this evening.' That's all. Hal that I'm sorry as the dickens, but that we can have lunch at the office to-morrow—one sharp. That'll give him plenty of time to get off again on his globe-trotting.' And I said, 'But what time will you get out?' He said, 'Six-thirty to-morrow, as usual. I may bring the Carey along with me.'

"I was so surprized that I almost lost my voice, Hal, and I said, 'Why, Derry, not *to-night?*' And he just laughed, and said, 'No—I've been roped in on the darnedest party you ever heard of; I've got to run now, or I'd explain. You'll be awfully amused when I tell you. I can't possibly get out of it. It's a good joke on me.' I said, 'But where are you going?' And Derry said, 'Lord knows! I've got to run, honestly, dear—tell you what I'll do; I'll call you up when it's all over, and let you in on the whole blooming thing. It's too good to keep on—will till you hear: It may be late; will you be awake at twelve?' And I said, 'I'll be awake at six if you don't call up, Derry.' And he said,

"Promised! Not later than twelve—give Hal my best—see you both to-morrow.' And—he rang off."

"That was absolutely all there was to it?"

"Absolutely all."

"Very well. I'll bet you five thousand dollars to a pansy, Lady Tragedy, that the midnight explanation is somewhat on these lines: Mr. Jabez K. Rugg from Omaha, Nebraska, blows into our Derry's office late this afternoon with an interesting proposition. He has heard that he is the most promising young architect in America, and as he is desirous of presenting his third wife with a cross between a Moorish palace and a French château for a little anniversary surprize he has applied to Derry for some sound advice, for which he is willing and eager to disburse colossal sums. Time presses, however, and the worthy Mr. Rugg yearns to invest his precious hours in New York both profitably and pleasantly.

"He suggests that the promising young architect put on his hat, lock up his office, and sally forth into the night, which they will spend together, chattering of business and painting the unfortunate town a brilliant scarlet. He doesn't happen to know the ropes, but he has a really touching confidence in our Derrick. And our Derrick, fired with the desir to hang pearls about your neck and sables about your shoulders, wafts a good-night kiss to the pleasant anticipation of firelight and candlelight, and sallies forth into what the poet refers to as 'the lights of old Broadway.' And there you are! Please pick me out a nice pansy."

She smiled at him wanly.

"That's all very clever and amusing, Hal, but it isn't especially convincing. And it doesn't relieve me any more than if some one tried to cheer things up by doing a fox-trot to the funeral march. You needn't scowl—it doesn't. If it was as simple as that, why didn't he explain it at the time?"

"My dear child, he was evidently in a tearing hurry; he'd have had to go into elaborate explanations if he hadn't clear, and he obviously wasn't in any position to indulge in the luxury of explanations. The inspector of buildings may have been clamoring at the door or hooting his horn beneath the open window. At any rate, he's going to call you up in a bee hah-hour and clear up the whole thing; he's apt to keep his word, isn't he?"

"*Apt?*" she echoed scornfully. "He'd keep his word if the world came to an end. I thought that you knew him."

"I'm disdain in her voice something violently resentful flared the dark eyes that met hers.

"Why, so did I," he returned evenly. "But apparently I was mistaken. The Derry I knew was not a plaster saint, you see!"

"Nor is the Derry that I know—plaster." Her voice shook, but she held her head very high. "Are you trying to make me mistrust him, Hal? Be careful, please; you are only making me mistrust you."

"Oh, good God!" He flung at her a look of such revolt and despair that the small, frozen face softened. "Look here, don't—don't let's make more of a mess of this. You can't believe that kind of thing of me, Anne; you may know Derry, but you've known me longer, after all. I'd cut my throat before I'd try to come between you two. Derry's worth a thousand of me, of course—I know. He's made you happy, and nothing else I could do in this life or the next would ever repay him for that. But just for a moment—just for a moment it pulled me hideously and unbearably to have you lavishing that flood of adoration on any man that lived. It was a flick on a raw wound—and something deep in me yelled out rebellion. You think jealousy a cheap and ugly thing, you say; well, now you know just how cheap, just how ugly it can be!"

"Ah, I'm sorry—" She leaned to him, all gentleness once more. "I'm sorry that I was hateful; it's nothing but these unspeakable nerves, truly. Let's forget it all, shall we? Are you think it's letting up a little outside? It doesn't sound quite so—so savage, does it?" As the resentful fury burning there died outside flung itself at them once more, pouncing on the house with a long and terrible roar, shaking it in its unconscious clutch. It would rattle the flimsy barriers of wood and glass out of their cracking frames. She shrank deeper into the chair's embrace as the tremulous laugh. "Oh, no—it's incredible—no, *listen* to it. I'll wager that it's literally tearing trees up by the roots and—" She broke off tensely. "Hal—you don't think that it could damage the wires, do you?"

"No, no—nonsense. It sounds a great deal worse than it is; this house is nothing but a rattletrap, I tell you. It takes a worse storm than this to put a telephone out of commission."

"If he doesn't telephone, I can't bear it," she said softly. "That's not rhetoric—I simply can't bear it."

"Well, we can settle that," said Devon briefly. "I'll get central and—"

THE telephone that he reached for suddenly gave a faint jangle—a small, far-off warning of sound—and then it rang aloud, sharp and urgent.

"Oh, *Hal!*" Her voice was an exultant quiver. "No, don't do it to me—he's early, isn't he? It's not nearly twelve, is it? Yes—yes—this is Mrs. Carver—this is me, darling—" The thrilled voice wavered and flagged. "Oh—I—oh, I'm sorry; you must have the wrong number—yes, it's Mrs. Carver—Mrs. Derrick Carver —no, but it's a mistake. I don't know any— No, no one's been using the wire this evening—no, I haven't been using at all; we've been rather expecting a call, but the wire's been perfectly clear since nine— What? —I can't hear—there's a singing on the wires— What?— No, the receiver hasn't been off; I'm sorry that you've had so much trouble, but I really think that there's some mistake—perhaps the maids—"

She bit her lip, with a glance of despairing

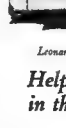
CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Leonard CLEANABLE Refrigerator

"Like a Clean China Cloth"

Leonard All-Porcelain Refrigerator

Helping Housewives in their war against waste



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Women now know that scientific refrigeration is one of the greatest blessings of the age. And those who know the Leonard recognize its superiority as a protector of food, a guardian of health, an aid to thrift and a saver of woman's work.

The Leonard's safe storage of foods permits a saving of time, money and fuel; left-over dishes can be used to the last atom; waste is eliminated; extra work is avoided; money is saved.

It's economy to buy a refrigerator one size larger than you think you need. This assures uncrowded space for dishes left over or prepared ahead.

The Leonard has ten walls of insulation, one-piece food chamber, porcelain-lined. Furnished with water cooler and rear icing doors when desired. One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. See the nearest Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for actual sample of porcelain, and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

There is a Leonard size and style to suit every purse

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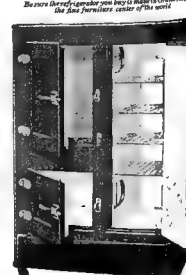
503 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Because Grand Rapids is the center of the furniture industry of the world



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Mail the coupon for a trial package of this coffee without caffeine

Coffee That lets you sleep

There is now a coffee without caffeine. You can drink it to your heart's content, drink it at any hour. Children can enjoy it.

It is simply pure coffee—an exquisite blend. You never tasted more delightful flavor.

All we remove is the tasteless drug, the source of coffee's harm. All the coffee delights at their utmost are intact.

You miss nothing

You miss no coffee joy. The caffeine we remove is practically tasteless and odorless.

You miss no kick, for the caffeine stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking.

You miss no bracing effects, for they come from aromatic oils and heat.

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Kaffee Hag is not a coffee substitute. It is coffee at its best! The most expert taster cannot discover that anything has been removed. The finest hotels the world over now serve it. Millions of homes have adopted it.

It is simply a delightful coffee, which anyone can drink at any hour without the fear of harm. For 95% of the caffeine is removed.

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Coffee without caffeine

Please try it

Someone in your home wants Kaffee Hag. Perhaps a child to whom coffee is forbidden. Perhaps an adult who must be careful, or whom coffee keeps awake.

Ask us for a 10-cup package and learn how folks enjoy it. Cut out the coupon now.

Package Free

Print your name and address and mail this coupon to

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION

1473 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

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_____

LONG-DISTANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

amusement at Devon. "Yes, it's Mrs. Carver, I told you, but I can't place you at all, and I don't understand—Why, yes, it's possible that some one has been trying to get a call through to me, but what—Yes, it might have been long-distance— What?—You've been trying to reach me for an hour? Well, that really isn't my fault, is it? If you'll tell me what you want—I can't hear; please speak a little louder— No, it doesn't make any difference whether any one else is here or not; you can give the message to me. I'm quite as capable of hearing what you have to say as any one else— No, I most certainly will not; please tell me what you want, or I shall simply ring off— Yes. Yes. I can hear— Oh, *headquarters!* Well, you can tell for yourself that the telephone's not working well; there's that stuggling on the wires, and every now and then it buzzes, too. Do see if there's not something that you can do— I'm expecting an important call any minute. Can't one of your men?— Well, then, what on earth did you call up for? You said that you were telephone headquarters, didn't you? I do think this service— *Oh* —oh—" Her voice died suddenly in her throat, and at the look in her eyes Devon leaped to his feet.

"Here, Anne—give it to me!"

She shook her head, fighting desperately to get back her voice.

"No—no—wait— Yes, I heard you perfectly—yes, Police Headquarters. It's some mistake of course— No—no, he's not here— Well, then, if you knew, what do you want?— Do you know where— I don't know, I tell you— I can't hear you —please spell—Green's?—Breen's?— No, I never heard of such a place—no, I don't know whom he went with—it was some kind of a party—some kind of a— Who?— Lola? Lola what? No, no, never mind!—I never heard of her—never. Please—please wait a minute—I want to ask you a question—please. Please. I've answered all of yours, haven't I? Then—where is Mr. Carver? Where is he?— No, no, you know where he is— What have you done?—you do!— You have to tell me—you have to— you—Hal! Hal!"

She thrust the telephone toward him, the frantic voice slipping and stumbling in its haste.

"Make them tell you—you're a man—make them—make them—"

Her teeth were chattering so violently that the words were lost; she clung to the table edge, shaken with a dreadful and racking tremor, her tortured eyes fastened on his face.

"What in the devil do you mean, calling up at this hour of the night?" demanded Devon violently. "I don't care who you are—it's a d— outrage, ringing up a woman at this hour and frightening the heart out of her. One of your dirty charges for speeding, I'll bet—I'll see you've got Mr. Carver there, send him to the phone and send him quick— Well, if it comes down to that, I don't like your tone either— What?—what?— Oh, report and be hanged; you're going to get a report on yourself that'll look like the inside of your head out— Well, get me Mr. Carver then and snap into it— I can't hear—where is he then?— Nobody— Oh, speak louder—where is he?— *What?*——"

There was a moment of absolute silence, and then he spoke again, very quietly.

"Yes, I heard you—I heard you perfectly —be good enough not to shout— Yes— No, I'll explain to Mrs. Carver— Well, I can't give you credentials over the telephone, but I have known Mr. and Mrs. Carver for years—I was at school with him—yes— My name's Devon—D-e-v-o-n —Henry Devon— Yes, I'll drop in to see you to-morrow— No, you can't speak to Mrs. Carver—no, that's final – I'd be much obliged if you'd give me any details that you have to—no, not by any means— Yes— I didn't get that— Oh, yes— blonde— No, I couldn't tell you— No, you're entirely mistaken—there was no misunderstanding of any kind— Well, there isn't any explanation—not any—it's —it's— Look here, give me your number and I'll call up again in a few minutes— Yes. 5493?—oh, 53! About fifteen—yes."

HE PLACED the receiver slowly on the hook, and stood staring down at the little black instrument that had been so vocal, and now was dumb.

"Hal?" The voice was not more than a breath, but at its sound he shuddered as tho he were cold. "Hal?"

"Sit down, Anne—here, I'll pull it closer to the fire—that's it."

"Hal, what did that man say? Has there been an accident?"

"Something like that."

"Is Derry—hurt?"

"Yes, dear."

She sat quite still, only her fingers stirring, drawing the silken tassel on her girdle back and forth, back and forth.

"Is Derry—dead, Hal?"

"Yes, dear."

She let the girdle slip from her fingers, lifting her hands to push back the weight of hair from her forehead with a small sigh, like a tired child.

"I think it's just some mistake; don't you, Hal?"

"I wish to God that I could think so."

"Well—but what made them think it was Derry?"

"He had letters—cards—initials on his cigaret-case."

"Oh, yes—it's a diamond-shaped monogram—awfully pretty. I gave it to him Christmas; you can't think how pleased he was. D. H. C.—Derrick Horn Carver— Who was Lola?"

"She was a—a girl who was with him."

"Was she? Where—where did it happen?"

"In New Jersey, somewhere this side of Princeton."

"Please tell me just what happened. Did another automobile hit them?"

"No."

AFTER a long moment she said again in the that dreadful, gentle little voice, "Well? Then what was it? I'm waiting."

"Anne, I don't know how to tell you. I'd rather have the heart torn out of my body than tell you. Wait——"

"I'm through waiting. Is it as bad as that? Hurry up, please. What happened? Where did they find him?"

"In a roadhouse near Princeton—a place called Breen's."

"Was he alone?"

"No—there was a girl with him. They don't know who she was—her handkerchief had 'Lola' on it."

"Had she killed him?"

"No."

"How do they know she hadn't?"

"Because she was shot herself—in the back."

"Then who killed him?"

"They—" He set his teeth, the sweat standing out on his forehead. "I'm not going to tell you any more about it now. Wait—wait——"

"If you don't tell me, I'm going out through that door and walk until I get to New York. Who killed him?"

"They say he killed himself."

"Killed himself? I never heard of such ridiculous nonsense. She was speaking as softly and evenly as tho she were discussing the labor problem, frozen to a calm more dreadful than storm. "Why should he have killed himself?"

"My God, how do I know? There was no one else to kill him—the pistol was still in his hand."

"Where were the rest of the party?"

"There was no one else on the party. The proprietor said that they came alone—arrived at about nine and ordered supper—it was after ten when they heard the shots."

"The proprietor probably did it himself," said Anne Carver pleasantly. "You let them say these things about Derry without contradiction—you, who know that he would die rather than give pain to any wretched little animal that lives?"

"I can't believe it, Anne—I can't believe it—but what else in God's name can I believe?"

"You can believe what you please—and you evidently please to believe something more filthy than even I had estimated that I have ever had."

"You are being extraordinarily cruel, Anne. What explanation do you give?"

"There are a thousand. Robbery——"

"But nothing that he had was touched——"

"He was protecting the girl——"

"Against whom?"

"It might have been blackmail—it might have been a maniac—it might have been anything, anything, anything but what you think—that Derry were here he would strike you dead for what you believe of him. I wish that he were here to strike you dead."

"I wish it, too. Believe me, life does not very greatly appeal to me at present."

"Did you think—that if you destroyed my faith in him I would fall weeping into your arms?" she asked smoothly. "Spare yourself the trouble—I would die before I touched you with a finger, now that I know what you think of him."

"By——" He towered suddenly above her. "That's enough—I'm off. You'll live yet to regret that, Anne."

"No——no—don't leave me—don't, don't." She caught at his arm as tho she were drowning—slipping, slipping deeper into icy water. For a moment he thought that she was going to die where she sat in the great chintz chair. "No, no—I'll be good—I'll be good. I didn't mean it, truly, truly. Hold me—hold me—you loved him too, didn't you, Hal?"

"Yes, dear."

"If he were here he'd tell us how it happened—you'd see. He said it was an awfully good joke on him—too good to keep. He'd tell us."

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't it too bad not to believe in God and heaven and angels and ouija-boards? Then I could pretend that I could see him again and that he would tell me. Derry believed all that kind of thing—but I never believed in anything but Derry—and now he's gone. What time is it?"

"A minute or so to twelve by this clock."

"He didn't keep his word, either, did he? He said not later than twelve—promised. Think of Derry breaking a promise——"

"Anne—Anne——"

"Oh, I know—of course he's dead—but still—he was Derry. The wind's worse, isn't it?"

"Yes——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Keeps Finest Shoes from Fading

Not one of the old worries—rain, mud, slush or snow—need ever penalize the appearance of your footwear.

There is nothing they can do that Dyanshine will not undo. Under the worst conditions its magic will prevail. A touch or two of the dauber and rich color returns to make fading footwear respectable again.

Rain

Scuffs, too, disappear. And a few strokes of the cloth brings a soft pleasing lustre. Only the appearance of the shoes on the day you bought them can compare.

Slush

New shoes for old—and that's almost the fact.

It is insurance for your footwear, too. Dyanshine *makes* them right and *keeps* them right.

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No acids to harm. No disagreeable odors to embarrass you. No paste to rub off.

Yet color for beauty. Oil to preserve. Wax to polish. And a shine that lasts the week.

Try Barton's Dyanshine next time. Avail able in black and the popular shades of tan and brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid.

Be certain to ask for it by name—don't be persuaded to accept substitutes.

Manufactured only by
BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.

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50 shines 50 cents

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DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

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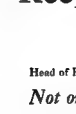
Ask your Dentist!
TRADE MARK

"Keep the facial contours of youth and beauty"

by E. G. Jegge
Head of Research Department, RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

Not only your smile, but your whole face changes when your teeth go

The wrong way

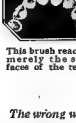


This brush reaches merely the surfaces of the teeth

The wrong way

The important back teeth are scarcely touched by a brush of this type

The right way



The wedge-shaped Albright thoroughly cleans the surfaces and the crevices of all the teeth

YOUR whole face changes—when the back teeth go. The muscles soften and grow flabby. Your cheeks lose their roundness.

The back teeth keep your cheeks up. They are the triple rooted molars that Nature made to do the chewing. The most important of your thirty-two teeth.

With former brushing methods these teeth have usually been the first to decay. It was almost impossible to keep them scrupulously clean. Food residues bred decay.

The Rotary Wedge

Your dentist will tell you the wedge-shaped bristles of the *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush* clean every crevice. Food residue is removed from the biting surfaces. Decay gets no chance to start a cavity. Notches between teeth and gums are kept free of tartar. Your whole mouth is clean. Your breath sweet. It took three years of effort in the Rubberset laboratories to perfect the scientifically correct toothbrush.

Dentists know

We have had representatives submit the *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush* to thousands of dentists. Their complete approval is astounding. They use and endorse it as the brush they would like their patients to have. *They say it is correct!*

Take advantage of this discovery to keep the facial contours of youth and beauty. Ask your dealer at once for an *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush*. If he can't supply you send us 35 cents in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. With it we will send you a copy of "How to Save your teeth."

FREE

"How to Save Your Teeth." A new booklet that answers the following important questions and dozens of others

How do the teeth affect the appearance?
Digestion?
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How should you care for baby's mouth?
Children's teeth?
Your own?

Which teeth are most important?
Why?

What are the results of neglect?

What are the essentials of mouth hygiene?

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35¢

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LONG-DISTANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

"When it pounces like that, you can see the flames flatten out—it comes down the chimney. Look—it's burning lower. I'm cold—I'm cold—"

"I'll get more wood; is it in the hall?"

"No, let it burn out. It's late; you must go, mustn't you? I don't want you to go; there's too much wind—it sounds as tho it were alive—it sounds as tho it were the only thing alive in the world—listen—"

She leaned far forward in the winged chair, and suddenly above the rush and clamor of the wind, the telephone rang out, loudly and imperatively. Again—again. She sat quite still, with lifted hand, her incredulous eyes frozen on the small black messenger blaring out its summons, the receiver fairly quivering on the hook. Again—again—strident and insistent—again. Devon rose slowly to his feet.

"I'll answer it."

"No," breathed Anne. "No."

"It's probably headquarters again."

"No," she whispered. "No—no—it's not headquarters again."

She stumbled out of the chair, clinging to the arms, groping, uncertain, like some one suddenly gone blind, and then in a swift rush she was past him, and the telephone was fast in her hands.

"Yes," she said clearly. "Long-distance—yes, I know— It's Anne, dear, it's Anne— I can't hear—it's so far away—can't you speak louder? Please, please— Can you hear me? Can you?— Listen— listen— I can't hear very well— Listen— we were going to tell me about the party—remember?— The party—you were going to explain—so—to—no— I can't hear— Make me hear—make me hear—say it again!— No, no, don't go—no, you can't go— No! Derry! Derry!"

The terrible cry tore through the room like something unchained, and Devon sprang to her.

"Take your hands away," she panted. "Don't dare—don't dare— Central!" She jangled the hook frenziedly. "Central—you cut me off—Central— No, no, I won't excuse it—never, never— Get him back. I tell you get him back— No, I don't know the number— No—you mustn't say that—you can help me—you can— " She was weeping terribly, throwing back her head to keep her lips clear of the flooding tears, stammering desperately. "No—no—it was long-distance, I tell you—long-distance, long——"

Her voice rose—fell -was suddenly and startlingly silent. After a long moment she let the receiver slip from her fingers —it swung limply across the blue-green draperies, while she stood very straight, holding the telephone against her heart.

"There's no one on the line," she said, in a small, formal, courteous voice.

Devon tried to speak—failed—tried again.

"It was a mistake?"

"Oh, no." She smiled forgivingly at him. "It wasn't a mistake—It was Derry. He wanted to explain to me—but I couldn't hear. It was my fault, you see—I couldn't hear."

She stood quite still, stroking the small dark thing against her heart with light and gentle fingers, and then, with an infinitely caressing gesture, she bent her head to it—closer, closer, still smiling a little, as tho against her curved lips she heard the echo of a far-off voice.

THE COMMUNITY—THAT'S YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Further. Not to live in a real accord of esteem, friendship, and understanding with your community is fundamentally wrong because it is fundamentally unnatural. Your case may of course be exceptional, but the chances are a thousand to one that you are yourself of the very blood of the community. Hundreds, thousands of the people you see in the street have the same blood as yours in their veins. Go far enough back and you will find common stock. Your traditions are the same. You were nourished in the same ideas. You have the same climate. You are accustomed to the same sights. You suffer under the same disabilities and enjoy the same advantages. You are all moving together in the same stage of the same evolution. Compared to these tremendous similarities, differences of temperament, brain, and education are slight—as you always discover when a foreigner or a stranger of any kind arrives on the scene.

AND it is almost certain that you yourself have many of the faults which you complain of in the community. After all, the community is not to blame for not being perfect. It is fulfilling the decrees of destiny and pushing forward to the poor best of its ability. As for you, so for the community, life is rather hard and still more disappointing. The eternal struggle being singularly mysterious and difficult of comprehension. And anyway you are just as responsible as anybody else for the community. You can not honestly wash your hands of it.

Here I want to insist that this bond which I am indicating includes not merely your own circle, but the whole of the self-governing community. Many people who are conscientiously loyal to their own circle repudiate the community. To a certain extent we all do so. And to that extent we are all wrong. Indeed I should put this too frequent neglect of the community as a whole among the worst of our social sins, among the sins which tend to end do the most to impede the progress of mankind. And that it reacts unfavorably on one's individual existence can not be doubted. I should like to know what would be the result if we all repudiated, neglected, and despised the community as some of us do. One result would assuredly be that the community as a community would fall into a coma and cease to be.

I willingly admit that you may have been unfortunate. You may have been born too soon. It may well be that you would have felt more at home a thousand years hence, after the community had had ten centuries in which to improve itself up to your level. And what then? What are you going to do about it? Bear a grudge against the eternal purpose? Don't attempt it. Nothing could be more absurd. Abnormally great and wise tho you may be, the eternal purpose will beat you if you cross it. Accept it. Fall in with it. Go further and you will fare worse. Your natural community is the community for you, and the more you study it and the better you understand it, the more comfortable you will be. Also, if you are so much superior to your environment, is not your duty all the more plain and urgent to do what you can to ameliorate your environment? This brings me to the second and complementary part of community life.

THE fact is that one of the chief reasons, if not the chief reason, for your dissatisfaction with our poor common humanity as shown in the life of the community is that you and -people like you take no part in it. You criticize it harshly enough, but you leave it alone. Which is either very illogical of you or very selfish. Why do you adopt this harmful attitude? I call the attitude harmful because your abstention leaves the field of public activity open to a certain number of persons who see a chance of exploiting the corporate life for their own advantage. That this exploitation does occur is notorious, and it is equally notorious that the extent of the exploitation increases with the abstention of decent and enlightened members of the community.

Well, you do not abstain from mere sloth, nor often from a conviction that you are unsuited to public tasks. You abstain partly because you have insufficient genuine faith in mankind and partly because you are frightened by the hugeness of the business of reform and improvement.

If, however, you lack faith the reason is that you are uneducated, you are ignorant of history, which is one long demonstration of the power of communities to improve. I doubt if the community in which you live is more imperfect than you yourself admit yourself to be in your moments of impartial self-examination. Yet it is the rarest thing for you to lose faith in yourself; nor does the awful multiplicity of your failings prevent you from continually making good resolutions and continually trying to put them into practise.

IF EVERY member of the community actively set himself to improve the community would improve. But even so it would not improve rapidly. The big movements are slow movements. The movements which produce lasting effects are slow movements. And also they are complicated movements made up of a million or so smaller movements. Results in improvement are got by people who have not only faith but patience, and who are not content to do one thing, and generally one little thing, at a time. It happens to many of us to throw ourselves into a movement of reform or good deeds and then to abandon it because we have not brought about the millennium in six months or six years.

"Mankind is incorrigible," we say. "There is no doing anything with it. Here have I honestly and respectably put my hand into this movement, and I've been back into this movement, and I've been thwarted by idiots and scoundrels at every turn and things are as bad as ever. I shall retire."

But mankind is not incorrigible. There is something to be done with it. We have not been quite thwarted at quite every turn. Things are not as bad as ever. And we have no right to retire. We have no right to be patient and perseverent and not to behave like an impulsive infant.

No corner of the field is too small to occupy. No effort is too humble to produce an effect worth producing. No effort is wasted. And there will never be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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Meat's Flavor Without Meat

Get it in Delicious Walnut Dishes

One of the most appetizing and nourishing meat substitutes for the Lenten season is Walnuts. They add variety and appeal to foods of all kinds.

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They contain 3180 calories—the scientific measure of food value—to the pound, three to four times as many as most of the meats, fish, and vegetables which you serve regularly. They are over 96 per cent pure nutrition—almost no waste.

The superior Walnuts provide more meats per pound although they cost about the same as other kinds. They are selected from the output of 4,000 of California's finest groves.

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Hand-sorted, crack-tested, and chosen for you with long-time skill they are of a high quality which will surely please you.

Thin shells permit the big, fine, delicious meats to be extracted whole.

These fine Walnuts are called Diamond Walnuts. Be absolutely sure of this satisfactory quality by insisting that the grocer fill your order from the sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
Our Yearly Production More Than Forty Million Pounds
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

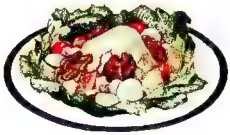
DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains halves for topping and facing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 709.

Date-Walnut Pudding

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, ¾ cup sugar.

Beat eggs and add sugar; sift flour and baking powder together; add Diamond Walnuts and dates. Sprinkle all with cinnamon in a greased pan. Bake about 30 or 40 minutes in a slow oven. Try with a straw. Serve with whipped cream in individual glasses.



Walnut Fruit Salad

One slice pineapple, 12 dates, 1 orange, ½ cup Diamond Walnut meats, ¾ cup seeded white grapes, 1 sliced banana, Golden Salad Dressing.

Cut in cubes, pineapple, dates, and orange which has been peeled. Add to these Diamond Walnut meats broken in pieces, seeded white grapes and sliced banana. Mix thoroughly, adding enough Golden Salad Dressing to moisten. Serve individually in lettuce cups, or in salad bowl, masking with dressing.

Toasted Walnut Meats

One cup Diamond Walnut meats, ½ cup cooking oil, salt.

Heat oil in very small frying pan; when hot put in enough Diamond Walnuts to cover bottom of pan, and stir until they begin to change color. Remove with spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are fried.

DIAMOND

DIAMOND *California* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

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"Mother says she is going to stay quietly in her room all day and let us do the best we can . . . She says it has been a hard week for her, so we mustn't grumble, but take care of ourselves." So Jo said: "Oh, there's corned beef and plenty of potatoes; and I shall get some asparagus, and a lobster 'for a relish.' We'll have lettuce, and make a salad. I don't know how, but the book tells."

—*From* "Little Women" by Louisa M. Alcott Little Brown & Co., Publishers.

And here's a book that "tells," too

Let the Little Women in your house who love to learn to cook try some of the good, simple recipes from Dromedary Dates, Dromedary Cocoanut and Dromedary Candied Peel.

They are all in the book called "*One Hundred Delights*," sent to little women, and grown ones, too.

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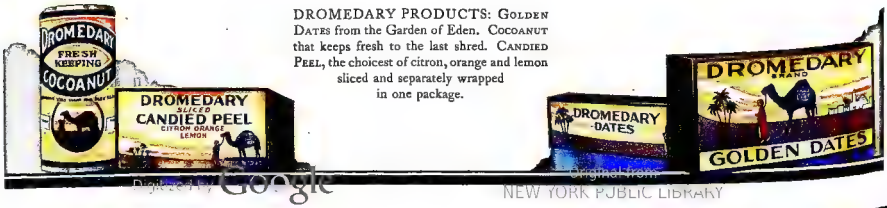

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THE COMMUNITY—THAT'S YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

any millennium, you know! The millennium is a chimera. A millennium involves perfection. A hundred centuries hence the citizens of those days to come, regarding us of the twentieth century somewhat as we regard the inhabitants of the stone age, will still be yearning toward the millennium and still be shocked by the scandalous imperfections of their humanity and the inefficiency of their communities. There can be no finality except death. The dream of a millennium is a device of nature's, and a very effective and agreeable device, for encouraging us to be persistent.

SOME of us with unquiet consciences would like to do something for the community, but we are held back by a too narrow conception of what public work is. When we think of public work we think of electioneering, speechifying, canvassing, campaigning, conspiring, lobbying, and a general prominence in the local newspaper. And we say to ourselves, no doubt quite truly, that we could never stand that sort of thing even if we had the capacity to take a hand in it.

But "that sort of thing," tho important enough and absolutely essential to the functioning of any community which in any degree governs itself, is not the only sort of thing. Everybody who helps in the education, or the pleasures, or the charities, or the religions, or the arts of a community engages in public work. Everybody who does anything from an unselfish motive and at personal inconvenience for the betterment of the community or a part of the community, in any matter however small, engages in public work. And there is more than enough public work to employ everybody who desires to help.

Even apart from urgent work which no one has yet thought of beginning, there is more than enough public work actually begun to satisfy the appetites of the most energetic. A very little inquiry will show that organizations exist everywhere for leaving the world better than they found it, and that nearly all of them are hampered by a lack of working adherents. The difficulty is not to find scope for activity; the difficulty is to choose among many scopes and to choose wisely.

And a still greater difficulty is to go to work in the right spirit. We are apt to start too complacently, as tho the mantles of all the prophets had descended upon us and we were the first persons that ever had dedicated ourselves to public work. We are apt also to start too uncompromisingly. We know our principles and we can not recede from them. We will sacrifice everything, our leisure, our health, our peace of mind, but not our principles. Principles are sacred. Etc.

This would be a grand theory if our own principles were the only principles in the world. But everybody has principles, and, when you examine them, the principles of no two persons are exactly alike. Hence, if everybody was as rigid as ourselves, public work would have to be done by a vast number of separate organizations, and each organization would consist of just one individual and no more. Hence also there is a chance that our own principles may not be the final word of all wisdom. Be it known to all inexperienced enthusiasts for bettering the world that compromise is of the very essence of such work—yes, compromise even on principles, which no more than anything else is exempt from criticism and continual modification.

Another pit into which the tyro is liable to fall is what I will term the "simplicity delusion"—usually accompanied by the "sole remedy delusion."

"My dear fellow, it's so simple. I can show it you on half a sheet of paper, if you will only give it a moment's thought. The thing to be done is *x* [*x* being the beloved nostrum]. Neglect *x* and you will come to naught. Do *x* and everything will be right."

To which earnest nonsense the reply is that no problem is so simple—far from it, and that there is no simple cure for any public ill, and that those devoted public workers who put their faith in a simple remedy for a simple ill are in serious danger of becoming public nuisances.

THERE are three reasons why it is essential to right living that we should enter into some form of work on behalf of the community. The first is that such work is an antidote to that besetting selfishness of outlook, attitude, and activity which is common to nearly all of us, and which is perhaps the chief cause of all our discontent and unhappiness; a superlative corrective for that maxim, at once fatal and absurd, "it's every one for himself in this world."

Any person made miserable by his own disappointments and woes can prove the truth of what I say by going straight off and doing something for somebody else without any expectation of advantage to himself. He will immediately feel better; his glance will be brighter; his courage will be increased; and his view of the entire world will be altered. This is a certainty. It is a certainty which may conceivably annoy thousands of people who, like myself, have no use for priggishness, self-righteousness, and the sensation which boys and girls contemptuously describe as "pi." It may set their teeth on edge like the sound of scratching on a slate. But a certainty it is. And you will never get away from it.

Forget yourself; think of others; and you will benefit yourself. So that if you find any comfortable anti-"pi" satisfaction in so doing, you can assert that all unselfishness is really selfishness at bottom. It may be. The question has been discussed for thousands of years and it is not yet settled and never will be settled.

You may object that a man who, for example, is working for his family, practises all the unselfishness that ought to be demanded from a human being. I do not agree. The family is a unit of which the bread-winner is the core, and in working for the family he is working for himself and for something which he primarily originated for the satisfying of his own instincts. There is an egotism of the family which may be as hard and fierce as a purely personal egotism. Self-sacrifice on behalf of one's family may be altruism, but it is an altruism within an enlarged egotism. And it is not enough. The community is a bigger thing than the family, as the War has proved, and the need of the family is not an excuse for neglecting the community.

The second reason is that the work for the community, in addition to constituting a valuable moral exercise and discipline, is directly and unmistakably advantageous to ourselves. Not merely does it tend to improve the community, with agreeable consequences to the members of the community, but it tends to improve the community in the particular manner in which we personally desire it to be improved. And in addition it necessarily enlarges our knowledge of mankind.

Everybody who indulges in public work must meet people, and all kinds of people, whom otherwise he never would meet. His acquaintance is multiplied, and he may even make new and precious friends; his perspective is corrected, he sees things in new lights; his powers of diplomacy are brought into play, and, above all, he learns the deep practical truth that it takes all sorts to make a world. In a sentence, public activity, however humble, educates the worker as nothing else can; it completes his education in so far as education can be completed; it is the "finishing-school" of life.

The third reason is an amplification of the second—the second perceived in a broader aspect. Work for the community is the best of all safeguards against the temptation to *avoid* life. Clearly if you avoid life you can not make the best of life. Life is admittedly difficult; it would n't be worth living if it were not; it would only be a sort of death. There is no sense in actually creating difficulties; but equally there is no sense in running away from difficulties which exist. To do so would be as wise as to cut your legs off because walking gives you corns. You would have no more corns, but also you would have no more walking, and you would be vastly less alive than you were. Fairly faced the corn difficulty instead of stumbling away from it on your mutilated stumps.

PEOPLE encumber this earth who, having had experience of the difficulties and complexities of existence, are determined to have as few of them as possible. Marry? Certainly not. Marriage is fraught with trouble. Therefore they remain single. Own property? Certainly not. The property-owner is the martyr of society. His troubles range from the plumber to the tax-collector. Therefore they will own nothing. Rent a house? Certainly not. Consider the servant difficulty alone! Therefore they will not rent a house. Collect intimate friends? Certainly not. It involves you in the most tiresome complications. You have to make allowances for the friends' individualities, to accept hospitality and to give hospitality in return. Therefore they confine themselves to acquaintances.

They live in hotels or furnished service-flats; they obtain books from a lending library; they join a golf club; they hire a car by the half-day. And thus they avoid every difficulty and complication. Their sole trouble is that they are the most melancholy and bored individuals on the face of the landscape, because from cowardice or sloth they are avoiding life. They have simplified life. True! But they have knocked it senseless too.

To live wisely is to live fully, to live with all your faculties, to live all the time, to feel deeply and variously, and always—up to a given age—to find the day a trifle too short for the day's doings. It is better to have too many interests than too few. It is better to be worried to death than to die in the sleep of boredom. Not that I am advocating any form of decease, and I should seriously object to being worried to death. Worry in excess is a crime on the part of the person who permits himself to be worried. Worry is a form of friction.

The task of the perfect life is to run his machine with the maximum of activity and the minimum of friction. If he stops or slows the machine because he can not otherwise deal with the friction, then life has beaten him. The general human tendency is to stop friction by partially stopping the machine—especially after what is loosely called "success" has been attained. Real success in life is the full smooth-running exploitation of the whole machine with daily satisfaction to the mechanic. And nothing else is real success in life.

Breakfast should be "double-breasted," too

NATURAL FOODS—especially cereals—will keep the child warm inside as well as outside. Of all cereals, oatmeal is the best.

Oatmeal supplies all the vital food elements that keep young and old in the pink of condition. But—you can never realize the startling difference in oatmeals until you have tried H-O (Hornby's Oats).

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H-O oats are plump, curly and brown—exclusive characteristics made possible only by the Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting process.

Oatmeal made from H-O (Hornby's Oats) has distinctive color, flavor and texture, unlike any other oats.

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Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered form.

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Your Linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy. Leading linoleum manufacturers recommend it.

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Johnson's *Liquid* Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It imparts a durable polish which will not gather dust and lint or show finger marks. It takes all the drudgery from dusting. Protects and preserves the varnish, adding years to its life and beauty. Covers up mars and surface scratches.

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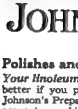

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AN APPRECIATION OF LADY ASTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

smile, but we sat very intent when she took the keen scalpel of a kind of garden-variety, good sense and cut into our solar plexus, bared our inmost alarms and aspirations, and matched them with her own. She told us nothing new in fundamental thought, but it gave us a constructive impetus to have our mutual conclusions spoken aloud with a silver tongue in a golden voice.

"The people of the world who want peace must make that force so strong that no one will fight against it. No war will end war. We know now that it is materialism that starts war, and if we want a better world all peoples must get together in greater Christliness to prevent future wars.

"Material power is not the greatest thing in the world. the power to do good is the greatest.

"If civilization is going to be saved for the world we have got to put a great deal of the Christ spirit into our efforts."

About the relation of labor and capital she said:

"I have worked hard myself in politics and I have worked for the interest of working people. I wouldn't represent anybody who didn't work.

"And first of all we must have industrial peace or we won't have any other kind of peace anywhere. The world is divided into two great classes, labor and capital, and until they are at peace the world is at war. They must get together. Capital must share both the results and responsibilities of production with labor—wild agitators often become statesmanlike leaders when you give them responsibilities, and judiciously organized labor can negotiate only with judiciously organized capital."

ABOUT the relation of the sexes in political life Lady Astor speaks with a railing and rallying certainty.

"Look at the man who tries to live alone. Look at him; look at his socks; look at his buttons. Look at the home life. It's just the same. You need the women in politics because they will bring to public morals the same thing they put into home life. It's the love of women that helps men to understand the love of God. I learned during the War what I never had before, and that is that men really appreciate the moral sense of women, and if the women only give them that side of their nature, that is what they really want, and when they give them that side they must demand a return in kind. A single standard of morals in all things for man and woman!"

Lady Astor is a passionate prohibitionist, but fears that prohibition can not be effectively accomplished in a generation. She says that she knows that "If the next generation grows up without a rumshop around the corner it will be worth more than this generation."

Lady Astor came to America to do her tremendous best to bring American women to a realization of their tremendous power in politics, their responsibilities to that power, and advise them about methods of using it. She declared that if the conditions of their world are wrong theirs be the righting.

Her first proposition was for a "League of Peace, because the very name League of Nations seems to irritate some people." Claiming that it be taken for granted that all women want above all things peace, in which to use their primary occupation of producing and bringing successfully to maturity the human race, she contends that women can get that condition by joining their steady, organised pressure with that of all peace-convicted men and bringing it to bear upon the government of the world

"Then you really have all that faith in the power of women in politics?" I asked her as we walked slowly down the corridor of the hotel on the way to her apartment.

"Well, rather," she answered in British parlance with a Virginian accent. "You need women in politics in America just as much as we do in England."

THEN as we paused at a window for a breath of breeze we took counsel together as to how women in America could solidify and make effective the preponderous and portentous power the Nineteenth Amendment had bestowed upon them. Basing her judgments upon the facts of her own spectacular success in achieving governmental influence, Lady Astor, M. P., says the one way for women to make politics their instrument for bettering the chances for the health, welfare and happiness of the human race is to sharpen it by wheeling it against the hard problems of their immediate surroundings. She decrees decidedly that politics begin at home, hand in hand with charity.

Means that she advises, as training for all national political careers, that women regularly go to the polls to vote and remain as close as possible as watchers of the ballot-casting, that they have themselves elected to Boards of Education and, before taking their seats, to study rules of order so that they will know how to get the attention of the chairman in the proper way and turn so as to obtain "the floor" upon which to speak—thinking on their feet—on the subject under debate, which may mean how many cubic feet of air their children shall have to breathe in the new school-building for which the board is voting appropriations.

Does it not mean that women should seek appointments on the City and County Boards of Health to see that proper sewerage be assured their districts and their milk and supplies be properly inspected as a training for the office of Secretary of Public Welfare?

Lady Astor would advise the young woman lawyer to go into the various courts of her town and district to study the methods and manners of administering law before she undertakes to run for Sheriff, District Attorney, or Supreme Court Judge.

We could count on Lady Astor to think it a good plan for a woman of wealth to have herself elected as a member of the board of directors of a bank and to seek to be elected the recording secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce before making the race for State Treasurer.

I can close my eyes and conjure up a great picture of Lady Astor pinning the metal badges of office under the coat-lapels of the president of the Browning Club and the secretary of the Woman's Home Mission Society and the treasurer of the Cotillion Club and the leader of the Friday Afternoon Bridge Circle, which made them deputy sheriffs to act in a clean-up of the red-light area over beyond the city dump, a good year before signing her name to a petition to make them members of a committee sent by the city, at the city's expense, to study vice problems in New York, London, Paris, and Bucharest.

The English counterparts of these American footholds Lady Astor chiseled for herself before she stormed over the walls of the Parliamentary fortress. And she says we will have to wield a stout mallet before we get even a working minority over our Congressional razzmatazz.

Let's try out her advice!

Let's put a damp stick of hickory in the kitchen stove, which we warm by westerns will smolder an hour under the pot of grass, and go up to the crossroads store to talk politics with the postmaster and the men around the cracker-boxes—and profit by what they say, from their experience, for and against a candidate when we go to the polls.

Let's put aside our new volume of Amy Lowell's verses or Kathleen Norris's new novel and read all the statecraft news in both the morning and afternoon papers. If we don't understand let's humble ourselves and ask him about it all when he comes home to dinner. In return let's vote with him when we can conscientiously, but silently trust to the secret ballot when we disapprove of his favorite candidate.

And having got that ballot as a weapon we must cast it.

WHEN Lady Astor was questioned about where she was when the suffragette window-smashing was "going on," she answered by saying that at that time she was busy "populatin'," but if it hadn't been for what those brave women were doing then she couldn't be "carryin' on"—"carrying on" is good taken in both primitive and modern sense—in Parliament to-day. Thus she makes her acknowledgment of the gift of her franchise as well as the duty laid upon her by her new privileges, and can we do less?

And as she "politics" with a good will and good results we find that Lady Astor also "populates" with a like energy. She has produced one son by a former marriage, four Astor boys and an Astor woman child upon whom we wish her mother's "comether." What more could she need? And it is pretty certain that these young Lordlings will have a full program mapped out for them and will be constrained and enjoied into following it far and high; for I saw their Lady mother stand up before her great audience of trade-unionists and say:

"I want good conditions for all people who work, but I would rather have my children labor under the worst condition than to join the loafers!" I rather feel that the young Astors will have to display a pretty good brand of Anglo-Yankee energy if they keep ahead of their Rebel mother's slave-driving. And by the same token if Lady Astor rates other people she also drives herself. She bewailed the fact that she was not able to apply the eight-hour law, which she so eloquently demanded for other women and men, to herself. In pleading with great tenderness for time "for some fun" for the sixteen-year-old working girls she declared that when she was sixteen two hours a day's work seemed too much for her and that now sixteen hours seemed to be about her stint.

And what is the body which houses this blithe and superdynamic spirit, who has captured the imaginations and passions of two nations, like? Let's look her over and find out on what her motors run.

LADY Astor has one of the most powerful of bodies I have ever beheld and absolute health. She is of medium height and must weigh exactly what it is normal for a woman of her height to weigh, for she is firm and solid and sinewy, but she gives the impression of almost adolescent slimness. Her breasts are nurturingly rounded. Her feet are small and narrow and her ankles round and slender and springy. Her hands are long and firm and very warm, with a curious clinginess which makes you want to keep on holding one until the Viscount comes and drags her away from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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MAE MURRAY, star of "Broadway Rose," says:

"After a hard day's work nothing so refreshes the face and takes away the tired, strained look as Mineralava Beauty Clay."

MARION DAVIES, star of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," says:

"Mineralava is the perfect way to a perfect complexion. I have tried many clays for the complexion but Mineralava surpasses others so far that I use it and it only."

The Trinity Beautiful and its Debt to MINERALAVA

by Hector Fuller

THREE of the most beautiful women whose faces are familiar to thousands who have seen their reflections on the Silver Screen delight in telling their fellow-women the secret of their wonderful complexions.

This Trinity of Beauty, Marion Davies, Mae Murray and Priscilla Dean, are all agreed that the greatest corrector of skin evils: the most perfect creator of health and freshness for the complexion is Mineralava Beauty Clay.

Mineralava is not a novelty. It has been in use since its discovery, twenty-three years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the famous Beauty expert. When she found that this product of the laboratories of Nature had remarkable affinities for the human skin she had it tested and tried by the most notable chemists in Europe and America who added to it certain medical ingredients of great potency thus making it the most perfect specific for Skin-Malnutrition that women have ever used.

Just what Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted specialist of skin diseases, recommended in his famous work, "The Skin and Its Diseases," Mineralava accomplishes. It was Sir Erasmus who pointed out that there are two layers of human skin, the outer called the Epidermis, which bears the brunt of weather and the exposure to dirt and grime; and the under skin called the Dermis, waiting to take its place when the old skin flakes and falls away, and which must, therefore, be nourished, stimulated and invigorated.

THAT is what Mineralava does so perfectly. It penetrates the myriad of tiny pores and reaching the under skin stimulates it to perfect skin-health.

It absolutely corrects Skin-Malnutrition, that disease of lack of proper nourishment from which most mature faces suffer. In place of the sallow, dead-looking complexion, lacking vivacity and beauty, it gives you a face sparkling with vigor and free from blemishes.

Mineralava Beauty Clay builds up the tiny muscles and stimulates a healthy blood circulation through the tiny blood vessels; it clears away all the eruptions, draws out the impurities, drives off pimples and blackheads; corrects oily or too-dry skin, coarse pores, incipient wrinkles and sagging muscles. It so nourishes the Dermis that when the time comes for it to take its place as the surface skin, it appears as the perfect complexion, newborn and beautiful.

M. Victor Vivaudou, the noted Parisian perfumer, gives Mineralava his unqualified endorsement. He says: "I have never endorsed any beauty preparation without a thorough and complete trial. Before I decided to distribute Mineralava I watched its use for six months and more. During that time it was sold always with a positive guarantee that the money paid for it would be returned if Mineralava did not accomplish all and more than was claimed for it. In that period thousands of women used Mineralava, and my records show that 78 per cent of these were grateful for having used it because of the wonderful effect it had had on their skin-health. In all that time not one single purchaser of Mineralava asked for the return of money, or expressed any but the most complete satisfaction. No other similar toilet preparation in all of my long years of experience has ever held such a record as this.

"That is why I personally recommend Mineralava to all persons who suffer in any way from Skin-Malnutrition. Mineralava does not cover skin imperfections; it removes them. I know from practical experience that it will actually build up the underlying muscles and tissues into firm and healthful condition; it dispels wrinkles and flabbiness. It is the one, supreme care for the complexion which is at once natural, convenient and invariably successful."

PRISCILLA DEAN, star of "Under Two Flags," enthusiastically writes:

"There is nothing that so definitely clears away all the impurities from the skin as Mineralava does. It brings back the firm contour of youth and is the enemy of all skin troubles."

COUNTLESS thousands of happy American home women testify to the permanent qualities of Mineralava. Mineralava is a superior article for discriminating people. Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as $15 a treatment. Today it is within the reach of every woman at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying with every bottle.

There is also an introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava for 50c.

MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!

MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!

MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!

MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years successful use behind it in the best homes of the country. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

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1922 Was An Eureka Year

During 1922 the women of America clearly established their preference for the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, and did so in a manner so significant that we believe their acceptance and preference deserves to be brought to the attention of those countless thousands who have not as yet purchased electric vacuum cleaners.

The records of the Electric Cleaner Industry indicate that during the year there were approximately 70 different "makes" of electric cleaners offered for sale by manufacturers, jobbers and retailers. *Yet American women, during 1922, purchased one Eureka for every four electric cleaners of the other 69 "makes" combined.* By so doing they not only made 1922 the largest and most successful year in the Eureka's long and successful history, but at the same time established the Eureka in a position of undisputable leadership in the entire electric cleaner industry!

During 1922 one Eureka was sold for every thirty electrified homes in the United States wherein electric cleaners were not in use. This fact, together with the sale of the Eureka compared with that of the other 69 different "makes" combined, gives us good reason to contend that 1922 was an Eureka year.

For rapid, thorough cleaning in a diversity of time saving uses, in uninterrupted service, in freedom from attention, the new Eureka model represents the highest development of vacuum cleaner design and manufacture. Our nearest dealer will be pleased to favor you with a thorough, free demonstration in your own home. Write us for his name.

It Gets the Dirt

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.

Makers of Eureka Vacuum Cleaners since 1909

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario; Foreign Branch, 8 Fisher Street, Holborn; London; W. C. 1, England (70)

The Grand Prize Cleaner

Winner of Grand Prize at Panama-Pacific Exposition; at Brussels; at Milan; and Paris. Highest Award at Amsterdam.

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

AN APPRECIATION OF LADY ASTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

you. She and I clasped hands for a second in the wings before she went out front for her speech and Lord Astor parted us; we clasped hands again when she came from out front after her ovation and again he seemed to be forcibly separating us; and when I bade her good-by in her apartment in the hotel both my hands tangled with the cling of her fingers. Some sort of a hoodoo was bestowed at birth upon Nancy Astor's hands by her negro mammy in Virginia, and the public ought to be warned of it in advance.

My Lady's head is small and buoyantly poised on her rounded neck, that is in turn sturdily molded onto her much too broad and square shoulders, which seemed built for great burdens. Her back is flat and straight, and her gait has the slight roll of the true horsewoman. She wears her skirts conservatively midleg, but I know her knees must be slightly sprung from her saddle-grip. Nancy Langhorne, with her five sisters, was literally raised on horseback down in Virginia, and she has ridden to every famous pack in the Old Dominion as well as in Old England. Her horsemanship made a great hit with King Edward and they were fast friends. They do say her Viscount courted her across a riding-crop—he may have "held the whip-hand" then, but he shows no signs of holding it now.

Further, she has a quantity of brindle hair which vagabonds about over her temples and neck in intriguing tendrils and gives you the impression that she escaped hurriedly from her maid just in time to spoil an artistic grouping of bands and waves being especially builded for your undoing. Her eyes are a blue, gray, green blend of violet and have yellow sparks in them which seem to shoot forth from black depths. They are set very deep into her skull at an unusual angle, and if I ever detected daredevilry these are two dodging around in the corners where her thick *brune* lashes meet her smooth, high-boned cheeks.

In fact, I accuse Nancy Astor of having a clearly defined gamin complex. It would not surprize me to find that on certain moonlight nights her astral body slips out of the grandam, alips into the knickers of one of her boys, sneaks over the back fence, meets Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn in the alley, joins the gang around the corner, and goes over the hill to hunt for the entrance of Indian Joe's cave. She has a way of giving her whole heart out to the rabble, and it gives her back as good as she sends. She's one of 'em!

BUT back to the great Lady! Her mouth is large, with a full lower lip and a straight, stern upper lip, which, however, lifts with a funny little quirk in the right corner when she smiles. Her ears were covered, but I would swear they are closeset and pointed. Her chin is adamant, and all the color she has appears to be strictly skin-grown rose. Her teeth are slightly irregular and about the color of the pearls, each the size of a large pea, in the string she was wearing looped once around her neck, with the other loop disappearing down under her coarse-woven, Bulgarian embroidered vest which held together the two sides of the blouse of her midnight-blue crêpe frock.

For what was obliged to be one of the important days of her life, when she faced that magnificent audience, Lady Astor was very simply but smartly dressed. Any clever woman could clear the dining-room table to work on, and, holding down a good elementary pattern with one hand onto a piece of blue crêpe, cut herself just such a beautifully simple frock and sew up its few clear-lined seams before the children come in from play.

As we stood together beside the window in the entrance to her apartment, I took in all the charms and otherwise of her Ladyship which I have tried to faithfully flash on this printed page, and at the same time I asked her what she thought of the way American women dress.

"Oh, beautifully—but they think too much about it and spend too much time 'doin'' it. There is so much else that is more important," she answered quickly as she threw back the black embroidered veil which had covered her plain, sane little black hat with a down-sweep on one side and an up-swirl on the other. But just a hint—"Our Nancy" has several times, during her visit to us, been detected in most magnificent array—she's just a woman after all. Hurrah!

"WHAT are the most important things for women to think about besides politics?" I asked as I looked again to be sure that akin which had reached the years of discretion could be as fine-grained as hers.

"There is that one most important thing upon which women must concentrate the whole energy of their minds before they can afford to turn their attention to other things—and that is the enforcement of peace—peace," she answered with impassion in her eyes and her voice.

"Child welfare?"

"Yes! But why raise children well to have them shot down on battle-fields? If you could have seen the wounded boys in my hospital at Cliveden— Peace first!"

And yet when "Our Nancy" got back on the front porch of her old home in Virginia, with about five thousand old friends standing on the lawn "listenin' and lovin'" and making fun with her, what she coveted most, and got, among hundreds of other presents, was a tattered old Confederate battle-flag under which some of her ancestors fought for a losing and finally Lost Cause. Yes, I think we can write our Lady Astor down as a woman.

I felt Lord Astor coming to take her from me.

The mingled light of the vanishing sun and the coming stars was shining over the housetops from the wide west full into Lady Astor's face and revealed a brooding world-compassion and anxiety which emboldened me to ask her a personal question. In all of her speeches made in America, noting, brilliant, pertinent and importunent, rallying, critical, joyous, and daring, I had noticed that she had made a quiet second in which to put upon her utterances the hallmark of a devout faith in prayer, and I asked her very gently if prayer meant in her personal life what her public hall-marks seemed to indicate.

"It is everything—without it there is no power to accomplish anything, and with it all things are possible," she answered instantly and with authority. Then her keen, brilliant face softened until it became like unto a very small and wistful girl's as she asked: "What would a woman do if she couldn't pray?"

And then Lord Astor came to lead her into her reception-room beyond to meet and fence with the press, twenty strong, assembled in battle array. As her hands clung and then slipped from mine I said:

"God bless and keep you ever in His care, Lady Astor."

So say we, all of us!

HE-HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

MY DARLING C——:

I can not tell you how happy you have made me and send you this line to say that I am simply overjoyed at the knowledge that my affection is returned. I had been so anxious for the assurance which you gave me that I can hardly realize that you really have entrusted your future to my care. Our love is not the fleeting fancy of childhood, but the firm, never-ceasing affection of mature years, and I know we will neither of us err in yielding to it absolutely. I shall never cease to appreciate the boon which you have granted me, and a lifetime of constant devotion shall be your proof of the sincerity of my love.

With undying devotion.

"He had a big package of letters," said Moe, coming into the room. "He used to read 'em every night. They were in his bottom chiffy drawer and he always kept it locked."

He pulled on the knob, and the drawer opened.

"I guess he took them all with him. No, here's one he missed."

He handed his father a pink, scented envelop. The note within was curt:

"I've saved you the last time are you going to make good? If you don't come here I'll come there and show you up. I'll give you a week, or it's a breach-of-promise suit for you."

Henry turned the envelop over.

"Where's 'here,' I wonder?"

The stamping was too indistinct and blurred to make out the original post-office, but the letter had been received in Middlebury September 2.

"That was yesterday," said Moe.

"And he left to go to her to-day!" gasped Henrietta.

"Pshaw!" roared Henry down the stairs. "Get the car out and we'll go down to the station. Maybe we can catch him yet!"

HIS Nibs recognizes He-House born a block away. He ran down the vault joyfully to welcome his master's return and came back as mournfully because there were only three inmates of our. He followed the remnant of the family into the dining-room and slipped under Loole's vacant chair, where Loole had never failed in all the Sundays he could remember to sneak him choice and surreptitious bites.

Of all the hard times when a family is broken up the hardest is Sunday dinner. The cozy dining-room is so cheerless, the extra dishes so tasteless, the vacant chair so empty. The stillness that settled down over He-House was appalling. It began to rain, and Loole's usual Sunday afternoon gang failed to show up, except Cummie, whose familiar whistle brought the first tears to Henrietta's eyes.

"Don't tell him he's gone. Maybe he'll be back before any one finds out," she begged.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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Supreme in juiciness, equally superior in flavor and sweetness, Sealdsweet Florida oranges are rich in vitamines and other essential food elements.

THE food and health values of oranges have been definitely established by dieticians and stomach specialists, and recognized by general practitioners.

ALL agree it is the juice of oranges which contains the constituents that give these fruits their great usefulness in maintenance and restoration of health.

Sealdsweet Florida Oranges

EXCELLING in every element of inner goodness, delicious and tempting to the taste, *Sealdsweet* Florida oranges contain more juice than others and consequently have greater vitamine content.

THE exquisite flavor and the sparkling sweetness of the juice from *Sealdsweet* Florida oranges combine to splendid advantage in any number of pleasing drinks, ices, sherbets, soups, etc.

Whatever the outward appearance, Sealdsweet Florida oranges always are filled with health-giving, palatable juice. Whether bright, golden or russet in color, you may buy them with the assurance that they are always juicy.

SEND FOR GIFT COPY OF BOOK "HOME USES FOR JUICES OF SEALDSWEET ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT"

Contains tested recipes for home use, in new and pleasing ways, of the juices of these food and health fruits. Illustrated in natural colors; invaluable in the household, helpful in sick-rooms. A gift copy is yours for the asking. Address

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE, 703 CITRUS EXCHANGE BLDG., TAMPA, FLORIDA

Sealdsweet Florida Grapefruit

Always appetizing and healthful, better than ever during the Spring months. Buy the big ones when you purchase *Sealdsweet* grapefruit and you will get fruits that for almost a year have been steadily storing up healthful food elements for your enjoyment.

Ask for *Sealdsweet* oranges and grapefruit—insist that they be furnished to you in wrappers bearing this trademark.

Most fruit dealers like to sell *Sealdsweet* oranges and grapefruit because they please and satisfy good customers.

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The Perfect Chocolate Cake

and how to make it

DO YOU KNOW of anything more delicious than a good, home-made chocolate layer cake? Here is one that is rich, delicate in flavor and not "sickishly sweet."

The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine, even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well; add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

2½ squares (2½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons cream
1 egg yolk
¾ cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

1 unbeaten egg white
1¼ cups confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon thin cream
1½ squares (1½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.

Helpful Hints

Use level measurements for all materials. Save on the amount rather than the quality of the ingredients.

Use the very best vanilla and *Royal Baking Powder*; otherwise the delicate flavor and fine texture will be lost.

Cream the butter well before adding any sugar, and do all the hard beating at the beginning of the process.

Beat the egg yolks and whites together: this keeps the cake fresh longer.

Bread flour is intended; if pastry flour is used add about ⅛ cup more flour.

A few grains of salt added to the icing brings out the flavor of the chocolate.

Send for New Royal Cook Book *- It's Free*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
127 William Street New York

Google

HE-HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Might as well tell 'em now," Henry advised bitterly. "It'll soon be all over town."

Ordinarily time does not drag at He-House, even on Sunday afternoons, but on this one it stood all but still. Henrietta looked at the clock when it showed ten minutes of three. She looked several years later and it was five minutes past. She went up to Looie's room. She straightened out his chiffonier drawers, arranged his old clothes in the closet, and smoothed the pillows on his bed. Henry followed her, and among the pennants and dance-scores and block-letters of a young man's belongings they talked over his babyhood, the cute things he used to do, and when he got his first tooth. Why, that was only yesterday, and now he was gone and without a word.

Wherever he was, Henrietta left a light burning for him in the hall and the door unlocked. Birdie and Moe went silently up to bed as if there were a death in the house. His Nibs forsook his favorite chair and curled himself to wait by Looie's bed. Henrietta lay awake in the dark and wondered bitterly how she had ever thought cooking and caring and mending for He-House hard so long as they were all at home.

ON MONDAY business called Henry out of town. On Tuesday Henrietta got a letter. It was mailed from South Bay and said:

DEAR MOTHER:

I've got into trouble with a woman. Don't expect to see me any more. How is His Nibs?

YOUR SON.

"Why, he went straight to the shack!" cried Henrietta to His Nibs. "Why didn't we think of that? Maybe he's there yet! Maybe we've been all wrong; maybe——"

She left a note to Birdie and Moe on the dining-room table, put sandwiches and cookies into a satchel, shut His protesting Nibs in the house, and took the noon trolley for South Bay. She had always loved this ride through deep woods, open fields, the lake showing in the distance. But now she looked upon them all with unseeing eyes. "Looie in trouble with a woman!" the wheels ground out. "Looie in trouble with a woman!" the whistle shrieked. No, no, it couldn't be. Why, only yesterday he was a little boy making eager trips back and forth to the shack, hunting frogs in the swamp, roasting marshmallows on the beach, frolicking in the water.

At South Bay the only automobile for hire had gone to Canastota. She set out for Harper's Point on foot. At the beginning, the familiar road gave her courage, but an hour later when she turned in at the lane which led down to the lake and saw the chimney of Sunset Camp sticking up among the trees her heart failed her. What if after all he were not there? Suppose—but she did not dare let herself suppose.

The grassy lane down which Looie had run many a night for milk at the farmhouse down the road, the sweet apple-tree in the fence corner at which he had filled his pockets, the fields across which he had yodeled to tell her he was coming, these and many other crowding memories were almost more than she could bear. The little shack which Henry and the boys had built with their own hands came into view. From a clump of sheltering trees it looked out upon the sparkling lake. Every board, every nail in it was dear, representing the time when the boys were little and father and mother and home their whole world.

She came out of the lane into the path leading to the shack. She looked nervously along the Point. All the cottages seemed to be closed. Even Sunset. It was first at hand and sat by itself, for which she was thankful. If some of the campers should see her and find out that Looie— She hurried as fast as her tired, fearful feet would take her to the back door. It was locked. She ran around to the front. So was it. She came back to the back one. A high window next to the door was the only one not boarded up. She found a box and climbed up to look in. Through the curtain she could make out the boat, oars, and fishing-tackle piled together in the kitchen at the last moment when they had locked up to come into town. She slumped rather than slid down, and crumpled up against the side of the shack. That hushed stillness of a shut-up home stifled her.

She looked across the grassy stretch between Sunset Camp and the next cottage. She could almost see Looie tumbling about childishly with His Nibs or playing ball whole-heartedly with his brothers. Frantically she beat upon the door, trying to batter her way back into the untroubled past. A slight movement at the curtained window caught her eye. Her heart stood still.

"Son!" she called.

The door opened cautiously, and Looie stood before her, a lonely, homesick boy.

"Why—why, hello, Mother," he stammered. "How did you know I was here?"

"I got your letter," she explained breathlessly, "and I thought I'd come down and see if you were all right."

She led the way into the living-room and sank into a dusty chair. It was warm and sunny outside, but chill and gloomy in here. The bare windows, the dismantled shelves and furniture, and the rolled-up rugs were depressing. On a table lay some crums of bread and a cheese-rind.

"Have you had lunch?"

"I was just thinking about it." He was sitting on the edge of a wire-springed cot, eying her satchel.

Henrietta opened it. She had seen Looie hungry too often to not know the look.

"I thought you would like something from home."

"Any cookies?" he asked, grabbing sandwiches with one hand and diving into the bag with the other.

"Gee!" he sighed when he had finished one batch, and "Gee!" after another. "I was getting pretty hungry."

Henrietta's eyes dimmed at the thought of one of her boys going hungry, but she remembered to play He-House game and kept smiling.

"We had such a good dinner Sunday I was sorry you couldn't stay for it," she angled.

But he was not ready to be hooked yet.

"How are Birdie and Moe?" he asked.

"Just fine. Birdie had a long hike Sunday, and yesterday Moe joined the Dramatic Society."

Looie laughed. "Darn that old Moe," he chuckled affectionately.

"How're my pennants? Don't let any of the fellows take any of 'em."

"Do you think you'll be away long?" Henrietta inquired delicately.

Looie hung his head.

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"His Nibs hasn't raced a machine or chased the butcher once since you've been away. He just sits looking up the street for you and at night he sleeps by your bed."

"Darn his old hide."

He turned on the cot and blew his nose. "What does father think of me?" he muttered.

"Well, of course he was awfully surprized to have you go away. None of us quite understood. Then I got your letter postmarked South Bay, and I thought I'd come down and see. You aren't tired of home, are you, Son?"

He tried to face her, but his eyes blinked, his lips twitched, and tho he tried to hold them tight they opened, and his confession rolled out.

"No. And I didn't go away because I wanted to. I had to."

"Father and I didn't know that, of course."

Why couldn't she take that boy in her arms and let him cry it all out on her shoulder as he really wanted to? But she steeled herself against emotion. Her youngest tho he was, he was a man now and he would tell her what he would.

"Maybe we could do something to help you? Are you waiting to meet this person you spoke of in your letter?"

"No. I ran away so she couldn't find me. I took my money and my clothes because I didn't know what might happen."

Then he hadn't been with her! Henrietta's heart leaped, but she said casually, "Wouldn't it be better for you to tell her plainly that you do not care to see her any more?"

"I never have seen her. I've been writing to her just for fun and now she says if I don't come out to Nebraska and marry her she'll come home after me. I meant it all for a joke. I didn't know she was going to take it so hard. She hasn't showed up yet, has she?"

Henrietta choked down a laugh and said soberly, "No, not yet. But Son, she can't make you marry her."

"She says she will sue me for breach of promise if I don't."

Henrietta coughed.

"Well, but you'd have to be—er—er older," she put it discreetly, "and possess property to be sued."

Looie's face lighted like a bonfire.

"She can't get anything out of a seventeen-year-old kid, can she?"

It was the first and last time Henrietta ever heard this man of the world admit his age and status.

HE SUDDENLY became exuberantly confidential.

"I've got her picture here. She's not so bad-looking."

He pulled from an innermost pocket a photograph of a girl taken in the most approved "movie" posture, quite an expanse of bare back showing and a not unhandsome face reflected in a mirror.

"Kinda keen, don't you think?"

Henrietta suppressed a shudder.

"And you say she lives in Nebraska?"

"Yes. Naples. I got her name from a correspondence club that I joined. You pay a dollar and they send you a whole list of dames. She's a nice girl, all right. She writes swell letters, but I thought she was just fooling, the same as I was."

"It's hardly safe to fool with things like that, Son. I could have told you that."

"Well, I'm off this woman business for good, I'll tell the world. What'll I do with her picture?"

He slung it carelessly into the open bag, and Henrietta snapped it shut before he should change his mind.

"I was thinking of getting back in time for dinner," she said. "Don't you think you could settle your affairs at home as well as here?"

His face plainly showed what he wanted to do, but he hesitated.

"I don't know about father. No, I guess I'll stay here. And anyhow she might come."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

-do you know? that

NABISCO

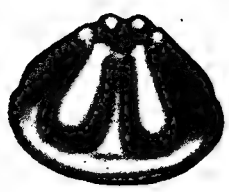
The aristocrat of dessert wafers; a creamy sweetened filling between two delicate outer strips.

HARLEQUIN

Tender golden wafers consisting of a triple layer enclosing delightful creamy flavors.

FIG NEWTONS

Flavorsome golden brown cake with a generous filling of fig jam; wholesome and tempting.



CHOCOLATE MINARETS

A delicious combination of light cake and marshmallow, charmingly moulded and covered with chocolate icing.

are all made by the bakers of

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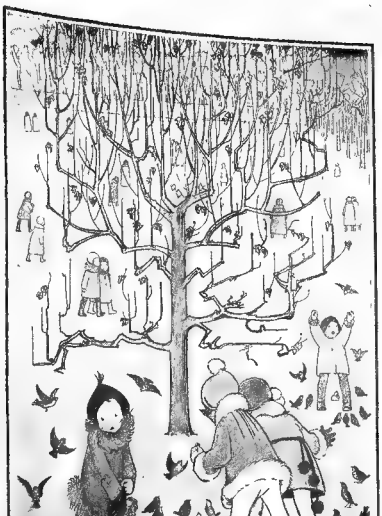

Babes in the Wools

All through the winter, babes play out-of-doors wrapped snug and warm in furs and wools. Caps, coats and leggings go forth each day as clean and comfortable as the mothers' loving care can make them.

To help mothers keep warm winter wraps clean, Colgate & Co. have made Fab—cocoanut-oil soap flakes.

The cocoanut-oil in Fab makes the tiny flakes dissolve like snowflakes in warm water. No bits of soap can stay in Fab-suds to stick to woolly threads and shrink or mat them.

Fab-suds bring back the snowy white to mittens, leggings and sweaters. Fab-suds wash softly the little frock and flannels beneath.

Over 115 years' experience in making fine soaps has gone into the production of FAB. No effort was spared to make these cocoanut-oil flakes safe for children's clothes.

COLGATE & CO.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

FAB

A color print, for framing, of this Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair) painting for six cents in stamps. Dept. F. 10

HE-HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

"Why should you fear father? Haven't you told me everything? You have been foolish, but we'll let that go. He'll think the same as I do. How about going home, writing her a letter, and ending it all, and then if anything further does come of it father will know better than I what to advise you to do. He went to Rochester yesterday, but he will be home to-night."

"If I could get her a letter right away maybe she wouldn't come after me."

Henrietta had coughed into her handkerchief so many times already that her throat was sore, but she had to cough once more.

"I can't think any nice girl would come to a man's house to make him marry her. She doesn't understand, I suppose, how young—how that you are still in school, with no means to support her?"

He hung his head.

"She thinks I'm a man," he confessed.

"You'll just have to write and apologize and not deceive any one again."

"Maybe she's been bluffing me, the same as I was her," he observed hopefully.

"We're going to have lemon pie for dinner," Henrietta baited him.

He looked around the forlorn, denuded room.

"I guess I'll take a chance."

It is not recorded that other prodigal's father had graying hair, encroaching wrinkles, and failing business. History only tells of his welcoming smile and the arms, when his father met him at He-House door. He even helped write a letter to Naples, Nebraska, and we've all got to learn, and got up a game of rummy as gaily as if no boy had ever run away from home.

Loole kept closely to He-House the next day. In fact, he spent it in bed, his sprawling legs, his flung-out arms all attesting that this beyond home gates are hard and wearisome for even a seventeen-year-old man of the world. Henrietta left off her cooky-making and gingerbread-baking from time to time to tiptoe up-stairs and have a look at him. There had been times in the past when in her heart she had called all men tyrants and sighed at her servitude to a masculine family. But how eagerly she had snatched back that tyranny when it was about to be lessened one-fourth! She moved noiselessly about the room, happily picking up shoes, socks, and shirts and restoring them to their rightful places, and at night when all He-House was safely gathered together in the dining-room it was a regular Sunday dinner she set before them, tho this was only Wednesday.

WHILE Henry was serving chicken and dumplings accompanied by a homily, "Now, it's just like golf. You gotta keep your eye on the ball," the door-bell rang. With His Nibs sniffing suspiciously, Moe returned with a puzzled look on his face and a determined woman in tow. She was a blond amazon decked out in gorgeous mail-order style, a new straw suitcase in one hand and a photograph in the other. She looked at Henry, then at the photograph, melted into a coy but sugary smile, and tittered, "It's you all right! I've found you!"

Surprize-parties are always abominable even for a model husband. For one fleeting instant Henry gave Henrietta an uneasy glance, for which surely the most innocent man in the world might be forgiven on such an occasion. Then he rose in righteous wrath above the cooling chicken.

"Madam," he said, "go slow. You are making one grand and awful mistake."

"Oh, am I?" her coy smile changed to a sneer. "I've been suspicionin' for some time that you was crawfishin' You don't remember none of these, do you?"

She brandished a packet of letters in the air and thrust the photograph under his nose.

"Good Lord!" said Henry as he stared at his own likeness. "How in He—how in Heaven's name did you get hold of this?"

"Through the mail, the same as I did these," she shook the letters at him.

Just about the time Loole slid out of his chair and made for the kitchen door, Henry saw light.

"Thomas!" he thundered.

When his father called him by his real name Loole knew when to obey. He came back, his eyes on the floor, his face white to the lips.

"Did you send my picture to this woman?"

"No, sir, but I sent one to a girl."

"What! Another one yet?"

"Wait, Henry."

Henrietta disappeared and came back with the picture which Loole had tossed into her bag in the shed.

"Is this the person you sent father's picture to, Son?" she asked.

Loole nodded.

"Well, by heck!" roared Henry, "How many more women are going to descend on me?" His hand fell heavily upon Loole's shoulder. "If you sent one, you sent two. By gad, blackmailed in my own family!"

With His Nibs supporting her, Henrietta stepped squarely in front of the amazon. She was like a little fighting wren.

"You sent any boy this picture! You're just as bad as he is, worse, because you're older and ought to know better. Who is this?"

She held up the picture of the bareback, mirror-reflected flapper.

The amazon crumpled.

"It's my niece," she sniffled. "I thought I could ketch a man better."

BY THE time the he part of He-House was soundly asleep Henrietta was a wreck. family storms being the most virulent of all weathers. The amazon was already on her way back to Naples, Nebraska, on a ticket purchased with He-House funds, after all letters and photographs in the case had made a lurid bonfire in the kitchen stove. Henry scented the smirr of exhaustion, but Henrietta lay awake counting up all that Loole's escapade had cost, and this on top of insurance nest month, and taxes and coal and college tuition. She slipped from beside Henry and went out into the hall.

Already that comforting peace of a family all at home had settled down over He-House again. From the top of the stair she could see His Nibs on guard in his favorite chair. She stepped to each door along the hall and looked in. There was Birdie dreaming of Cathay, Moe being initiated into another club in his slumbers, and the prodigal snuggled deep in the protection of forgiveness. A little prayer of thankfulness which Henrietta had learned in the amen corner arose to her lips. What were insurance and taxes and coal and grocery bills and all the rest compared to each boy at home in his bed? When she crept back beside Henry he stirred and asked wearily:

"The boys all right?"

A flood of pity rushed over her. Henry, who used to be as gay and care-free as Birdie, turning gray and always tired.

"Oh, Henry, I can't bear it! You work so hard for us!"

He held her hand tightly.

"I don't mind so long as the boys are all right."

RAILROAD-TRACKS

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reply. Linda realized that her mother couldn't explain if she tried, for Mrs. Willing was inarticulate and supremely unconcerned about this deficiency. Nothing ever bothered her. She had not been perturbed when, some years ago, they had found it difficult to get Linda into the kind of school she wanted. There were waiting-lists, involving social references and the consultation of alumni. It wasn't education that Linda desired; she wanted to meet nice girls who were not Fifth-Warders; girls on whom she could prove and indulge the social sense of which she was so certain.

Mrs. Willing often said she couldn't understand why her friends' children weren't good enough for Linda. Mr. Willing, however, was a fond father, and Linda was pretty. Perhaps he had a subtle sympathy born of his determination to carry the best lines of coffee and tea, just as her grandfather had made the best mint juleps, irrespective of the merits of the coffee, the mint juleps, and the girls! Finally Linda had been accepted into Hazelton School. It was a decrepit seminary and not too particular about entrance requirements, since new pupils were all too few. Linda had liked the girls there and they had liked her, so she had been happy.

"The music was simply wonderful, and you just can't imagine how marvelous it is to dance on springs!" Linda talked fast, seeking to avoid a question which might probe.

"What did they have?" her mother asked.

"Have?"

"To eat—" Mrs. Willings voice conquered a mouthful of roll.

"Why—er, punch and some—olive sandwiches," improvised Linda, whose visual memory held nothing save people and Mrs. Prentiss's feather fan.

"Were the girls n——"

Nice to her?

"Nicely dressed? Well, I should say so," she juggled, and launched into a minute description of clothes.

"All their money on their backs, I reckon," put in Mr. Willing, "unless it's party food. The Grants buy cuts I wouldn't feed to a hound-dog, and the Marvins may wear fine clothes, but on their tables go cold-storage eggs——" Mr. Willing had a habit of smoothing back his spare locks with his elbow. He kept his hands for the exclusive use of the trade. "I'll have to save third qualities for them now. No rolls like this on thirds, eh, Mama? Old Murdock has ordered all the second-grade eggs I can get; 'dirties,' he wants. That Mrs. Prentiss has been working on the

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town council to make him fix up some funny business in front. He was mad as hops yesterday, and the Merville House gets no fresh eggs for a while. Well, it's getting late——

Linda breathed a relieved sigh and hurried up-stairs. There was nothing else to do. The servant did all the housework. There was no place to go. And none of the girls in the neighborhood ever dropped in, since Linda Willing was labeled "stuck up" and was supposed to consider herself "somebody." Occasionally, Linda regretted her efforts to reach beyond the tracks, because thus far the net result had been loneliness. The Fifth Ward girls were not congenial. They were "common." They skilfully "picked up" drummers at the Merville House, and gleaned presents from them: a small gold chain embellished with a fresh-water pearl, or a bracelet marked "I love you," in a succession of glittering hearts. There was something cheap about their affairs.

Nor could Linda meet them in the region of clothes. She dressed with a chaste simplicity of line and color, while the girls in her street were garish and overgarbed. Up-town bothered them not one whit. It was taken simply for granted; but they resented Linda's attempts to slip through, and they were avidly aware of each move she made. She knew that her name, printed in the *Merville Herald* among the guests at the Fair Hop, had been read aloud in every Fifth Ward home.

At Hazelton School her friends had been like Adele Grant and the fat little Marvin girl. She planned to visit Marion Turner in the fall, and Marion's father and Mr. Marvin, the president of the Merville National Bank, were codirectors of a Memphis concern. Marion lived in Mississippi, and she and Linda wrote long and affectionate letters to each other. Linda had, of course, told her about Dick.

But she hardly dared admit to herself how much she cared. It was curious that she hadn't wanted to go to the Fair Hop with Dick. She shrank from getting the social advancement which she craved through him; she shrank from the idea of "using" him in any way. She often wished that he were "just anybody," and she had allowed herself to be persuaded because she wanted to be in his arms. It had been a mistake.

SHE would devote the day, she decided, to preparation for the evening, for her engagement with Dick. She manicured her finger-nails, and brushed her amber hair until it was full of lights and shadows. Then out of her bureau drawer she took the dress she was making. It was rust-colored chiffon, to be untrimmed save in folds of the same material, and she had dyed slippers and stockings to match. The color was enchanting: it was reddish in some lights, and shed, at times, a glow of soft, clear gold. The folds were darkly, mysteriously blue. It was becoming; her eyes actually seemed to get more luminous when she slipped it over her head. Oh, she was glad she was pretty! There was solace in that most effective weapon.

She acknowledged to herself that she needed a weapon. She acknowledged that it was to be a battle, with Mrs. Prentiss and "Up-town" ranged against her. Mrs. Prentiss was eager to protect the Fifth Ward girls by way of Old Man Murdock's glassed lobby; but protection ceased at the railroad-tracks. Her tolerance waned when her son attempted to introduce a Fifth-Warder to her at an up-town dance where the girl was his guest. It was the shattering of an ideal for Linda; she had thought Mrs. Prentiss beyond such compromises.

A train passed with a shrill whistle. Linda winced as if she had been bruised by the distant rumble and crash. On the other side of that train were Mrs. Prentiss and Dick. Once she had suggested to her parents that they move up-town. Her mother had been angry, but her father had patiently explained that his steady trade came from the Fifth Ward. The Fifth Ward was like sugar and flour, while his up-town patronage could be compared to fine canned goods, not to be depended upon. And every one knew who they were, anyway. Nevertheless the more Linda thought about it the more senseless the dividing line appeared.

She wished she didn't love Dick so desperately. She loved him, tho she realized he lacked strength. He had never quite grown up. Dick was not supporting himself, but he would with her help! Oh, how she would economize and how happy she could make him! To make him perfectly, ecstatically happy was all she asked of life.

The rust-colored frock was finished. She went to the mirror and held it up in front of her, and her lips moved:

"Please, dear God, let me look beautiful, most beautiful."

Her eyes, Dick's sunflower eyes, filled with tears. Crying would get her features mussed! Thinking like that was bad for her: it brought on her hideous loneliness. No wonder she hated solitude! Unfortunately, she didn't care about books, except for an occasional romance, but she had bought an automobile magazine so that she could talk to Dick in the language of his hobby. She sat by the window and tried

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Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?

Of course not. No girl, no matter how daring, would dream of disregarding social good form like that. No girl, no matter how offhand, would think of insulting her hostess so flagrantly.

You wouldn't. But don't you often use a writing paper that is just as much out of place, just as inappropriate, as pajamas at a dance?

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress *when she is not there.*

She never suspects, when she thanks Claire's handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin's-egg-blue envelope made him say,

"That for me? I thought it was something for the cook."

She never guessed, when she said to herself, "Oh, it's only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything," that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired:

"Going in for settlement work, Jerry?"

She never knew! But I know. I have seen so many girls judged wrongly by their letter paper. They know better, just as they know better than to wear negligee to a party, but they do not know as I do that using the correct letter paper is one of the surest ways of proving your right to the social opportunities that come to you.

You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, if you are pretty and gay and quick-witted enough. But *you* aren't there when your carelessly selected writing paper is being judged. People think you don't know or that you don't care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

It is so easy to do the right thing. Just get the correct paper, the paper everyone knows is absolutely right in shade and shape for every social purpose, and then use it—always. Show the people you want to associate with that you *do* know what's what, that you are smart, correct and up-to-date in things that matter.

I have written a little book about "Social Correspondence" which I will send you for fifty cents. It tells all about letters, invitations, acceptances, regrets, cards—when, and what, and how. And I am always glad to answer letters. Write me about anything you want to know. I want to help you make the most of yourself socially, because I know that good style is a greater social asset than good looks.

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Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film.

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Two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely through dental advice.

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Pepsodent brings other effects which modern research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. There has come a new era in dental hygiene.

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RAILROAD-TRACKS

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vain to decipher the technical terms on which her untrained mind refused to concentrate. Linda was vaguely aware of girls who devoted themselves to study and work: modern girls. She was a little old-fashioned, but not more so than Adele Grant and the Marvin girl. They evidently wanted what she wanted, just friends and a good time—and Dick.

LINDA'S prayer was answered that night. The rust-colored chiffon outlined her slender figure and subtly enhanced her charm, until she was like a sweet-toned bell, tolling her loveliness. Her hair twined into a shining amber cap, and her eyes were polished sunflowers. Behind each translucent ear she had put just a drop of a queer perfume. It had come as a sample with some superfine imported groceries her father had ordered during the Winter, when Mrs. Prentiss gave her elaborate reception for Mrs. Evangeline Ingersoll. Funny, pungent stuff it was, in a curious crystal bottle. Linda fancifully imagined there was magic in it, from which came the restless, excited feeling it certainly fostered.

She needed weapons. There was father sitting on the front porch in his shirt-sleeves, wiping his damp forehead with his elbow. His left shoe was on the floor instead of on his foot. And Mrs. Willing wore one of her dimity wrappers, which, tho it was crisp and clean, could by no stretches of euphemism be dubbed a "tea-gown." It made her look even more voluminous than her two hundred and thirty-eight pounds.

When Dick first came, a half-hour late, he was sullen. But Linda knew by instinct how to handle him. Quietly, unobtrusively, she refrained from trying to change his mood. He seemed gradually to get all smoothed out, and when he looked at her his dark eyes kindled. They walked uptown to the "movies."

The switch-lights were down at the railroad-tracks, and they stood and waited for the train to thunder and crash inexorably past. You couldn't get away. It just went on, dividing, dividing the town in two. Cutting it, cutting it. Linda shivered and put her hands over her ears.

"What a little child you are!" said Dick, obviously liking her tremors. In the shadow of the signal-tower he put his hand on her arm, touching her for the first time —like that. She drew away gently, and the switch-gates lifted.

Linda's smile was maternal as he ostentatiously got between her and the Merville House, with its glittering lobby enclosing footlights of eager eyes. He strutted, small-boy fashion. She wanted to reach up and brush back his heavy, turbulent black hair. For the hundredth time he expressed his rage at not having his own car.

"Mater could give it to me as easy as skating. She needn't be so tight, and it wouldn't take her long to make up my own mind. I know what I want, all right, all right. Nothing can touch that new Trimble, painted red. Say, wow, couldn't we have some great times in that little red car!"

Linda wrinkled her forehead prettily, trying, trying, to remember what she had read in the automobile magazine. Finally:

"It—it has a hydraulic battery, hasn't it?"

"Hydraulic battery! Oh, that's a good one!" he howled. "You blessed infant, don't you know what a battery—" and he went on temporarily explaining all about batteries. And Linda, who couldn't understand a bit of it, listened attentively, because she loved him, and because he enjoyed explaining it.

THE film was exciting. When the hero kissed the heroine, such a long, long kiss, Linda's chiffon-clad shoulder touched Dick's and her breath came quickly, quickly.

As they came out of the picture-show they passed the same crowd, who ran things in Merville. Adele Grant had, Linda admitted reluctantly to herself, a certain style, a crisp dash about her. There had been rumors, before Dick started "rushing" Linda, that Adele and Dick might some day—Mrs. Prentiss and Mrs. Grant controlled the Woman's Club together, and they were intimate friends. Mrs. Prentiss had money and the Grants had none, but Mrs. Grant was prominent in both the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. She had in her possession a letter which George Washington had written to a member of her own family.

It was Adele Grant who murmured, loud enough for every one near the Bijou to hear:

"He thought he would. Oh, I say, he thought he would!" sending the group into gusts of laughter.

Dick's sullenness came back.

In silence they walked down the street, and Linda was stricken into hopeless unhappiness. Oh, Dick, Dick! All of her gathered into a savage desire to get him back, here, as he had been such a few moments past. Anyhow, anyway, she loved him, and nothing else mattered. He was just a little boy, and she loved him even for that. Beyond the railroad-tracks the round pale street-lights stopped. The moon was mysteriously bright. They went on, past the Willing house, on to the river. It was a beautiful, winding river, with trees shadowing the silvered ripples.

They went through a corn-field, their feet sinking into the soft plowed, fertile earth. About them waved the young spreading green stalks A warm breeze came and whipped Linda's clinging dress round and round her form. Dick took her into his arms.

Under the trees, with the river rushing, rushing by. The ground was grassy, sweet-smelling, ready to receive them. They were drowned, it seemed, in the pregnant odor of that curious perfume sent from the Far East. It eddied around their heads, tender, intoxicating, driving them mad Ah—she loved him! She loved him! Sweet—sweet —wonderful wonderful—they were in tune with the Spring.

The night—and the moon—waned. Early dawn, and the air was thick and gray in contrast to the rosy colors of the rising sun. Oh, she must get home! Her thoughts eddied and whirled. Funny—she really couldn't think at all.

"My dear—my dear—you love me—dear?"

And she said, simply, "Yes."

"And you'll marry me right away, Linda, right away. It must be soon. I want you always, always. I'll tell mother to-night—No, why, dear, it's to-day, isn't it?"

Linda was so happy that she was almost sad. She slipped into her room, undiscovered, amazed at the fact that she was unutterably drowsy. Wonderfully drowsy, and so happy, happy, happy.

THE next morning he didn't telephone.

A nameless fear cruised around in her mind, clutching as usage with were unable. She huddled on the chair under the receiver so that there could be no mistake. Every hour and then she put her hand on the instrument, foolishly begging it to ring. No sound. The day wore through, and with it Linda, edged on panic. A friend called up Mrs. Willing, and Linda was wildly irritated while they discussed recipes for caramel pie. He might be trying to get her then! She wouldn't leave the house for fear that he might come or telephone.

For two days she haunted the telephone and ran to the top of the stairs at each step on the front porch. And in the nights she thought and thought, and her body-man, loneliness, had full sway. There was nobody to whom she could talk, nobody to temper her orgy of thinking. She could not bring her mother into her isolation. It was as if she spoke Flemish to the other's Sanskrit. She couldn't write it to Marion—Oh, no, no!

Fear cruised around, snatching at books she had read. She couldn't read romances now. They hurt. But she remembered "The Scarlet Letter" and "Adam Bede," and a few silly novels. Her mother had never mentioned such things to her—she wouldn't— Oh, no, no, such things couldn't happen to her! To people one reads about, but not to her. Such an inescapable thing, it made her want to—it made her desperate to think such thoughts.

And then she'd live it over again, that night by the river. A part of youth and Spring and the moonlight. Surely all that wouldn't be in the world if it weren't meant to be. They loved each other. God put love in their hearts. Memories, thrilling memories of each second, each second painfully spun, surged over her; and she wanted Dick; she wanted him, wanted him.

She crouched by the window-sill in her room, and watched far up and down the street. Her mother nagged her at meals about eating, and she tried, altho food choked in her throat. Finally she decided to telephone Dick. She knew it was unwise, but fears and panics stripped her of wisdom, until she felt that if she could get on Dick and talk to him, everything would be all right. Dick couldn't mean to hurt her; he loved her; she loved him. Oh, yes. Again she would see him as he had been that night, half boy, half man, and wholly hers

"ask."

While she waited for the number she made funny little incoherent prayers. Should she wish that he hadn't been ill? In reality she sensed the real truth with a dreadful clarity. It was Mrs. Prentiss who had separated them, somehow. That was morning he had gone in, right from her, and told his mother that he was going to marry her. Grind-grind—grind. The sound of Central ringing the other wire was like a dentist grinding on an aching tooth.

"Is—is Mr. Richard Prentiss there?" Dry-mouthed, Linda dug finger-nails into soft palms.

"No, Ma'am, he ain't heah. He 'n' his maw done gone to louisville."

"When—when will he get back?" She wouldn't cry; worse still, she couldn't cry.

"I don't know fo' suah—but I reckon like they'll be back to-morrah. Who shall I say called?"

"No one."

No one. It was like a small, inarticulate moan. She replaced the receiver accurately on its hook. She sat there, inert.

"Well," she said. "Well."

There was no use staying at the telephone any more. She went to her room, and rocked and rocked in her little white rocker. Back and forth. She seemed to see the con-

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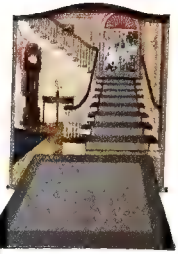

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21 Delicious Dressings

For Salads, Meats and Fish from three *fundamental* Recipes

THE head of the Department of Foods and Cookery of a nationally famous college has given us three fundamental recipes, *each with seven variations,* to make delicious and correct dressings for salads, meats and fish.

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Try one of them. Then send for the seven variations of the fundamental Mayonnaise and boiled dressing—we mail them to you free.

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And 'though known as "acid fruit" lemon has an alkaline reaction in the blood to offset the excess acidity of other daily foods. Serve it frequently with meats and fish.

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So try these dressings. Note their taste. And while you use them, think also of the benefits they bring.

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Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

Note our offer in the coupon. Also ask us for *free* variations of Mayonnaise and boiled dressing.

Fundamental Recipe for Mayonnaise Dressing

One teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, tiny bit of cayenne, 1 egg yolk, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups salad oil.

Mix the dry ingredients, add the egg yolk and mix well. Add the oil a very little at a time at first; then when an emulsion is made, add the oil and the lemon juice alternately.

Boiled Salad Dressing

Four tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon red pepper, 1½ cups boiling water, 4 egg yolks, ½ cup strained lemon juice.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add water gradually, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler until thick and smooth. Beat egg yolks slightly; add cooked mixture slowly. When well blended return to double boiler, cook one minute; add lemon juice; beat well. (Send postcard for seven var iations.)

Fundamental Recipe for French Dressing

Six tablespoons salad oil, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, tiny bit of cayenne.

Variations for French Dressing

1. Add to the above, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon pineapple juice.

2. Add a clove of garlic and a dash of tobasco; let it stand an hour, and then remove the garlic.

3. Beat in slowly one cup of whipped cream. This is particularly nice on salads of fruit.

4. Add 2 tablespoons catsup or chile sauce and 2 tablespoons finely minced pickle.

5. Add 2 tablespoons catsup and one of cream cheese, a very little at a time and beating it in with a silver fork. Roquefort cheese may be used if preferred.

6. Add 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper.

7. Add ½ teaspoon curry powder and 1 tablespoon minced parsley or water cress.

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RAILROAD-TRACKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

vulsive jerks of Mrs. Prentiss's green-feather fan. It went back and forth, too.

A terrible silence buzzed around her. She was always alone, with just no one. She was young, and she tried to push aside the cruising fears in her mind, seeking comfort. There was Marion, who loved her. She could talk to Marion, not that she would ever tell any one—about Dick. She made a funny little sound like a cough, and stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth. She tiptoed to the door and locked herself in the room alone, so that she could rock back and forth, back and forth. Alone, with nothing to do but to think. And Linda did not like to think. She shoved her chair away from a creaking board, lest she make any noise. Sh—oh—ah! Back and forth—and something which had been taut in her seemed to go slack.

She wanted Dick. Would she, perhaps, go mad? Her eyes filled, Dick's dear, considered eyes, and there, alone, all alone, she made a gesture of bewilderment, as if there had been some one there to see, and to be bewildered also.

In the evening the Merville *Herald* informed her that:

Mr. Richard Prentiss and Mrs. Prentiss have gone for a short sojourn to Louisville. They intend to return in the new Trimble Paragon Six, which Mr. Prentiss is purchasing.

Linda wondered plaintively why she couldn't hate him.

HOW she rushed to the telephone when it rang!

"Hello!"

It was a woman's voice, and Linda hated it for not being Dick's.

"Is this Miss Willing? This is Adele Grant. Miss Willing, the Woman's Club is going to have a carnival, and we would be so glad if you would take charge of a booth."

Had she been living in some exaggerated nightmare of her own dreaming? Were the railroad-tracks no barricade? Did they want her to be one of them, and maybe—but that was too, too wonderful—maybe the Trimble was going to be a wedding present. Her heart began to beat so fast that it hurt.

"Why—"

Adele Grant's nicely modulated voice went on.

"You see, Miss Willing, we want to get some of your people interested. You could get two of the girls down there to help you, and perhaps you might run a small luncheon room in connection with it, so that your friends could be all together."

"Oh."

She doubted whether she could have said anything but that small "Oh," if she hadn't been sticking the sharp end of a hairpin into her hand. And hating them, helped.

"I will let you know, Miss Grant."

She kept holding the receiver to her ear, and Central's agitated "Number—please—number—please" was like the droning of a troublesome insect. "So that your friends could be all together." The arrogance of it! How dare she! "Your friends!" It was funny, she hadn't any friends at all, not even Fifth-Wardens. They ignored her now, since she hadn't thought them "good enough for her" before. She wished Marion weren't so far away. But she would see her soon. That visit, something to look forward to, something to end all this loneliness, was the only thing that made life bearable. And through it all was the awful ache, yes, an ache, for Dick.

A voice broke into the "Number—please—number—please." Adele Grant was talking to Dick. Linda turned a little sick. Was she going to have to do something more? Her connection with the Grant household evidently not been severed, and, somehow, she couldn't make herself hang up the receiver.

To-night—yes—oh, Dick, I've just been talking to a little friend of yours."

"Who's that?"

"Linda Willing," with such an airy laugh.

"Oh! How come?"

"About the carnival. I want her to run a booth for her Fifth Ward. She's quite pretty, you know, but of course you know, eh, Richard?"

"Rather. 'He thought he would. He thought he would.'"

And they laughed.

Linda tore up the receiver then. How could he be so cruel, how could he? She hated him, hated him. Well, that was done. A sort of heady anger flooded her, a healthy anger, for which she had a measure of gratitude.

Through the long Summer days Linda sewed on new clothes for her visit to Marion Turner. She was very lonely. The few shy overtures she had made to the girls in her street had been sniffily rebuffed with not too inaudible remarks, expressing their unwillingness to be "second choice."

Linda couldn't talk to her parents; they had no common meeting-ground. And so she was thrown into the merciless arms of loneliness. She could only think, and Linda wasn't used to thinking. She had no resources for recreation within herself. She didn't dare read love stories, and she had never read anything else. Sewing didn't interest her save as a means to an end. For she had made up her mind to make her visit to Marion count in several ways. She hated men, and she was going to make them pay. She would "get even." It was, of course, the traditional reaction, and, naturally, no image of a career occurred to her. She was untrained, and, moreover, a Willing believed that no successful man should let his woman-folk work.

Linda's most ghastly fear had been dispelled. And, hating Dick as she thought she did, there were times when she had to walk the floor, back and forth, like Mrs. Prentiss's green-feather fan; she wanted him so terribly. Often she pitied him, certain that he wanted her, too.

She was making some lovely clothes. It would be warm in Mississippi, and she designed crisp dimities, starchy plain and very, very becoming. Cool, soft chiffons, she made so simply that her own loveliness bloomed in them. She had put the rust-colored dress in the bottom of a drawer, with a sort of finality, like putting away a bridal dress. When she smoothed out a sheet of tissue-paper, and laid it carefully over it, she had been able to cry. Usually she couldn't.

And then, when her beautiful clothes were finished and she had her reservations on the Southern train, two weeks ahead of time, Marion's letter came. It was ominously long, but Linda read it ravenously, until she came to a paragraph:

I am scribbling this *terribly*, Linda, dear. The home is in a most *terrible* rush, and father just back from Memphis, and mother isn't well at all. I am horribly disappointed about your visit, but mother's being sick and everything, makes it a little inconvenient just now. You must come some other time, perhaps. Honestly I am so disappointed about all our plans that I am going away myself, up-state for a while.

LINDA knew that Marion was fond of her and she must have loathed writing it. But there it was, with the railroad-tracks streaking across the gray paper. Marion's mention, in passing, that her father had been to Memphis for a meeting ripped away the fabrication of Mr. Turner's illness. It was easy to guess the truth. Mr. Turner and Mr. Marvin, of the Merville National Bank, served on the same boards of directors in Memphis. Linda could imagine the conversation they must have had:

"My daughter is going to have a guest from your home town."

"Willing. Willing, why, he's our local grocer. They live in the house right down across the railroad-tracks. I don't know how you feel, Turner, but—

No, she wasn't over-sensitive; she wasn't imagining things that did not exist. There was further proof. Marion said she was disappointed that they were going away for a visit herself. She wouldn't be likely to leave a mother whose illness was as serious as she implied. A person had to be rather sick to be certain it would last for two weeks or more. And Marion didn't say what her address would be. Marion, whose letters had meant so much; Marion, to whom she had loved to write. Why, she hadn't had the heart else to do, except for sewing on her new clothes. Her new clothes all ready, and there was no place for them to wear them. No place for them, unless they, too, were put away in the drawer with the rust-colored dress.

She fumbled with the handles of the drawer, smothering sounds that might be had she been able to cry, have developed into a fit. But she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, but remained quite dry.

Finally she drew herself into her little rocker and rocked, back and forth. She read Marion's letter over again, until the words disappeared and she could see only stripe of black across the gray paper. Tracks. Railroad-tracks. Then they stretched out beyond Merville. There was no escaping them. They went everywhere, cutting towns in twain, setting up brutal barriers.

And what did they really signify? Her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Whose $1,000?

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers this sum to the Women's Club (affiliated with the General Federation) rendering its community the greatest service in the year ending September 15, 1923. The judges are the Federation president, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, and its four living ex-presidents: Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Pennybacker.

Write Club Editor Pictorial Review, 222 West Fortieth Street, New Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, for particulars.

Thousands of Women Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

THOUSANDS of people can make money writing stories and photoplays *and don't know it.* This may seem to be a startling assertion, but it is *absolutely true.* Most anyone can *tell* a story. Why can't most anyone *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

The time will come when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of scenario magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the enormous armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

Elinor Glyn

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically.

And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Writing Is Open to Women in All Walks of Life

FOR writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your imagination. For exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with its bricks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Free Proof That YOU Can Write

LISTEN! I have made arrangements with my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., to send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called *"The Short-Cut To Successful Writing."* This amazing book was written to help all ambitious men and women who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. It tells how story-stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens have risen. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement, that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How to use your imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to sell the simple rules of writing. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to win!

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it, fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular occupation. Who says you can't make money with your brain! Who says you can't turn your thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU!

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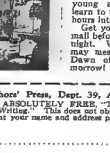

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"A very important company has just bought one of my comedies. It was my first literary effort and I realize that I owe my success to your Institution."—*Mary Moran, Mexico City, Mex.*

"Bless the day I answered your ad. I just received a check for my first story. While the amount was small—only $250.00—that's what there is just the same."—*Edgar C. Reed, Chicago, Ill.*

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"I have sold three short stories to Canadian Magazines."—*John Master, Sask., Canada*

"I had an article, 'Back to the Farm,' in the Nov. Woman's Home Companion, and recently sold my first fiction, a first story, to The Farmer's Wife."—*Mary Mowrer, Akron, Ohio.*

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Let Me Tell You About the Remarkable Discovery Which Removed My Superfluous Hair at Once—then Forever

To look at my face today—to see my skin as free from hair as a baby's and as clear and rosy looking as that of a young girl—you would not believe that I was once literally a "bearded woman" with hair on cheeks, chin and lips, and with a skin coarse and blemished.

A Woman's Experience

The transformation has been marvelous—all through a truly wonderful discovery of Science which immediately banished every vestige of the hair and gave me this perfect complexion. This after I had suffered my embarrassing hair growths for years and tried numerous ways to relieve the condition, even tried the painful electric needle.

Now I want every woman who suffers from unsightly, embarrassing hair growths to know about this discovery which removes the hair at once and with a few applications removes it at once, then forever. I want to tell women how they can use this method themselves, in the privacy of their homes, and prove, without risking a penny, that it is all I claim for it.

I say that this discovery will remove superfluous hair *permanently*, and that it is the *only* method that I know of which will do this.

The discovery which Science brought to me is unlike anything else you have ever tried. It is not a powder, not a paste, not a wax, not a liquid, not a razor, not electrolysis. It causes no pain—no burning, no itching, no scarring. It not only removes the hair—it gives the skin a new beauty—makes it soft, clear, rosy, free from pimples, roughness and other blemishes. It does not have to be applied by a beauty specialist. You use it yourself. It's the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

My Free Book Tells the Secret—Send for It

I have written a book which tells how I came to discover this amazing method and how any woman can get rid of superfluous hair, and know that it is permanently gone. Don't send a penny—don't make any promise. Just write to me. The book is *free*. A postcard brings it. Address Annette Lanzette, care Hygienic Laboratories, Dept. 2, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY HAIR is appropriate only to age. Grandmother's silver locks becomingly frame a face lined and mellowed by time But why should a young woman permit premature gray hair to place the seal of age upon her brow? Modern thought justifies the tinting of gray, faded or bleached hair to its original shade and splendor with

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NuTone Lemonated Shampoo improves the hair. At drug stores or direct 50c.

RAILROAD-TRACKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

people were prosperous and respectable. Perhaps they lacked certain frills, apparent in the Prentisses and the Grants, but this was America, and shortcomings in the older generations weren't supposed to count. She was herself, Linda Willing, and not different from the girls up-town.

She had been away to school, and she was pretty and not loud or coarse. And there was her talent, her talent of knowing and loving people; a social instinct which told her what people liked and disliked. She could have been so happy, planning parties to make others happy with her. But she was trapped, and trapped alone. She was even isolated from the Fifth-Warders now. Her thoughts swirled around and around, and caught on a snag. Was she no different from the girls up-town? Was she, as a matter of fact, respectable? Oh, what a word to have to think about! But she remembered "The Scarlet Letter," and "Adam Bede," and things she had heard.

She smoothed Marion's letter with a quivering hand. The clock on the mantel ticked and ticked, marking time. Time was dragging past, and what was she going to do with herself? How was she going to live through hour after hour alone? Nothing but loneliness stretched ahead in the long years to come. Nothing but thinking, thinking, until perhaps she would go mad. She must have some one to talk to, any one. She was young, and she couldn't be through with life at eighteen.

She decided, with a rush of sentiment, to place Marion's letter next to the rust-colored dress and the crystal bottle of perfume, in her memory drawer. She lifted the tissue-paper, and got just a whiff of that queer perfume, a whiff which was like a ghost of its pungent self. Suddenly she decided that she must see Dick.

HER hands steadied as she dressed swiftly. She brushed her hair in long, sweeping strokes. Oh, she would look beautiful, so beautiful it would drive him mad! And the rust-colored frock, reddish and gold and blue, all at once, did enhance her loveliness. Her amber hair was like a shining helmet. It was twilight, and she wouldn't need a hat, but behind each ear one dusted the powder puff, the perfume which was curiously, vaguely exciting

Several people turned to stare at her as she walked up the uneven brick pavement. She was a radiant figure, coming out of the rosy twilight. When she got to the railroad-tracks the gates were down. A long freight was roaring through. How hateful was the screaming, grinding noise, and the dirt, and the spray of stinging cinders!

The train slithered by, while on the other side of the track, also waiting for it to pass, was a bright-red automobile. Linda didn't want to look, but she couldn't stand there with her eyes closed. It was the Trimble Paragon Six, the nickel dazzling in the blaze of setting sun. Adele Grant sat on the front seat with Dick, in a stunning little green motor-hat, the color of Mrs. Prentiss's fan. The bundles in the car were bathing-suits, of course. They were on their way to the river. Dick, Dick! He didn't look happy! But there he was, and there she was.

It was over in a moment. The car bumped over the tracks so that Adele had to hold tightly to the seat. Linda watched it, twinkling, shining out of sight, down toward the river. It was too much for any one to stand. What had she done——?

Aimlessly she walked on up-town until she came to the Merville House. There was something different about it, something that penetrated even her aching consciousness. The gleaming glass lobby gleamed no longer. Mrs. Prentiss had carried her point, old Murdock "mad as hops," notwithstanding. The huge windows were new, and completely frosted. No more could it be the Drummers' Delight. No more could they sit behind it, eager-eyed, and watch the girls go by. Mrs. Prentiss had seen to that.

And they didn't sit behind it. They sat in front of it, in an even row of tilted chairs. They could reach out and touch each passer-by. Linda had no excess of humor, but out of her unhappiness edged a sort of bitterness, which made her realize that it was funny. She laughed a low, lilting laugh with a barb in it.

The sheer glory of her caught the gaze of the man with the waxed mustache, the very man whom Dick had saved her from. He remembered Linda; she wasn't the kind one forgets. And since he "made Merville" regularly, he had seen her often from afar.

He came forward a trifle timidly. Linda laughed again, a note which caught and flatted. He followed as she turned back toward the railroad-tracks. She glanced over her shoulder, and her eyelids went through the motions of a long, slow smile. Her eyes had magic when she wanted to turn it on, and she would turn it on frequently. She wouldn't, couldn't be always alone. He kept on following, as she had known he would. And Linda stumbled slightly on the tracks, so that he stepped up quickly and took hold of her arms. She had stumbled because she wasn't looking ahead. She wasn't, and she never would again, for it didn't pay to look ahead.

The Expectant Mother

Advice of Doctors

THE expectant mother bears a double responsibility. Her own health, as well as the safety of the tender, growing life in her keeping, depends upon the bodily care exercised during this period. Not only is she burdened with the elimination of a double waste, her own and that of the infant, but she must guard against constipation which so commonly afflicts the expectant mother.

If the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried through the system. As a prominent authority states, inevitably these poisons affect the cells which provide for the unborn baby's nourishment.

Laxatives and cathartics are particularly to be avoided by the expectant mother, for as eminent physicians point out, they are likewise absorbed, thus endangering the infant, and produce only temporary effect at the expense of permanent injury. No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.

As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. Unlike laxatives, no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system and thus it cannot affect the infant. Nujol is used in leading maternity hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

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For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "The Expectant and Nursing Mother." (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

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OTHERWISE PERFECT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

A hush fell on the room. He wondered uneasily why she did not say something—anything.

"Well, Mom, ain't you glad?"

She set the saucer on the ledge and leaned back, her hands folded in her lap.

"When you goin' to do it?"

That was a golden thought he had not yet seized upon. It delighted him.

"I don't know. Let's see. Why I don't guess before—before—I got to buy furniture, don't I? And a ring, and take a place to live in—I'd like to go up-town, somewheres that would look out on a lot or somethin'. Not like this. This is fierce." He could hear the creak of her rocker.

"Three rooms would be enough. A parlor and dining-room combined and a bedroom and kitchen and, gee! I forgot a bathroom—open plumbing, you bet. I'd like to go into a new place that nobody's ever lived in before—just Molly and me."

"Where'll I go?" asked Annie.

He felt the blood stain his cheeks.

Why, you—why, you—you'll go along, of course, Mom. You didn't think I'd leave you here—why—" He stopped. He couldn't go on. It was no use to lie about it. He hadn't counted her in. He had not thought of her. He had not planned anything in that glorious hour but a home for Molly and himself.

She got up.

"Guess I'll go 'long to bed. It's cooler now."

But he blocked her way.

"Mom, you didn't—you didn't think I wasn't takin' you with us—why, Molly wouldn't hear of your not goin'—she—"

"Have you asked her?"

He shook his head.

"Of course not. I don't have to. She understands. Anything I'd want she'd want. That's how we're goin' to be, Mom."

Annie passed him in silence. In the doorway she paused.

"Better ask her," she said, and left him.

He was acutely miserable. He resented it. He wanted to be happy again. As happy as when he had first entered the room. He might have been, too, but for his mother. What made her act like that? He never remembered her talking in such a brusk way. Of course he would ask Molly. It would be all right. Everything would be all right— And yet he felt a dim unrest, a weight on his heart. He wanted Molly to himself. Well, he could have her, couldn't he? His mother wouldn't interfere with that. Still, the thought persisted

IN THE back room that opened onto an airshaft, Annie sat on the bed's edge. She did not attempt to undress. After a great while she looked at the alarm-clock ticking loudly on the bureau. It was five minutes to one. It had grown much cooler. She tiptoed into the room where Dan lay asleep. She covered him with a sheet, tucking it around his shoulders. Dimly he felt her touch, and stirred.

"Molly—" he whispered, "you——"

She returned to her room, undressed, and crept into bed.

When he came home next evening, Molly swaited him by the front door. They hesitated an instant, held apart by their overwhelming desire to be together, then he ran up and kissed her lips.

"How's that?" he asked to cover his embarrasment. She laughed and slipped her hand into his. They seated themselves on the steps. He felt a warm sense of his own importance. Always would she sit thus beside him, waiting for him to speak, her hand curled up in his.

She said, "Mama thinks it's fine; she's waitin' to wish us joy. I told her last night."

"So'd I."

"Did you? What'd she say?"

"Why—why—not much. You know how Mom is."

"Yes, but *what?*"

"She said—she said—I was lucky to get you to look at me twice."

"Aw, go on; she did not. Was she mad?"

"Mad? No. Why would she be?"

Molly shrugged.

Dan said, "I know you and her'll get on fine. She never had a girl around."

"I'm easy to get on with." Molly rubbed her cheek against his sleeve.

"You're—you're—just wait till she knows you like *I* do. When she's lived with us——"

"Lived with us?" cut in Molly.

"Yes. Her and you and me."

"All three of us?"

"Sure, in a little flat that's got a——"

"You mean your mother's comin' to stay with us right from the start?"

"Where else can she go?"

Molly was silent. To quell his own misgivings he plunged on.

"Oh, of course, we'll take a trip first, just you and me, anywheres you like. Niagara Falls, if you say the word, or out to Omaha. I got a cousin in Omaha. How'd you like to go there, Molly? It's a long ride on the train—three nights."

She freed her hand and stood up.

"I kinda thought of us two all by ourselves," she said, then without another word she turned and ran up-stairs. He

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The custom-corseted look.

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Youthful Ease of Person Easily Within Your Reach

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YOU
and three others may pay the price

Bleeding gums are the danger signal

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhea's presence or coming?

Can you afford to take chances, to wait, when your teeth and health are menaced and the odds are so overwhelmingly against you?

Go to your dentist for advice. Have him inspect your gums and teeth regularly. Undoubtedly, he will tell you to brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhea is the foeman of teeth and health alike. When it strikes, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted, germs gather in pus-pockets that form at the roots and infection often spreads throughout the system.

Forhan's For the Gums, in turn, is Pyorrhea's foeman. When used in time and used consistently, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress, and, in addition, keep the teeth white, the gums firm, and the mouth healthy.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is used and recommended by the foremost dentists. It is pleasant to the taste. Buy a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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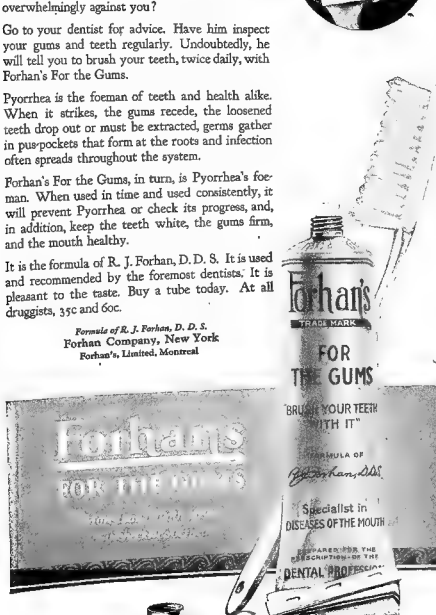

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caught her outside her door and held her to his fast-beating heart. He spoke fiercely. "I'll do anything you want, Molly. Anything. Anything."

His fingers left red marks on her flesh.

Suddenly she flung her arms around his neck. "I don't care how many mothers you have, and if they all live with me, if you're there too."

MRS. O'HARA welcomed him noisily. She caught him to her large bosom and kissed both his cheeks, then she shoved Terry toward him with a command. Terry's face was streaked with dirt; he sucked a soiled finger. To escape his embrace Dan proposed a celebration—a dinner at Pfeifer's Rathskeller in honor of his engagement. Yes, he would go and get his mother and meet them in half an hour.

Annie was darning by the window, a great pile of Dan's socks on the floor beside her. He closed the door with a bang.

"Big blowout, Mom. Dinner at Pfeifer's. Give you twenty minutes to get dolled up."

"Is the O'Hara girl goin'?"

"Sure she is. So's her mother and her kid brother. Everybody."

"I guess I'll stay home."

"Stay home! Why, you can't do that. How'll that look? You can't do that."

"My dinner's already cookin' on the stove."

He stared at her.

"What's got into you? Ain't I told you the whole thing's a party?"

"All right, then. I'll finish this heel and get ready."

He scowled down at her, his hands in his pockets.

"Don't want to go, hey? Catch Mis' O'Hara stayin' home. She's a good sport; I wish you was more like her, Mom, honest I do."

"What's she like?"

"Oh, I dunno. Full of pep. So's Molly. I wish I was more that way myself."

She did not speak, and he peeled off his coat and untied his necktie, and said, "But I couldn't be more glad here."

Annie slipped the sock she was mending into a bag, took off her thimble, and stood up.

"No, you couldn't be around here."

FIVE of them dined in the red-and-gold room at Pfeifer's Rathskeller to the tune of clashing cymbals and rolling drums. Dan threw himself into the role of entertainer. He chaffed the waiter and called him Heinie. He shouted to the sweating violinist to play him the newest jazz; exclaimed loudly over the dancers, over the diners, over Pfeifer himself, who, ensconced on a high stool at the cash-desk, beamed through his thick glasses at his patrons.

Mrs. O'Hara and Molly laughed at all his sallies. Terry watched him without speaking. It seemed to Dan he had never been so happy in his life—so uplifted.

It was not until they had finished that Mrs. O'Hara leaned toward Annie with a deep sigh.

"Sure it's hard to see our darlin's fly away from the nest now, ain't it?"

It occurred to Dan at that instant that he had not heard his mother's voice throughout the meal.

Apparently she did not hear. Annie, in a neat black dress with a white-lace collar at the throat, was quietly sipping her coffee as tho at home

"I was sayin', Mis' Meade, that it'll be hard for you an' me to get used to bein' without these two."

Annie looked up at the mention of her name and nodded her head.

Dan said, "It ain't so bad for Mom; she's comin' to live with us."

Mrs. O'Hara lifted her eyebrows. "Comin' to live with you? Molly didn't tell me that."

"I know," said Molly; "I forgot."

A sharp silence. Annie nibbled at a little sugar-cake. Terry drowsed in his chair, his mouth open. Mrs. O'Hara drew herself up.

"You two know your own business best, but I think young folks ought to be alone the first year——"

"Mom don't, too," said Dan. "only I won't hear of it; will I, Mom?"

Annie did not answer. Mrs. O'Hara went on

"With the kindest feelin's in the world, older folks go to stirrin' up trouble. Yes, they do. Sure I seen it enough times."

"There couldn't nobody make trouble between Molly and me," said Dan.

Mrs. O'Hara shook her head. "You two know your own business best."

"Let's go home," said Molly crossly; "I'm filled up."

When they reached the steps, Annie mounted them alone.

"Good-night," she said, as the knowing they would linger behind. After she had gone Dan sat down and fanned himself with his hat, but Molly and Mrs. O'Hara remained standing.

"Your mother's the same as usual. She don't talk much," said Mrs. O'Hara, staring after her.

"No. She never did. She don't mean nothin' by it. She don't mean a thing."

"I like folks to come right out with what they got to say. That's my way."

"Mom ain't got nothin' to say."

"If I made her mad I want to know it."

"Mad? What about?"

"I spoke my mind plain. If she didn't like that——"

"Aw, sure she did. It's just her way."

"Well, I ain't used to such ways. I like people to come right out and say what they got to say."

"She's different from you——"

"I'd rather see you two start housekeepin' alone."

Molly moved restlessly. Mrs. O'Hara shrugged her shoulders.

"You know your own business best. But why can't she live down here like she always has, I'd like to know?"

Molly gave her mother a push. "You go on in, Mama. Don't say any more."

Mrs. O'Hara paused in the doorway. "I guess if I can live down here she can too—I guess——"

"Go on in, Mama," repeated Molly; "don't say no more." They heard her grumblingly mount the stairs.

Dan took Molly's hand in his "Nobody's goin' to make trouble between us, are they, Molly? Everythin's fine and dandy. Say it is. Say it."

Molly nodded.

"To-morrow I get off early and we'll go flat-huntin'. We won't stop until we find just the ticket"

She drooped against him.

"A dandy little first-class, A-number-one flat that looks out on a lot. How'll that be, Baby? And then furniture from Adler's to fix it up pretty." He caressed her shoulder. "And some rugs and pictures. Won't we have fun?"

She nodded. He kissed her hair gently, reverently. He felt his eyes fill with tears at the sheer sweetness of her against his heart. He wondered what he had done to deserve so great a happiness. He lifted his face toward the housetops.

"We'll always have fun," he said, "you and me."

When he left her at her door he ran upstairs. He was angry at his mother He never remembered being angry at her before. She was standing by the table when he entered, turning something over in her hands. She had not removed her hat or silk gloves. She stood directly beneath the gaslight.

"Look here, Mom," he said savagely, "why couldn't you act decent to the O'Hara's?"

She looked up, startled.

"Wasn't I nice, Danny?"

He felt a huge exasperation.

"Nice? You didn't say a word—nothin'—the whole time. Why couldn't you let 'em know you felt glad about it? It wouldn't have hurt you."

"I'm sorry," she said breathlessly. "I thought it was all right. I ain't a great hand for talkin'. You tell Molly that, won't you, Dan?—and —and—give her this for me."

He held out something toward him that glittered dully. It was a gold watch, heavily engraved.

"I got this when I married Joe Meade. I ain't never worn it for fear of losin' it. You give it to her for me."

He took the watch into his own hands.

"But, Mom, why—" he began, then stopped. He cleared his throat "Thanks," he said; "this—this—this is swell."

A DAY in Midsummer. The pavements hot under foot. The buildings hot to the touch.

Arcadia Hall was dazzlingly new, its fire-escapes awaiting their last coat of paint. Boxed fir-trees guarded the entrance. Inside it was cool; imitation marble pillars supported a stained-glass skylight, through which the sun's glare filtered, blue. The elevator was gold and white. Molly's eyes shone excitedly.

"I bet it's more than we can pay."

The superintendent ushered them into an apartment of gleaming walls and shining floor, of glass folding-doors and tiled bathroom.

Molly gazed around rapturously. "It's almost too pretty to live in," she sighed.

"They're all gone but this one," said the superintendent.

Molly drew Dan aside. "Ask him how much," she whispered.

The price was not prohibitive. She pinched Dan's arm. "Take it."

The superintendent grinned. "We've got the niftiest three-room apartments for the money in the city."

"Three rooms," said Dan, waking up. "We need four."

Molly whirled. "No, we don't. We can't. Please, Danny, this is so nice."

He stared at her. "But Mom——"

She moved toward him. Her whole body expressed her pleading.

"We can fix her up somehow. A davenport in here would——"

Dan shook his head. "She goes to bed early. Where would we sit?"

"Then she can have the other room—the bedroom; we'll take this."

"And not have a parlor or nothing?"

"It's so nice, Danny. It's just like I wanted."

"Aw, we'll find something else." He turned to the superintendent. "You ain't got a four-room one?"

The man shook his head. "All gone but this."

Molly's eyes were full of tears. "It's

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It is not surprising Sloan's is used in 7 million homes—it has so many everyday, practical uses.

It happens in most families

Father somehow fails to hit the nail on the head
Mother undertakes too much
Brother _____

FATHER seems unable to handle a hammer without smashing his thumb—

Mother *will* keep on her feet all day—and have a tired, aching back at night—

And young brother! Baseball in the spring and football in the fall keep him the constant possessor of bruises and sprains.

No wonder in one out of every three American homes today, Sloan's Liniment has a prominent place on the bathroom shelf.

What Sloan's does

Sloan's Liniment brings almost instant relief to sore and aching muscles.

Most muscular and nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion occurs when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely. Fatigue—cold, damp weather—or an actual sprain or bruise—these are perhaps its most frequent causes.

Sloan's Liniment breaks up congestion by drawing the blood away from the congested or inflamed tissues. Normal circulation is quickly restored. Discomfort disappears.

A matter of minutes with Sloan's

The thing that astonishes you, if you have never used Sloan's Liniment before, is the rapidity with which it brings relief.

Apply a little Sloan's to the sore or aching spot. Don't rub it in. Don't bandage.

Almost immediately you notice a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing sensation.

For a moment you think that this warmth has simply made you forget the pain. Then suddenly you realize that the pain itself is completely gone!

In its place is a soothing feeling of ease, comfort, relaxation.

Get a bottle of Sloan's today and keep it always on hand. Don't wait until some member of the family needs it badly.

You will find more practical everyday uses for Sloan's than for any other item in your medicine cabinet.

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's

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A natural cleanser, composed of fine, soft, flat, flaky particles—***there is nothing else like Old Dutch.*** These flat particles make complete contact with the surface and wipe the dirt away in a clean sweep. Contains no lye, acids or hard grit, which scars the surface and grinds in the dirt

—use Old Dutch for all cleaning.

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just like I wanted; if it wasn't for your mother——"

Dan moved toward the door. "Come on, Molly, we'll find another."

"Nothin' like this in the city," said the superintendent.

"Oh, we'll find another just as good," said Dan.

When they were outside he squeezed her arm.

"Tough luck. Would have been the ticket, all right, with an extra room. Let's see, what you got left?"

Molly drew her arm away. "I don't want to look at no more."

"You don't want to? Why not?"

"Because I don't."

"It's hot and you're all in, poor kid!"

She did not answer.

"I thought it was kinda small," he went on.

"It's just right for us."

"Yes, but there's more than us."

"If it wasn't for your mother," she began, then bit her lip and stopped.

DINNER was on the table when he reached home. Annie hovered over the stove. Dan slipped into his place without speaking and stared sullenly at the wall.

"Hungry?" asked Annie.

"Not much."

"Find a place you liked?"

"Yes—no—no, we didn't."

Bacon spit and hissed on the stove, filling the rooms with a choking smoke. Annie lifted two eggs from their box and broke them open.

"I don't want none of that," said Dan.

He felt in his pockets for his cigarets, lighted one, and glanced around the room.

"Want to take any of this junk with you when you go?"

"The rockin'-chair."

"That old thing?"

"I had it a long time."

"Anything else?"

"I'd like to take my bed. It's better than they make now."

She served him, then sat down herself, wiping her hands on her apron.

"You didn't find no flat?"

"No. Nothin' that would do for all of us."

"Nothin' Molly took to?"

"Well, yes. She liked one."

"What was the matter with it?"

"Too small."

"Where was it?"

He told her, then lapsed into moody silence. At last he spoke, with an irritable shrug. "She's nuts about it. I told her there was twenty more."

After dinner he lay down on the couch. Annie scoured the pans and put away the dishes. Over her shoulder she glanced at Dan.

"Ain't you goin' out?"

"No."

"Don't you feel good?"

"I'm all right."

She sat in the rocker by the window. The room was heavy with silence, heavy and close.

She studied him closely. "You and Molly had a fight?"

"Fight nothin'. She was tired and——"

"About that flat?"

He shrugged. "She'll get over it."

She rocked without speaking for a moment. "You got it bad. Do you good."

He ran into Molly at the corner. They stared at each other for an instant. Her eyes were red from crying. He held out his hands.

"Molly!" he whispered. Then he kissed her. In a flash the night was transformed into a magical place of fairy lights. They walked arm in arm a long distance without speaking. On a dark side street Molly kissed him.

She said, "We'll go lookin' to-morrow. We'll find another place big enough for everybody."

They were like children on a holiday. Suddenly he bethought himself of his mother's watch.

"I got something," he said. He drew it from an inner pocket. "Mom sent it. I forgot to give it to you."

Molly took it, and her lips trembled.

"Let me go and thank her now."

Hand in hand they returned. But Annie was not there. Dan showed Molly the chair and bed.

"Mom wants to take them with her. I don't know why. The bed's all scratched where I used to climb on it when I was a kid. I was born in it. She used to rock me to sleep in this chair."

While they were talking Annie came in. She hesitated in the doorway. Molly flew to her. "I can't thank you enough," she cried, holding up the watch and kissing Annie's cheek. Annie edged away.

"I got it when I married Joe Meade," she said. "I was always afraid of losin' it."

NEXT morning before ten Annie found the superintendent of the Arcadia Hall apartment-house.

"You got-a three-room flat, ain't you?" she asked.

He observed her neat shabbiness. "We got one," he said, "but I don't think you——"

"You showed it to my son yesterday. He came with his young lady."

"Oh—them two," grinned the superintendent. "She was stuck on the place, all right."

"They couldn't come to-day. I'm here instead. I'll take it."

"Don't you want to look it over?"

Annie shook her head. "It suited them."

"If you'll pay a deposit of ten dollars——"

Annie fumbled in her bag. "I got it," she said.

He took the money. "I'll have the lease ready for the young man to sign to-morrow if you tell me where he works and what his bank is."

Annie told him, and he jotted it down. She hurried away.

IT WAS evening before Dan came home. He was jubilant. He left Molly at her door.

"Everything's settled but the wedding day. I'll go wash up, Baby, and meet you in twenty minutes. What do you say to a movie?" He paused on the steps.

"Goin' to have a slick flat to boss, ain't you, Mrs. Meade?"

"You'll boss it, you mean!"

"Wait till I tell Mom; she'll be tickled to death."

Molly left him, and he sprang up the stairs. His heart was singing. His lips framed a whistle. All O. K. Everything O. K. Life was a glittering gem. He stopped short. From behind Annie's closed door came a hum. He had not heard the sound in years. He hated it. He had always hated it. He flung open the door. Annie was crouched over her machine. Beside it were piles of dark cloth. The little needle flew up and down the long seams. The thread jerked. She did not look up.

"Mom!" he shouted. The noise stopped

"What you doin' that for?"

"Cause I want to."

"You don't want to. You never did What's the idea, anyhow?"

"Isaacs is short of hands. He asked me would I help out—" Dan strode across the room and picked up the armful of cloth.

"You just wait till I take this back to him and throw it in his face. You don't have to help out nobody."

"Put it down," she said. "I like to do it. I get tired settin' still."

He hesitated, scowling down at her.

"If I let you finish this here job will you promise not to take no more?"

"Put it down," she repeated; "I got to get on with it."

He laid it beside her. "You went to Isaacs and asked him for it. Didn't you? He didn't come to you."

"That's right. I told him I was gettin' lazy and——"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him—I told him I wanted some extra money."

"What for?" he demanded. "Ain't I makin' enough? Do you think you and Molly will use up all I earn——"

She shook her head. "You run on now. I got to get to work."

He remembered her impatience at interruptions. He seemed to have dropped back five years. Nothing was different except her hair. It had not been quite so gray then. He said, "You ain't figurin' on workin' after you're with us, because Molly couldn't stand that noise all day."

"I ain't goin' to live with you."

"You ain't what?"

"I ain't goin' to live with you, I said."

He came toward her quickly. "Why, Mom, did I make you mad?"

She shook her head. "No. Only I'm used to this place. I don't want to move."

"But—but—why, Mom, you got to. You got to come with us now we found a place big enough. A nice one. We want you to go to-morrow with us to look it over. You got to."

"I ain't goin' to move," she said. "At my time of life it's hard puttin' up stakes. I like it here. I'm agoin' to stay."

HE STARED at her. He wanted to urge her. He wanted to with all his heart and soul, and yet the sudden throb of gladness at her words would not be stilled. She was not coming with them. They would be all alone—he and Molly—alone in a little house——

"Gee, I'd only 'a' known how you felt yesterday. The flat I told you about——"

"I took it for you," she said. "I paid a deposit."

"You took it for me? Why, Mom—why—I don't believe it—what made you do that? How did you know?" His voice was vibrant with eagerness. Already his thoughts were bounding away from her. He was all impatience to tell Molly—the little flat—the one she wanted—for them alone. He edged toward the door.

"That—that was great of you. I don't see how you did it. I bet they'd have rented it all right, if you hadn't gone early."

He stood framed in the door, his face alight with joy, his lips parted, eyes shining. "Gee, Mom, wait, wait till I tell——"

He raced off. She heard the thump of his shoes on the stairs and his voice calling, "Molly—Molly——"

She pushed her work from her and rose. She dropped in the rocking-chair by the window and, leaning her chin on her hand, stared out. Opposite a woman was holding her baby against her breast. She saw Annie watching, and smiled.

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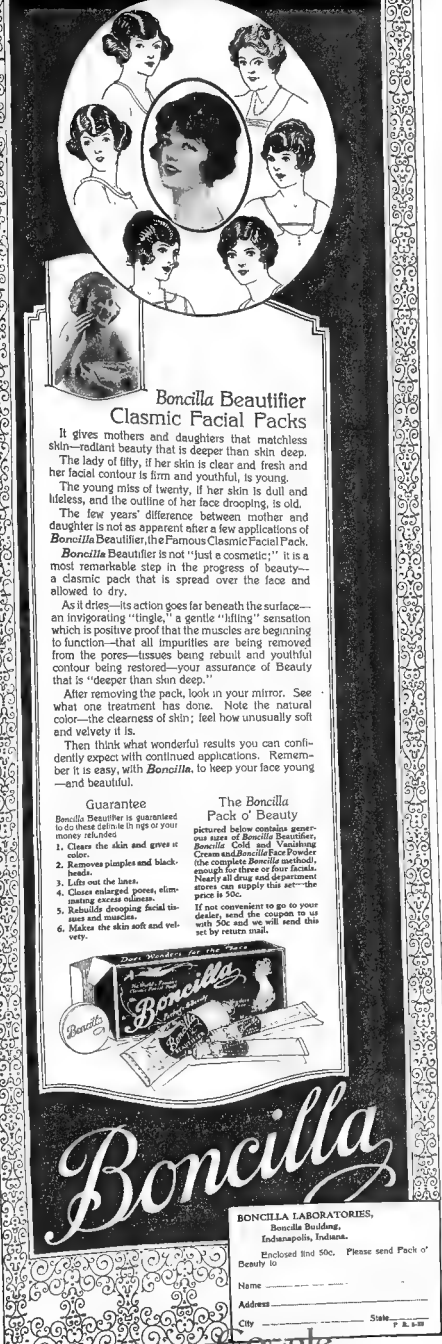

Boncilla Beautifier
Clasmic Facial Packs

It gives mothers and daughters that matchless skin—radiant beauty that is deeper than skin deep.

The lady of fifty, if her skin is clear and fresh and her facial contour is firm and youthful, is young.

The young miss of twenty, if her skin is dull and lifeless, and the outline of her face drooping, is old.

The few years' difference between mother and daughter is not as apparent after a few applications of *Boncilla* Beautifier, the Famous Clasmic Facial Pack.

Boncilla Beautifier is not "just a cosmetic;" it is a most remarkable step in the progress of beauty—a clasmic pack that is spread over the face and allowed to dry.

As it dries—its action goes far beneath the surface—an invigorating "tingle," a gentle "lifting" sensation which is positive proof that the muscles are beginning to function—that all impurities are being removed from the pores—tissues being rebuilt and youthful contour being restored—your assurance of Beauty that is "deeper than skin deep."

After removing the pack, look in your mirror. See what one treatment has done. Note the natural color—the clearness of skin; feel how unusually soft and velvety it is.

Then think what wonderful results you can confidently expect with continued applications. Remember it is easy, with *Boncilla*, to keep your face young—and beautiful.

Guarantee

Boncilla Beautifier is guaranteed to do these definite things or your money refunded

1. Clears the skin and gives it color.
2. Removes pimples and blackheads.
3. Lifts out the lines.
4. Closes enlarged pores, eliminating excess oiliness.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues and muscles.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

The *Boncilla* Pack o' Beauty

pictured below contains generous sizes of *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold and Vanishing Cream and *Boncilla* Face Powder (the complete *Boncilla* method), enough for three or four facials. Nearly all drug and department stores can supply this set—the price is 50c.

If not convenient to go to your dealer, send the coupon to us with 50c and we will send this set by return mail.

Boncilla

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
Boncilla Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Enclosed find 50c. Please send Pack o' Beauty to

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

P. B. 3-23

CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"To him that hath it shall be given," by the witness, 'Miah White.

Now I think you will begin to understand why I said "looked and acted and double-guaranteed to stand." I should like to have seen the meddler indeed who would have undertaken to breathe against the validity of that instrument in any probate court within the heavy reach of that imposing crew. From him who hath, remember, it is *not* taken away; and with the exception of Nathan Lane, the Urkey milkman (who was no pauper either), those heirs of Buchanan Gowd's were certainly men who *had*.

It made a stir, of course, but not a great one nor for very long. No one had known where the property would go. And, after all, what other disposal could have been so logical or so just? After all, those were the chiefest lives his own life on earth had nourished and sustained; they were his visible monuments, his survivors, his line, his seed.

I have often wondered if they themselves spent the time and the effort to think this through, and, if they did, whether it gave any of them a moment of unaccustomed solemnity to reflect upon the things that lie inviable between the spirits of men; or whether they took their several ways in the simple contentment of men that have, knowing God to be in His heaven and all right with the world and nothing to lie on their minds—except perhaps a little itch of amused speculation as to what daft Buchanan could have meant by that last, brief, apparent flicker.

For in the event that any stipulation contained in the foregoing instrument should be voided or evaded, the instrument was to become void, and the totality of the property transferred forthwith into the possession of, and become the property of Jenny Atwell Dyer, divorced wife of Amos Benjamin Dyer of Urkey, and her heirs and assigns forever; and the executor was thereby empowered so to act, without obstruction, upon his own personal conviction that either the letter or the letter of the testator's desires had been transgressed. . . .

Poor Jenny Dyer! She could live in a castle now, a sumptuous, fine castle of her own, rearing its towers in a Spain behind the farthest stars indeed. You may be certain the thought of that castle didn't keep Captain Sil, Nathan Lane, Amos Dyer, Charles Blaine, John Edwards, Henry Small, or Benjamin Eads awake any great deal in the night. They didn't know much about castles, but they did know about bread and upon which side it is commonly buttered, and the thought of the pleasures of setting foot within the enclosure of crazy Buchanan's burial-ground was hardly of a kind so compelling that they couldn't understand or fight it off for the specified half-year at least. They must have grinned.

Jenny didn't seem to take much stock in that star-castle herself. She heard of the codicil, of course, soon enough (she was not present at the reading), and tho I don't know this I can imagine that she received the news with an introspective and very bitter little smile. She was thinking more practically of other things those days, and one of them was her life and how to get what was left of it clear of the wreckage of what was gone, and started moving again, under another sky, another philosophy, and perhaps another name. . . .

EARLY in January she was missing from her home in Conner House. Captain Stickey of the packet said she had told him she was bound for her cousin Edie's at Brockton (stc); everybody knew, however, that she had "ended up" in Boston, where she was presently at work in the Adams House, returning travelers said, "parring people's nails, and doing well at it, what's more, by the look of her."

(They had almost forgotten in Urkey, since she married Amos Dyer, what a handsome girl Jenny could really be when she put on a frock and a smile.)

Well, with Gowd out of the way and with Jenny out of the way, the heirs scattered back to their several workdays' lives, and nothing left to complete the episode but a certain rounding of the calendar, it was as good as finished already, and Urkey at large to slip back into *its* workaday life, so to remain till the wheel of destiny should think fit to bring another wonder around.

Of course all the village was not altogether the same as it had been before, even ignoring the absence of the departed two. 'Miah White's unpromised was bound to endure as long as he held the purse-strings of a tidy fortune in trust. And then there were three of our townsmen who were going to come into a matter of eighteen-thousand-odd dollars apiece in June, and that in the days when a dollar was a man's wage.

Captain Sil was the least affected. After all, he had made a lot of money in his life of his own, and when he did come into the bequest it was as likely as not he would turn it right around to the public good. The library had hopes and so did Minister Malden, and then there was always room for another scholarship at the Academy across the Sound. At any rate one thing was certain, and this was the unruffled continuance of the integrity of the soul of this old whaler, whom a crew had once tried to accuse of drunken murder in the privacy of the sea.

AS FOR Amos Dyer, if any one twitted him on his impending luck he passed it off with a humorous "It'll all help," and made no more weight of it. As a matter of truth he was already spending some of it before it arrived, making a good many trips to Bedford where "that girl" was, and dressing up to the rôle of the trowed suitor he had now become.

Of the three, of the seven heirs in fact, Nathan Lane was in a happy sense the hardest hit. Eighteen thousand dollars meant anywhere from three to ten times as much to Nathan as it did to any of the others, and for the time being the old fellow didn't know how to take it all.

I remember him as a lean-faced, stoop-shouldered man with short "side-burns," who shared with Si Pilot and Ginny Silva the distinction of living "out back," and with Pilot alone that of being a farmer (a rare adventurous calling in the young imagination of a village devoted since the dawn of time to the humdrum pursuit of the codfish, mackerel, and whale); a man possessed of cattle of sorts, horses, plows, wagons, and morning milk to sell.

He used to be called by the village boys not to his face, but among themselves, "Poison Nat," a sobriquet come down from the days when his sister Eliza passed away at the farm from typhus fever was subsequently diagnosed as too much arsenic in the alimentary canal. Poor Nat! He went through life with that time. I believe there was even some talk of local justice, a rope and a tree and the like, and there's no telling what might have happened had Lawyer Gowd not taken the bewildered farmer's side, got him safely to court, and there proved the unprosecuted innocence by three counts: the fact that he could not have had the poison in his possession, that he could not have been at the farm at the probable time of its taking, and that his pecuniary interest in Eliza's passing was so small as to be nothing in comparison with a brother's natural affection for the elderly girl.

People were glad enough then in a sane moment, that the rope-and-tree talk had got no further than talk, and in divers small self-conscious ways they tried to make moral reparation to the man. But the adventure had gone too deep for him and he never seemed to get over it, quite. The haunted look had entered his little pale-gray eyes to stay, the stoop had got into his shoulders for good, and it is as such a figure I remember him, bending over our milk-pitcher outside the kitchen door in the gray of a Winter morning.

He didn't keep on doing that sort of thing very long after Gowd's will was read. His nephew, Bull Snow, took over the milk-route at a kingly salary, and there was talk of Nathan's selling the farm. Something soldier than moral amends had come, a recompense of eternal justice as solid as the mint itself, and when the old man once got it through his head he didn't seem to know any longer "which end up he was."

He began to come to town a good deal, and the talk of selling the farm grew stronger. Actually, I think, he would have snapped at any offer in his unreate daze. He spent most of his time sitting on the Board of Trade dock in the lee and sun, his finger, playing in an empty buttonhole of his vest, his right foot tapping off the seconds and the hours of the calendar, his eyes jerky, hostile, and ill at ease. He was to be found either there or, increasingly often, down in 'Miah White's shed on our shore, where he sat in the identical sawed-off rocker that Gowd used to occupy, and watched Miah at his labors with a kind of hypnotic zeal, as tho from moment to sole-tapped moment he expected the bubble to explode and Miah the enchanted executor to limbo in a wink.

So that was January, and that was February, and that was the better part of March, and the overwhelming bulk of life was much the life of always, skates and chores and sums for boys, socials and parties for the remote upper teens, the arrival of the Dow twins, the evergreen skiffs of the lock-boxes at the post-office, the home-coming of two whalers with oil and ambergris and flags half-masted for the missing men, and presently new paint and cordage for the mackerel-catchers fitting to go south.

So Winter passed and grew were in the air—and no more completely in the air, I'm sure, than any suspicion or foreshadowing in Urkey of the act of splendid renunciation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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Put Your Name On The Gearhart National Pay Roll

Sell Us Your Spare Time at Home-Earn Extra Money

Thousands are Doing It-Why Not YOU?

ARE you one of the countless men and women who find their incomes, earnings or allowances inadequate for their needs? Are you worried and harassed by unpaid bills, blue and disconsolate because you are denied the things a little extra money might bring you? Opportunity is written large on this page—read every word and solve your money problem once and for all.

Perhaps you have read before about Gearhart Home Knitting, of famous, nationally known wool hosiery, only to decide that however profitable it might be for others it was not for you. What a mistake you may be making!

Gearhart Home Knitting is for you, for everybody who can find much or little spare time and who is ambitious and determined enough to have the things they really want.

Pleasant Home Occupation
(No Previous Experience Required)

Gearhart Home Knitting is just a simple, pleasant, home occupation by which all persons of average intelligence can turn their spare time into cash. No previous experience whatever required on the Gearhart Knitter, the remarkable machine which does the work for you. Our records show that our home workers can and do earn substantial amounts, large or small according to the amount of spare time they devote to the work of knitting Allwear Hosiery.

If you take up this work for us your time will be your own. You can earn as much as you will or as little as you like. We will be glad to accept and pay for all the Allwear socks you care to send us.

Pause for a moment. Realize that during the day, after the morning chores are done, the house put in order or the children sent off to school, there are hours or minutes of rest which can still be restful when you devote them to the simple task of Gearhart Machine Knitting. Then, afternoons have their golden moments and in the quiet of the evenings Gearhart Home Work holds forth its opportunity of profit.

Many times have Gearhart Home Workers written in, saying, "I am so fascinated with the work I can hardly keep away from it" or other words to the same effect.

A Wonderful Machine
(Commence Knitting in One Hour)

The Original Knitter and Home Money Maker

A wonderful machine is your valued assistant in earning "Allwear" Pay Checks. It is the fastest home knitting machine ever devised, a marvel of simplicity and quiet operation. Sixty to one hundred speedy, racing, automatic needles operate as you simply turn the crank to do home knitting of Allwear socks so beautifully and so rapidly that in many cases amazement follows when you first begin. You need only spare time which no doubt you have. Secure a Gearhart and commence to knit in one hour or less.

The Gearhart Knitting Machine is the original home knitter, perfected in the 35 years that the Gearhart Company has been established. It is the only home knitter that knits Allwear Hosiery, modern, up-to-the-minute wool socks which are now so much in popular favor. Gearhart Home Workers are proud of the soft, warm comfort, the wearing qualities and the luxurious appearance of these quality socks, unknown in the days of grandma and olden time hand knitting methods. This remarkable machine does the knitting, you operate and guide it.

Long-Time Contract for You
(Guarantee the Basis of Your Pay Checks)

Household or other work may not allow you to work in a store, factory or office and if you did there is always the possibility of being laid off. But when you become a Gearhart Home Worker you can't be laid off or discharged. You know that when you take up Gearhart Home Work you enter into something lasting. An iron-bound, long-time contract for a period of years is a bona fide, legal agreement on the part of the Gearhart Company to accept and pay you for all the Allwear Hosiery you care to knit and send to them.

The contract stipulates the liberal price per dozen pairs the Company agrees to pay you. Earn as much as you wish within the limits of your spare time. The Gearhart Company cannot emphasize too emphatically the fact that they want Allwear Hosiery and lots of it. You can help and by so doing earn the extra money which may mean so much to you.

How Much Can I Earn?

At the time of writing this message to you we have referred to our records and find that during a recent week we sent out hundreds of "Allwear" Pay Checks. A few of these we mention and they represent neither the highest nor the lowest payments made during those six days of business.

To Mrs. B. we paid $7.25, to Mr. C., $15.84, to Mrs. L. G., $10.38, to Mrs. E. K., $7.50, to Mr. R. M., $7.50, to Mrs. G. C., $6.00, to Mr. C. D., $9.00, to Miss M. H., $5.75, to Mrs. P., $16.94, etc., etc. (Names and addresses are not given because all dealings with home workers are held confidential.)

So you see this matter of Gearhart Home Knitting is pretty much what you make of it. Some people naturally have more spare time for knitting than others. Whatever you have, much or little, we want you to devote it to knitting Allwear Hosiery, receiving our pay checks like the above or for amounts even larger.

Greatest Knitting Contest Ever Held

$10,000.00

In Cash Bonus Awards

Besides the Regular, Guaranteed Pay Checks for *Allwear*

GEARHART Home Workers everywhere throughout the nation are about to start the greatest knitting contest in history. You can become one of this great family, earn whatever extra money your spare time will allow and also have an equal opportunity to win in addition to your pay checks, one of the big cash awards listed below.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS have been set aside as a cash bonus fund to encourage the production of Allwear Hosiery by those who employ their spare time at home with this pleasing, profitable, spare-time home occupation.

This announcement will take the knitting and hosiery world by storm. Never before have we known such a wonderful profit-sharing advantage to be accorded home workers in any industry. It means that Gearhart home knitters, in addition to the substantial amounts to be earned during their spare time, will have over 1,000 opportunities to share in this great sum of extra money.

Enter Contest Now—Equal Opportunity for All

Ambitious men and women who begin now to knit at home during spare time will be eligible to this great contest on an equitable basis. No previous knitting experience is required. As long as you are equipped to knit famous Allwear Hosiery you can start. We must have Allwear Hosiery to supply the big market we have developed and so this is your opportunity.

Just as great manufacturing concerns encourage and reward their employees, so the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co. has set out to do. Each contestant will be awarded a certain number of points for quantity of Allwear, and other desirabilities. Those who make the best record will not only earn the biggest pay checks but stand the best chance of getting the big $500 check as first bonus award.

How would you like to get a big check like those listed below in addition to earning substantial amounts during spare time? You can enter any time but the longer you delay the longer you put off your carnings. Send the coupon today and learn why this great opportunity is for you.

Over 1,000 Grand Awards

First	$500.00	20 awards of	$50.00
Second	$400.00	40 awards of	$25.00
Third	$300.00	50 awards of	$20.00
Fourth	$200.00	100 awards of	$10.00
Fifth—Six awards of	$100.00 each	800 awards of	$ 5.00
		1,020 awards in all	

Your Extra Money Problem

What kind of a money problem must you solve? What is it you need or want that only may be acquired through a better filled purse? Might it be money to pay pressing bills, to keep the children in school, refurnish the home, buy needed wearing apparel, start a bank account against a rainy day or add to the comfort of self or family in some other way?

Or maybe there are less serious needs which are none the less to be desired. Perhaps you are merely ambitious to earn and accumulate more than seems possible under present circumstances. Whatever your requirements let Gearhart Home Knitting prove to be your friend and a help to the fulfillment of your fondest hopes. Of course you are sensible and do not expect to get rich quick by this simple employment of your spare time. It is recorded that home knitters have paid off mortgages, bought houses and automobiles, but perhaps you will be satisfied with a fair remuneration, a few dollars a week, if that is all your spare time will yield, or several hundred dollars per year if you can turn out a much greater quantity of good work. Whatever your circumstances, whatever your ambitions, "Allwear" Checks in any amount await your best efforts. You may also get help from other members of the family and increase your pay checks.

Gearhart Encouragement

The Gearhart Knitting Machine Company has always been solicitous of the welfare of Gearhart Home Workers. Everything practicable has been done to encourage the production of Allwear Hosiery and bigger earnings. A great national market for the socks has been developed, the finest home knitting instruction book ever devised has been printed, the highest rates of pay possible have been made a part of Gearhart Contracts and now the Gearhart Company leads again with its offering of still greater possibilities of home earnings afforded by great contest and bonus awards such as you find announced on this page.

The Gearhart Company occupies two great buildings in the hustling city of Clearfield, Pa. These are the national headquarters of the American Home Knitting Industry, where the famous Gearhart Knitter is made, where Allwear Hosiery is received from all over the country and from where it is distributed to its thousands of wearers. You may well take pride in association with this solid, responsible concern, established in 1888.

We Want Your Help—Act Today

There are many more details you will want to know about, other facts and possibilities which we have no room for here, how you obtain a Gearhart Home Knitter, more about earnings, wage rates, rules of the great knitting contest, cash bonus awards and other things.

Consider that you have nothing to lose by requesting particulars. We only ask that you be truly desirous of turning your spare time into money.

Clip the coupon below or write postcard or letter to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. P R M, Clearfield, Pa.

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY
Dept. P R M, Clearfield, Pa.

Mail This Coupon For Full Particulars

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co.,
Dept. P R M, Clearfield, Pa.

Date..... 192

Kindly tell me how I may become a Gearhart Home Worker and give me full particulars.
Also send free samples of knitting, free yarn offer, your Guide Book to Home Earnings and details of the Great Bonus Contest Plan.

My Name Is.....

Address .....

.....

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An Old Family Secret

The Pink Complexion Cake

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring, by the aid of a hand mirror, the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations.

Ah! If other maids but knew the secret, what rivals in beauty she would have! Science has solved her secret.

60c

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Powder Foundation 60c

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is not a cold cream nor a soap but a combination skin nourisher, cleanser, beautifier—made in cake form of pure vegetable oils, which have a close affinity to the natural oils of the skin.

Applied to your face at night, it softens the secretions and thoroughly cleanses the pores of the dust and grime of the day, producing a satiny smoothness, and the freshness and bloom of youth. "Always Young" indeed is the girl or woman who uses Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

Exquisitely Perfumed 60c

Natural Cream 60c

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. Bring charm and loveliness to your skin.

Full size packages at almost all toilet counters.

THE SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY COMPANY
Department 2133 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Hair Roots Cannot be Destroyed with Sealing Wax

WE will forfeit $10,000.00 if it can be proved that any sealing wax ever destroyed a single hair root.

Do not buy anything for removing hair unless you get a promise that your money will be refunded if you are dissatisfied after using it once. This is the guarantee under which DeMiracle is sold.

Pulling hair out with sealing wax is painful. It does not destroy hair roots but *does* enlarge the pores. A simple and inexpensive way to prove this is to try pulling hair out with a small piece of adhesive plaster.

Remember, DeMiracle is the only method that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals, and Prominent Magazines, for removing hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms, limbs, etc. Write for free book, The Truth About Superfluous Hair.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. S-23, Park Ave., at 129th St., New York

CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

brewing across the Sound, where Buchanan Gowd, being dead, had risen again.

BUCHANAN GOWD, being dead in Urkey, had risen again; at all events his ghost was abroad, walking the Cape across the Sound. The act of great renunciation was already a month in brew. How the yeast was working I can not relate in any precise detail, for such things move also, as I have said, in a mysterious way; but in this case I am in possession of one isolated fragment at least, one definite episode, perhaps indeed the first. I've had it long since from the mouth of one of the actors in it, a man from Worcester way, a certain Oscar Freed.

This Oscar Freed was no other than Freed, the New England seedsman. On a day in early February that year, going down Cape on business and chancing to take a seat in the smoker beside a Mr. Henry Small of Hyannis, the talk got around to a Lawyer Gowd who had died lately somewhere thereabouts and left some sort of a freak will with flowers in it.

"He was a kind of a queer party that way, anyhow," Freed tells me he said to Small. "I happen to know something about that because he'd always dealt with our house. Great hand for crocuses."

"Yes," said Small, "he had a weakness for that kind of truck. Saw his garden myself once, and it looked like a cross between a three-ring circus and an old maid. Crocuses, you said? Yes, I remember. He lost his wife young, and always after that he used to write out her name in bulbs for every Spring. Pretty idea, but land! Able man, too, in his line."

"Wrote his wife's name, eh? He must have had a book to write this past Fall. Crocuses! My! We shipped him enough, I tell you. Had to get 'em in ourselves toward the end, he cleaned us out so. Nothing but crocuses, all whites, I can recall. Must've been a little nice off, but we couldn't make out then. Gracious, how many'd we ship? Enough to write a list of all the almanacs he wrecked in his life, I'd lay an oath, and their crimes too while he was about it, and a border around to boot. Land! we did stiff him a few."

"How?" said Small, in what Freed remembers as a queer blank way.

"How? Why, by mail. . . ."

"No, I mean, why did you—what made you—made you say that—about—about that?"

"About what? When?" The talk, to Freed's mystification, had suddenly "gone up in the air."

"We'd just pulled into Barnstable station then, and up jumps this Small, grabs his hat and bag, and out he goes. I went behind him for a whiff of air. 'Thought you were going to Hyannis,' said I. 'No, no, no, I'm bound down Gillyport—see a man named Edwards there—business. Looks like I got to take a team across; nice ride, they tell me. And there it was before his face and eyes snowing slush by the bucketful."

I insert this episode with the historian's license. So far as Urkey was concerned it might have happened on the moon, or not at all. And indeed to this day there's nothing absolutely to prove that Henry Cabot Small of Hyannis hadn't some current and legitimate business with Selectman John Paducah Edwards of Gillyport on that certain February afternoon, and if the name of Buchanan Gowd came into the conversation there's no one alive to-day who can take his oath on it.

The first we knew of anything afoot (to my recollection) was from an item in the *Cape Light*. My cousin was reading the paper after supper, partly to himself and partly aloud for the benefit of Miah White, who had "dropped up" as usual to nurse the stove.

"It seems," said Duncan, "the Bar Association over to Hyannis the other day entertained a motion to appoint a committee to go into the advisability of getting up a fitting monument in Urkey graveyard to the memory of Buchanan Gowd. . . . Wonder who's behind that, now."

"I wonder," said 'Miah, sizing up straighter of a sudden and staring very hard at me, as if I were the Bar Association on my stomach under the table there. Duncan went on with other columns, but 'Miah had gone deaf. Presently he got up and buttoned his reefer and looked at Duncan.

"Duncan," said he, "you're constable of this village, aren't you?"

"Why," said Duncan, mystified, "I'd an idea I was. What's up now?"

"Nothing, nothing," said 'Miah, and he went out.

I DON'T know whether it was the result of that item in the *Light*, or whether there were subtler stirs at work, but, one or the other, very presently a new public opinion began to form. On the evening of the Friday following, to be historically exact, the forum of the back room at the post-office rediscovered the magnitude of its departed townsman.

As a matter of human reality nothing would have been needed to account for that phenomenon other than the natural effect of lapsing time. Enough of this had gone by now since the lawyer's death, and especially since his somewhat shady connections, to give perspective a chance to foliate those few later less reputable months to a proper proportion and let the truer and greater bulk of the past become visible again. It was as if Urkey sat up from sleep of a sudden and began to rub its eyes.

"There's no getting 'round it," one said in the back room that evening, "no getting 'round it, we had a big figger in this island here when Buchanan Gowd was alive and in his health."

Dow was present. Wiggling his watch-chain and looking around at the company with a cough of solemnity "Yes," he said, "you are right. Not only this town but the entire commonwealth took a loss in the passing away of Buchanan Gowd, as powerful a mind as was ever heard before the bar of this State, or for the matter of that, I may safely say, I think, of all New England combined. I happen to know how his loss is thought of in the legal profession. I was over to the Bar Association convention the past week, and the euphemisms I heard on all hands were impressive. . . ."

He went on at greater length than I feel justified in reporting here. There was something noble in the round little fellow, after all. Under the circumstances a trace of professional jealousy might have been expected and condoned. None was apparent. He performed his official public obeisance to his predecessor that evening, and he did it most handsomely.

It bore its fruit. It loosened tongues and memories.

"Recollect the way he used to land bone aters a big case? Talk about your Senators and Congressmen!"

"Recollect the time to Gillyport when Judge Bean undertook to rule out that evidence for Johnnie Edwards? Ho—ho! In a pig's eye!"

"Recollect this?"—"Recollect that?"

. . . The shade of the great man stood up again that evening over the native isle.

Even Captain Sill was betrayed into emotion and a snow-white oath.

"By ——," he demonstrated, bringing his aging whale-fist down on the drum of an empty packing-case. "By ——, it's a shame!"

Yes, it was a shame. The march of opinion through a community like Urkey village is one of the funny and dreadful wonders of the world. It moves with the transparent majesty of a slow wind made up of a thousand tiny eddies and back eddies, flapping the clothes on the lines, whirling the leaves at back doors, setting up drafts in hermetic parlors, and even dusting the pews at prayer-meeting in Center Church.

It was a shame. Everybody in Urkey knew it was a shame. The odd part was that they weren't quite certain *what was a shame*. It was large, diaphanous, singularly evasive. The communal conscience pricked, but the seat of pain was hard to locate just at first. The thing wanted a name.

IT WAS to come, curiously enough, from the outside. Captain Stickney brought it in with the packet one night.

"Folks over to Gillyport are saying now," he reported, "that us folks here was in pretty business leaving Buchanan do that for himself after he never knew no better, and leaving 'Miah sid and shet him in a too, the way he done. If Buchanan had've been of Gillyport, says they, he'd've got a decent burial in the graveyard, 'Miah or no 'Miah, yes or no."

There it was, clear enough in a wink, the name of Urkey's sin; and not a bit sweeter, I can tell you, for having come from Gillyport mouths. People could see now. They had protested, they remembered, against the lawyer's posthumous indignity to himself, but they had not protested enough. At the moment when mob-action would have been the only righteous thing they had allowed themselves to be cowed by 'Miah's officiousness, only to see him presently reenforced sevenfold and seven times sevenfold by the powerful interest of the heirs.

There was a good deal of wild talk going around. Naturally it had its effect upon our local builders for the well. Captain Sill walked about his business with his habitual rectitude, but his eyes he kept strictly to the floor. Almost they gave up a projected Bedford trip and passed into a state of mysterious introspection. Old Poison Nat vanished from the Board of Trade and the sight of Isaac—to claim himself tighter in 'Miah's sawed-off rocker and keep track of the fairy godfather's every breath and movement, while his perturbed little pencil-point eyes—when 'Miah was there.

But 'Miah wasn't there for very long at a time. In those few premonitory days he was a great deal at our house. From our parlor window over the shop, giving as it did on the gap of Drugstore Lane, he had a fair view of Gowd's plot on the hillside, and there for hours he would sit as quiet as a wooden man except for his fingers twiddling a little squarest the lions' noses on the chair-arms, his eye out of the window to the hill.

I didn't understand, naturally, much of what was going on, but what I lacked in grasp of fact was made up to me in imagination, and that hour-by-hour vigil of 'Miah's used to have me staring too, in the end.

I remember a late afternoon, the sun gone down into the moors behind the bluff, throwing its bulk out blue and dark against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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I Send You a Trial Bottle Free

—read special offer below

Restore Your Gray Hair

by this time-tested method

I invented my hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Though this was many years ago and I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still beautiful as a girl's.

A Statement by Mary T. Goldman

I ask every person afflicted with gray hair to let me tell them my story for their own benefit. For I know from experience what it means to the young and vigorous to discover the first gray hair and to realize that it will brand them as "getting old."

Gray hair is as much of an affliction to those who are not so young, for the older you grow the older gray hair makes you look. No—gray hair is an affliction at any age, but one that need not be endured. For I offer you a scientific restorer which will bring back the original beautiful color, with perfect results always assured. Best of all, my restorer actually benefits the hair.

What a blessing I would have felt it, in my young days, if such a preparation had been in existence when I found my hair turning gray. Then there were only crude dyes, unsatisfactory and unsafe, and these I would not use.

Circumstances forced me to invent a perfect and safe restorer which is now at every gray-haired person's command. Millions have used and are using it—it is the biggest selling, most popular preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold. I offer a free trial bottle with complete directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. This test proves how easily and perfectly this time-tested preparation will restore the original color to your hair.

What My Restorer Is

Just a clear colorless liquid, clean and pure as water; simply apply by combing through the hair. Easy to use—no skill required.

There is no untidy sediment, no greasy stain, absolutely nothing to wash or rub off.

Users of my restorer are never betrayed by discolored hat linings or soiled pillow slips. My restorer keeps your hair clean, soft and fluffy. Wash it as often as you like, for the color can't come off. This is because it is restored, not crudely dyed.

Restored Color Perfect

But what is most important to you is how your hair is going to look after you have restored it. It will be perfectly natural in all lights, if you use my restorer. No one will suspect you ever had gray hair.

There is no danger of mortifying streaks or discoloration, no conspicuous freakish look. Your hair will be as beautiful and natural as when you were sixteen.

You can go in swimming, in either fresh water or salt, and get your hair wet without worrying about discoloration. Nothing will affect the restored color.

Let your hair down and dry it in the sun, a strong dazzling light won't reveal any imperfections. There aren't any when you restore your hair this safe, sure, scientific way.

Also Restores Faded or Discolored Hair

This will be good news for women whose hair is faded or who have had bad luck with some dye that couldn't do the work. Hair dressers may tell you that one dye can't be used over another, but this is not true of my restorer.

It will bring back the perfect original color just as perfectly and surely as it will restore naturally gray hair.

Mary T Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

A New Method of Application

The formula for my restorer has never been changed since I used it to restore my own gray hair, for I found then that it achieved perfect results.

But I have recently discovered a new method of application which proves to be very beneficial to the hair. This discovery consists of the use of a wonderful preparatory powder which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and the hair, dissolves dandruff and acts as an antiseptic. It makes the hair soft, silky and beautiful and puts it in perfect condition for the action of the restorer.

A package of this powder comes with the free trial bottle of which I make mention above. It is part of my patented trial outfit, all sent to you absolutely free if you will mail the coupon.

Prove These Statements

I don't want anyone to accept these positive statements without proving that every word is true. I would not dare to make them if I could not back them up with the convincing test I offer.

So I again ask that you take advantage of my offer of a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make the test on a lock of hair as directed and you will realize the sincerity of every word I say.

Mail the Coupon

For your convenience I ask you to return the coupon which appears in this advertisement and be sure to fill it out carefully, for the information asked is important. If possible enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

By return mail you will receive, free, postage prepaid, my patented trial outfit, which contains full instructions for making the test.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and what it will do, get a full size bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair.

But—don't neglect this warning:

Every successful preparation has a penalty to pay in the shape of competition by hordes of imitators who offer unworthy imitations and substitutes.

Don't be deceived by similarity in the appearance of bottle or package. If your druggist can't supply you with the one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, order direct from me.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 55C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
55C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.) Black... dark brown... medium brown... auburn (dark red)... light brown.. light auburn (light red) .. blonde...

Name.....

Street .....

City and State.....

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Health Begins in Babyhood

—and too often ends there

Loving care does not make healthy babies—unless it follows the right lines.

Mother, safeguard your babies against coughs and colds with Rubens Infant Shirt. Recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere for its health value.

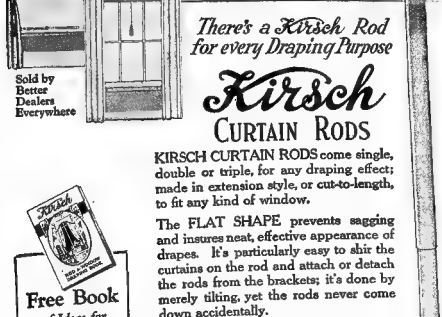
Double thickness across chest and stomach protects this vital area—the starting place of all infant ills. Rubens Infant Shirt means not only comfort and protection for your babies, but convenience and economy for you. Always fitting snugly the growing little bodies. Adjustable belt fastening with one safety pin. Slips on and off like a coat. No tapes or buttons to bother you and fret infant tempers.

Knitted in 12 fine and downy materials, all sizes, birth to four years, in each material.

For your protection always insist on seeing the name "Rubens" on the shirt itself. If any store cannot supply you, write us direct.

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
18 North Market Street · Chicago, Illinois



There's a Kirsch Rod for every Draping Purpose

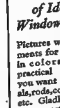
Kirsch
CURTAIN RODS

Sold by Better Dealers Everywhere

KIRSCH CURTAIN RODS come single, double or triple, for any draping effect; made in extension style, or cut-to-length, to fit any kind of window.

The FLAT SHAPE prevents sagging and insures neat, effective appearance of drapes. It's particularly easy to shir the curtains on the rod and attach or detach the rods from the brackets; it's done by merely tilting, yet the rods never come down accidentally.

The Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White finish is guaranteed not to rust or tarnish.



Free Book
of Ideas for Window Draping

Pictures window treatments for every room in colors, with the practical information you want as to materials, rods, colors, sheers, etc. Gladly mailed free on request.

SINGLE
See how the rod sits on and off the bracket.

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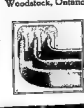
Kirsch double bracket and end of rod



TRIPLE
Kirsch triple bracket and end of rod

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Remember to ask for Kirsch—The Original Flat Shape Curtain Rod

CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

a flare of lemon-yellow sky and leaving the broad face opposed to me in a dun and ashen shadow fit for ghostly peopling. In Buchanan's naked rectangle up there, hemmed with posts still raw from their barking and a wintry iron web, my stare seemed to trick the doomed man back to life again, that old wizard fellow who had kept the ghosts of men in his house and talked so enigmatically of letting them loose upon us—I saw him hitching and creeping and crab-spraddling over the face of the precipitous garden he was never to see in bloom, burrowing and counter-burrowing the secret earth, a dim enormous little creature to the eye of memory in the vapors of night.

For there was a mist again that evening; it lifted and hung for a moment over the roofs before it was struck and dispelled: no autumnal mist now, however, but the first tentative fantasmal veil of the new Spring come in the land. A southwest wind had been blowing all that day; something had gone mysteriously wrong with the vitals of men; earthworms had been abroad in the morning, and in the afternoon some children had found flowers amongst the worn snow-veins on the sunny side of the Dome.

There I stared and there 'Miah stared behind me, and dark came on Duncan mounted to light the kitchen lamp, letting the light into the parlor.

"'Miah," he expostulated, "what's eating you? Worrying over that patch of Buchanan's, eh? Well, you give more weight to town gabble than I do; that's all I can say. And what in damation, anyhow? Gowd's a long way past knowing or caring now, isn't he? I tell you right now, 'Miah, if I had the running of it I'd tell 'em to hop right in and do their fancy and ruin the plagued will for Cap'n Sil and the rest and give poor Jenny a chance in the world. Seems a long way nearer the right of things."

'Miah shook his head and resurrected the historic dogma: "*Right* is *right*, and you can't fetch me round it with quibbles, Duncan boy."

DUNCAN went out to the baker's and returned with news.

"Guess you'll find your load a mite easier to bear now, 'Miah. What do you think? Who do you think has just kind of happened to sort of drop in on Urkey on the packet to-night? Eh? Well, Mr. John Paducah Edwards of Gillypert, for one. Putting up at Sarah Young's, I understand. That isn't all, tho. Also a Mr. Henry Cabot from Hyannis way and a Mr Benjamin Eads of Dorchester and a Mr. Banker Blaine from the Plymouth side, all, as I understand it, happening to put up at Sarah Young's for a day or so. That's the length and breadth of it, Mr. Executor."

Duncan made his announcement with an expectant solemnity that would have done credit to Dow, but 'Miah failed to respond to it. All he did was glare harder at us both.

"Why don't you smile, man?" Duncan protested. "I can't see but what you're let off pretty easy now. Talk'll be lower from this on, I warrant, leastways in the neighborhood of Sarah Young's boarding-house, and if there's to be any tampering with graves hereabouts I don't imagine Buchanan's will be one of 'em—not *this* trip."

"Duncan," said 'Miah, "you don't understand." He got his bulk up out of the chair. "Duncan, you're constable, but you're younger'n I am. I wonder what you'd think of swearing me deputy the coming few days."

Duncan stood and stared at him.

"I certainly would not! Not unless you can show me some awful good reason for it, 'Miah. Look here, 'Miah, are you going simple too?"

'Miah turned and marched himself out without a word.

I imagine Duncan must have felt a little queer about it, he and 'Miah being the friends they were. A few minutes later he was off in search of the night-constabled fellow to get the thing patched up before he slept. He didn't find him, tho; it wasn't till afterward we knew that 'Miah spent that night in Gowd's shanty at the foot of the "garden spot."

Spring comes late in Urkey; it comes suddenly too. There was thunder during the night and a marching past of showers, and when the sun rose in the morning the last worn snow-patches were gone, the world was brown and bare and ready, and a film lay in the low-trees. From my attic window my first gaze fell on Buchanan's plot; I saw his tiny headstone standing red in the level ray, and it gave me a queer new feeling for an instant about the living and the dead. Snow was out in the street beneath, and his graves were turned to the hill. Remembering his words of the Autumn before, my sense of dramatic revelation deepened; the Springtime of Buchanan's flowers was at hand, as true as prophecy, and as true as the prophecy his dead eyes under the mold could not look up to see.

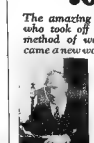
But it would be pretty for the rest of us (as yet another prophecy had said), and for the young life of me I couldn't see what all the fuss was about. To my imagination nothing could have been pleasanter for Urkey village to have than that anticipated

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

MRS. GRACE HORCHLER, 4237 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

From 234 lbs. to 160

The amazing story of Mrs. Horchler, who took off 74 lbs. through a novel method of weight reduction, and became a new woman in health and figure



I HAD just about given up hope when I got in touch with Wallace. Every reducing method I had tried, from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and machinery, had failed me, and I looked with question on the Wallace method.

"Just like all the rest," I thought. "No either have to stop eating or work yourself to death to get any results at all. Finally I persuaded myself to try out Wallace's final-lesson reducing record in my home, on his free trial offer. *That* opened my eyes! My reduction in one week was so great and so delightfully achieved as to be almost unbelievable. Continuing with my reducing records—well, here is what I did—took off 74 pounds in 4 months, and made a remarkable improvement in my health, figure and whole appearance."

Mrs. Horchler is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 200,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's is the method that *works*—just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer!

No Starving—No Punishment
The Wallace Method one of real pleasure!

Wallace can take off *your* surplus weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He can take off the necessary number of pounds, whatever it be—10—20—30—or 80. He can make your figure normal in weight and dimensions. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with hook reading or any other irksome rigamarole. His method is a simple and easy one because it goes hand in hand with Nature. What Wallace gives you to do *takes care* of the food you eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make fat.

What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age

Height In Inches	Ages 18 to 20 yrs.	Ages 20 to 30 yrs.	Ages 30 to 40 yrs.	Ages 40 to 50 yrs.	Ages 50 and Over
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
60	111	116	120	122	120
61	113	118	122	124	122
62	115	120	124	126	124
63	118	123	127	129	127
64	122	127	131	133	131
65	126	131	135	137	135
66	129	135	139	141	139
67	133	139	143	145	143
68	137	143	147	149	147
69	141	145	150	152	150
70	145	149	154	156	154

Results in 5 Days

Just try Wallace's method for a week! That's all he asks. You'll see results in a week that will once and for all settle the question of how to reduce.

Send No Money

Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first Reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's record to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and PREPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record (or my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way. (131)

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CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

outburst of bloom on the hillside that had always been so dun, the living whorls and curlicues of the dead master's whim, the magically springing white elephants and whales, the anchors and starfish (my head was full of the legendry of that old garden within the wall), and still other conceits perhaps, and new devices never seen. I was too young to know then that altho in his life a man may make himself in the image he likes, when he is dead he has to be made over again in the image of those who survive—and the image of Urkey and of the Cape and all the land was a granite shaft with turf around it and an iron grill, and all of it set in hallowed ground on Rigg's Dome back there. Anything less sublime was ridiculous. And it was a shame.

Duncan's prophecy that talk would be lower, now that the entire phalanx of the heirs was on the ground, was as wide of the truth as he should have known it to be. He lived in a democracy—he ought not to have forgotten that; a democracy to which that thinly veiled attempt at overawing by its "betters" was like red to bulls. Talk was louder, not lower.

"Them bloatocrats, thinkin' to come in here and awe us down with their mainland hefe—"

"Yes, and old Sil too. He's with 'em, hand and glove. . . . And Amos Dyer, you can warrant that too."

"Yes, folkz over to Gillyport and the like can laugh up their sleeves at Buchanan buryin' himself in a mess of flower gunn-crocks right on top of the town—laugh their heads off, they can—*for all o' them ares there*—so long's *their* precious money's kept true to law."

"Look there at Nathan Lane now. You'd think he'd had a stroke at the idea o' profanin' Buchanan's holy grave. . . ."

SO IT went through the hours of that sweet Spring day, and rebellion got itself a body and lifted up a head. The vigilance committee of inheritors was obviously ill at ease. Captain Sil walked with his eyes benign, but not to be caught. Amos Dyer kept the house, and the old farmer, the aridescent bubble of fortune growing thin for certain now before his ever-doubting eyes, haunted the shed where 'Miah failed to come. As for the visitors, they didn't seem to know just what to do. They would appear to decide to keep out of sight and hold the fort of Sarah's parlor, only to be abroad again directly in imposing hollow square, invading the shore street, the Board of Trade, this shop, that office, trying their hardest to look as tho nothing were wrong, and for all, of it visibly appalled. Ha—ha! (The laughter is the historian's.)

Toward mid-afternoon my cousin Duncan began to awaken to the fact that there might be something in "village gabble," after all. It came to him first at the hardware-store, where Mr. Young confided the fact that there was "a great run on spader to-day" with a concomitant flutter of lids. And presently he was to have a sight of Snow and Mr. Empsy Dyer, both with new spades under their arms and hold in the rear of Peter Taylor's undertaking establishment, holding converse with Peter himself and with Andie Nickerson, sexton of Center Church and grave-digger of Rigg's Dome.

They saw Duncan about the time he saw them and hushed their talk. Poor Duncan was at a pass. Sworn duty lay on one side, inclination and, it seemed to him, some justice on the other. He had always liked Jenny Dyer and lately pitied her, and anything that dipped into her hand ran with his natural will. And yet there was the sanctity of property, and there was 'Miah, clinging insanely to the crazy letter of the daft testament.

It was the druggist who settled the argument for Duncan, and not as Snow expected either, for his words were a revelation to Duncan's mind.

"Look here, Dunc; are you with *them?* Have they seen you?"

"Nobody's seen me," said Duncan. "Nobody has to."

"Well, look here, Dunc, you stay out. What's it to you? What's it to them, moreover? Their interests aren't going to suffer, no matter what happens, so long as they fight it as long as they can, them and 'Miah, and so long's they can prove it in court. Have you seen 'Miah, Dunc? No, sir; just so long as it wasn't *by their cognuzance or their wilful negligence* they're protected; they can while they can; and Jenny can stay up there to Boston paring nails to her heart's content."

As I say, this subtlety of the law came as a revelation to Duncan.

"Well," he said, "in that case, just so long as they fight it I'll fight it too. Mind that!" And turning his back, he marched off around the corner and up the street in search of the executor.

He didn't find him; all he found was sour looks from grown-ups and cheery ones from children coming in from the back side with snowdrops and the first rare shoots of crocus and anemone. And more than one person he passed at a fence-angle or a window was gazing up at the bluff with an air of sustained expectancy, as if in the surging softness of the new wind of life they looked at any moment for that crevo between a three-ring circus and an old

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

"Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well-poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard!

It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at the moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

Just a few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman in the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a new Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and re-read many times and find permanently helpful to you.

What Was His Blunder?

Do *you* know what his blunder was? Do *you* know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you?"

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by the puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Famous Book of Etiquette in two Volumes, Sent Free for 5 Days' Examination.

You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very own little problems solved for you by this famous, authoritative work.

Here is your opportunity to read, study and examine the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette absolutely without cost. For 5 days you may keep the set and examine it at our expense. Read the chapter on wedding etiquette, on the bride's trousseau, on speech, on dancing. Don't miss the chapter called "Games and Sports" and be sure to read about the origin of our social customs—why rice is thrown after the bride, why black is the color of mourning, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl.

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Appliqué Receives First Honors for Costume Trimming

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transder Design No. 12577, blue or yellow, contains 24 rose motifs made up of 4 different designs with reverses of each. Turning the edges of the pieces under and hemming them flat is one method of appliqué that gives a neat effect. Blanket stitching the pieces to the foundation is another way. This is a very popular form of trimming this season and it is used on the frock 1477, illustrated at the left, which is designed for 34 to 46 bust.

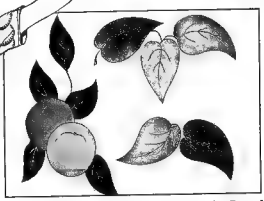
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12630, blue or yellow, gives three each of the long motif, 3 each of the small rose, and 6 each of the poppy and conventional rose motifs, also a cutting chart for the appliqué pieces. The various types of motifs included in this design make it possible for one to use it for decorating blouses, frocks, bags, library table runners, pillow cases, as well as children's clothes. Appliqué or patchwork is always most effective when worked in gay colors. There are various ways of carrying out appliqué designs, the simplest form being to turn the edges of each patch under and stitch it to the foundation with blind stitch, buttonholing or running stitch.

No. 12630—An Exceptionally Attractive Appliqué Design for Costume Decorating

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12797, blue or yellow, supplies 4 and 4 reverses of 3 different appliqué motifs with extra cutting pieces. These motifs are prettiest when worked in natural colors, such as yellow and red for the peaches, green for the leaves, etc. The appliqué may be blanket stitched to the background or put on with blind stitches and then outlined. It is illustrated on frock 1486, which is designed for 34 to 46 bust.

The Pictorial Review Company's Design No. 12790, blue or yellow, gives 6 and 6 reverses of 7 different fruit motifs for appliqué with extra cutting pieces. The grape motif has been selected to decorate the skirt of frock 1439, illustrated on this page, which is designed for 34 to 52 bust. Purple is the color chosen and the grapes are put on in a bunch and are blind stitched to the background, then each grape is carefully outlined.

No. 12577—Adds a Decorative Touch to Frock 1477

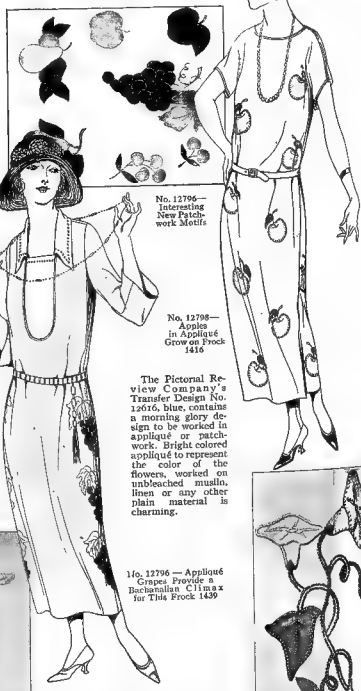


No. 12797—Fruit and Leaf Motifs Make a Quaint Type of Appliqué Design for One's New Frock

No. 12629 Is an Appliqué Design That Will Give That Needed Touch of Color to a Frock or Blouse

No. 12797—Leaf Design in Appliqué Climbs Up the Sides of Frock 1486

No. 12798 Large Round Patches Are Buttonsbled to the Smart Frock 1471

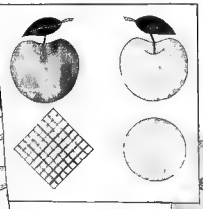


No. 12796—Interesting New Patchwork Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12629, blue or yellow, includes 3 each of the 8 designs shown above, making 24 in all. The vogue for appliqué as a trimming has been steadily increasing, until now it is used wherever possible and in the brightest colors.

No. 12798—Fashion Has Set Her Seal upon All Types of Appliqué Designs and Recommends Very Highly the One Illustrated Above on Frock 1446, As It Is Simple to Carry Out and Is Very Effective

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12798, blue or yellow, furnishes 16 square motifs, 16 round motifs and 8 and 8 reverses of apple motifs, for appliqué with extra cutting guides. The appliqué may be blanket stitched to the foundation or put on with blind stitch, then outlined. The round motif is shown on dress 1471, designed for 34 to 46 bust, and illustrated above. The square motif appears on the frock 1446 at the left, designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. The apple motif is worked on frock 1416, designed for 34 to 50 bust.



No 12798—Conventional Motifs Are Popular for Patchwork

No. 12571—Flower Motifs for Appliqué Are Always Desirable As They Can Be Worked in Dainty Pastel Colors and Used to Elaborate Frocks

No. 12798—Apples in Appliqué Grow on Frock 1416

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12616, blue, contains a morning glory design to be worked in appliqué or patchwork. Bright colored appliqué to represent the color of the flowers, worked on unbleached muslin, linen or any other plain material is charming.

No. 12796 — Appliqué Grapes Provide a Bacchanlian Climax for This Frock 1439

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12571, blue or yellow, furnishes 24 small motifs and 2 large motifs of corresponding design. The upper part of the design in plain long-and-short couching stitches and the bottom part in French knots will contrast well.

No. 12616—Morning Glory Design Waits to Be Adopted by Missy Fair

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To Make the Up-to-date Household Efficient as Well as Decorative Designs Like These Are an Absolute Necessity

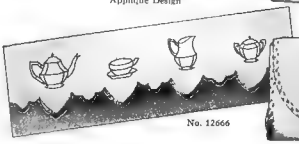
No. 12708—Pillow Decorated with Appliqué Design

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12708, yellow only, 20 cents—1/-, is an appliqué design for a pillow top, measuring 18 inches in diameter, illustrated at upper left hand corner of page.

No. 12761

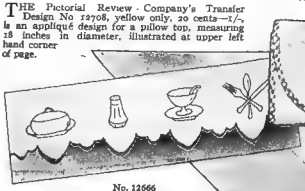
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12761, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, gives outline and design for the four very useful cases shown at left.

No. 12761

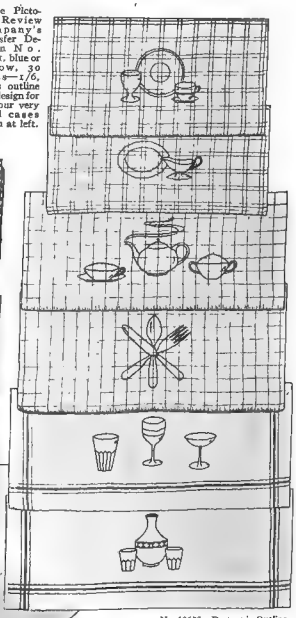


No. 12666

No. 12761 No. 12761



No. 12666

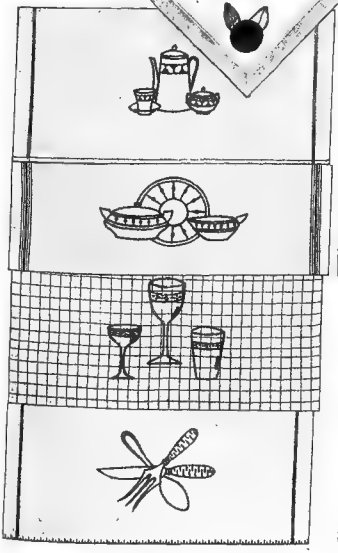


No. 12677—Designs in Outline for Kitchen Towels

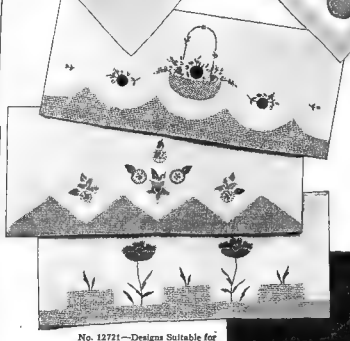
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12666, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 yards each of 2 designs with an odd scalloping for kitchen cabinet or closet shelving.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12677, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, includes 7 designs with duplicates for marking kitchen towels. The largest motif, the teapot group, measures 5¼ by 12¼ inches. The designs are worked in outline or chain stitch in red or blue strand cotton.

No. 12238—Design for Kitchen Towels



No. 12629



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, includes 8 designs for appliqué with 3 duplicates for each for a luncheon set. The cloth illustrated has a 3¾-inch hem and is 36 inches square. The napkins have an inch-wide hem and are 15 inches square.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12721, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 groups of designs for towels or other decorative purposes. The motifs are worked in appliqué with six-strand cotton.

No. 12721—Designs Suitable for Towels or Pillow-cases

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12238, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 8 motifs, 2 each of the 4 motifs shown suitable for kitchen towels. The designs are carried out in outline stitch in colored thread on plain linen or cross-barred linen.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12697, yellow only, 15 cents—9d, supplies a design for appliqué work for a pillow 17 by 19 inches; the design is 16¾ by 17¾ inches. Use blanket stitches to sew the flowers onto the background.

No. 12697—Pillow with New Appliqué Design

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Trade Mark

THERE is an Ace Quality Comb for every member of the family, for every purpose, and priced to meet every purse. Look for the smooth, parallel teeth, and the Ace trade mark which guarantees the best sanitary hard rubber.

You will find an assortment at drug and department stores.

HERCULES
Princess
Unbreakable
GOODYEAR 1851
are leading brands of

ACE COMBS
For Men and Women

Manufactured by
American Hard Rubber Company

Appliqués for the Home and Kiddies' Clothing

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12714, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 transfers and 4 reverses of the side view, also a flower basket.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, contains 2 each of the designs illustrated and a reverse of the teddy bear. These delightful motifs are especially designed for appliqué work.

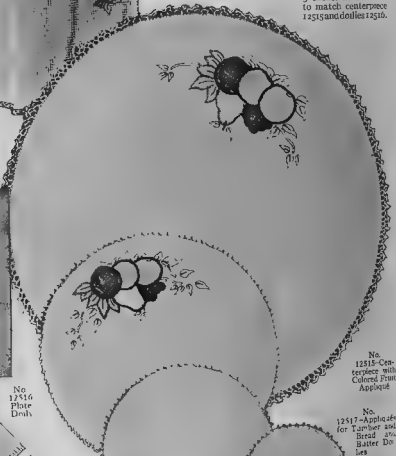
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12515, blue only, 15 cents—9d, furnishes 3 motifs for centerpieces 15½ inches in diameter. The appliqués are worked on the cloth in button hole stitch. This design matches 12516 and 12517.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, No. 12516, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 6 plate doilies 10 inches in diameter.

No. 12714—Appliqués on Blue and White Checked Gingham Curtains

No. 12685—Cunning Motifs for Little People

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12517, blue only, 20 cents—1/-, furnishes 6 doilies 7 inches in diameter and 6 tumbler doilies 5 inches in diameter to match centerpiece 12515 and doilies 12516.



No. 12515—Centerpiece with Colored Print Appliqué

No. 12517—Appliqués for Tumbler and Bread and Butter Doilies

No. 12564

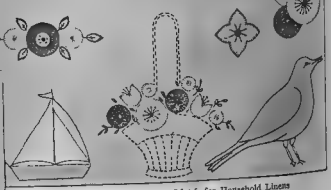
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12564 blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6.

No. 12516 Plate Doily

No. 12630 Appliqués for Napkins

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12630, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, includes 21 motifs. These motifs are appropriate to decorate children's apparel and household linen.

No. 12751—Charming Are the Motifs for Children's Dresses



No. 12720—Attractive Motifs for Household Linens

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, provides an assortment of motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12751 blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 flower designs and a butterfly motif for appliqué embroidery

Google

Frostilla

FRAGRANT LOTION

for Rough and Chapped Skin

It protects your skin from the wintry winds

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion keeps your hands soft and white

After shaving it soothes away all smart and after-sting

Unless you protect your skin against the enemies which threaten it every day, it will protect itself by growing rough and coarse. Frostilla Fragrant Lotion strengthens the skin, but at the same time keeps it soft, white and smooth. It prevents biting winds from drying out and chapping the skin and making the surface coarse and rough. It acts as an invisible guard against all ravages of wintry weather.

The Wonderful Fragrance

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is delightful to use—never sticky, never greasy. Its fragrance, compounded of the essences of rarest flowers, is a pleasant and refreshing comfort. It brings quick relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening all hard lines, giving your face a fresher, more attractive color.

As a Powder Foundation

Before you powder, rub a little Frostilla Fragrant Lotion on the face. It is instantly absorbed, removing all shine. Now powder as usual. You will find the powder stays on much longer and shows more natural.

The Hands, Arms and Neck

Care for your hands, arms and neck just as much as you do your face if you want to make the most of your possibilities. After household duties where the skin comes in constant contact with water and dust, keep the hands soft and fresh with Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Protect all the skin by using Frostilla Fragrant Lotion before going out into the wintry winds. This is of utmost importance.

Many times the ankles chap just above the shoe tops—several applications of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion will relieve them.

Tell the Men About This

In shaving Frostilla Fragrant Lotion smoothed on the face after the lather has been washed off helps the skin. It soothes and refreshes it, removing all sting and preventing the face from breaking out. To help soften the beard pour a few drops on the wet soapy brush and work in with the lather.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion can be purchased anywhere in the United States and Canada. Regular price, 35c. One size bottle only.

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY *Established 1873* Elmira, New York

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Pictorial Review for March, 1923

TREO GIRDLE

The All-Elastic Corset

The more elastic to the corset—the more grace to the figure

THE *Treo Elastic Girdle*, which made possible present-day modes, has found new and even more exquisite expression in its latest models of "*Treotex*." This newly-invented surgical elastic web, upon which its creators worked for years, enables all women, of whatever type of figure, to enjoy the figure-freedom and dress-distinction that only the *Treo Elastic Girdle* imparts.

Women of fashion, corsetieres, designers, all acclaim it as the perfecting touch to the Treo lines of models, which, with their exclusive features, their smartness, and their universal utility, has made them the accepted of the fastidious.

The "*Anchor Band*," (the waist line band) which holds the girdle to the figure and prevents it from slipping; the "*Feature Strip*," (the strip above the waist line) which supports the back and restrains the diaphragm, and the new "*Panel Back*," which flattens the back into the new silhouette, are features to be found *only* in the *Treo Girdle, The Original All-Elastic Corset.*

Be sure to demand the Treo model which was made for your type of figure. Prices: Treo Girdles, in lighter surgical web, $3 to $10; Treo Girdles of mercerized Treotex surgical web, $5.50 to $10; Treo Girdles of Silk Treotex surgical web, $12.50 to $25. Your dealer will be very glad to give you a fitting. Write for illustrated booklet.

The New Panel Back Treotex Treo Girdle

The new Treotex Treo Girdle models are designed for the heavier figure, which seeks the comfort so long enjoyed in the Treo Girdle by women of slender and medium figure. Note the panel back in the illustration above—it flattens the figure at the back into the desired new silhouette. Ask for "Treotex" Treo Girdles if yours is an above-the-average figure!

TREO COMPANY, Inc., 267 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Great Britain: Distributing Depot, Ltd., 90 Wigmore Street, London, E. C. 4. Canada: Ellerbeck & Co., 9 Temperance St., Toronto

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Monogrammed Sports Apparel and Effective Embroidery Designs

No. 697—Monogram No. 285—Crocheted Sweater.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crocheting Directions No. 285 are for a Misses' sweater, sizes 34 and 36 bust, 15 cents—9d., and require 6 balls of silk Iceland wool and 1 steel crochet hook. Monogram No. 697 in 3½-inch size, 75 cents—3/6, to be stamped on felt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 286 for golf coat, size 34, 15 cents—9d. Monogram No. 698, 4½-inch size, 90 cents—4/-.

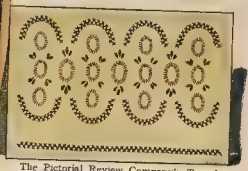
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 287 for jacket, size 36, 15 cents—9d. Monogram No. 698, 4½-inch size, 90 cents—4/-.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 288 for Russian sweater, size 36, 15 cents—9d. Monogram No. 699, 3½-inch size, 75 cents—3/6.

No. 698—Monogram of Felt on a Knitted Golf Coat for the Miss No. 286.

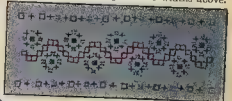
No. 698—Monogram on No 287, a New Type of Jacket

No. 699—Monogram shown on Russian Sweater No. 288. No. 12794 illustrated below.



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12794, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, gives border design in two widths above.

No. 12793 right



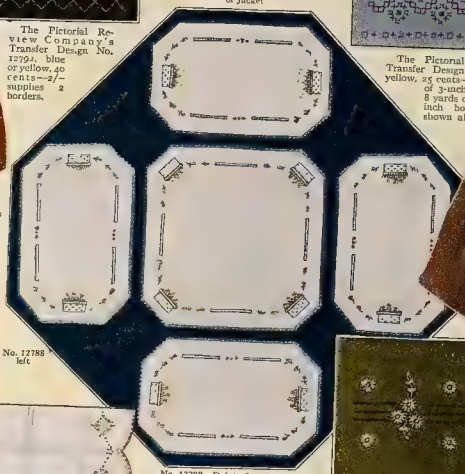
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12795, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 4 yards of 3-inch and 8 yards of 3½-inch borders shown above

No. 12788

No. 12792

No. 12789

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12792, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/- supplies 2 borders.



No. 12788 left

No. 12790—Dainty Luncheon Set

No. 12789

No. 12793 below

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12788, blue, 40 cents—2/-, provides luncheon cloth 18½ x 35 inches, and 6 doilies 10½ x 16½ inches.

No. 12791—Dainty Floral Scarf Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12790, blue, 30 cents—1/6.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12789, yellow, 20 cents —1/-.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12791, blue, 35 cents —1/6.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12793, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6.

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Youth and Daintiness Expressed in the Season's Newest Styles

Dress 1477
Appliqué 12796

Dress 1519
Appliqué 12798

Dress 1460

1477—Ladies' One-Piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch green gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch white organdy for skirt bands and bindings. This very smart frock is slashed in from shoulder edges, and the lower slashed edges are gathered. The back of the frock is becomingly gathered to a yoke. The comfortable kimono sleeves are bound with the white organdy. The closing is effected on the shoulders. The appliqué motif in design 12796 may be cut from contrasting gingham and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

1519—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch ceramic (blue) voile—1⅛ yard 40-inch white voile for the modishly scalloped bands on skirt and for sleeve pipings—¾ yard 36-inch embroidered batiste for neck band—2⅛ yards 36-inch lining. Extremely new and smart are the appliqué motifs in design 12798 developed with contrasting colored voile that are couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches. These appliqué motifs are the last cry of fashion for summery frocks, and afford a color harmony that is often matched in the dress accessories.

1400—Ladies' One-Piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch harvest (orange) check tissue gingham—½ yard 40-inch white voile for Tuxedo collar and vestee—2 yards satin ribbon for sash. The vestee and long collar afford the much desired slender silhouette that Fashion demands and the front of the dress is slashed in from the armhole edges and the lower slashed edges are gathered. Designed for comfort are the flowing sleeves which are finished with flaring cuffs. Smoked pearl buttons and loops are the trimming features. The bands on the skirt are another very new and attractive style note of this up-to-date little tub frock.

1516—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yard 40-inch cornhusk (yellow) crêpe de chine—2⅞ yards frilling for the long collar and turn-back cuffs. Much of the chic and charm of the blouse is derived from the hemstitching which is used as an insertion at joining and trimming edges and to adorn collar and cuffs. French dots also add beauty to the design.

1517—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch black Georgette—1 yard lace for vestee. Unusually smart and effective are the large motifs placed at blouse fronts that are developed in iridescent and jet beads. These motifs are easily worked by applying design 12749. The long slenderizing collar and the elbow sleeves are adorned with lines of the beads placed closely together in a straight outline.

Blouse 1516

Blouse 1517
Beading 12749

Dress 1542

Dress 1540

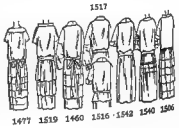
Dress 1506
Monogram 546

1519—Adds by Way of Smartness Band Trimmings and Applied Fabric Motifs

1506—Has Many New Features—The Monogrammed Basque and Banded Tiered Skirt

1542—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lowe edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch mignon (lavender) linen—½ yard 40-inch white organdy for vestee and trimming bands on long collar, elbow length sleeves and on pockets. An ideal dress for late Spring and Summer days, and the model adapts itself delightfully to other materials besides the tubbable fabrics. Any one of the flat crêpes or ratiné-éponges would be suitable.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

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Typical of Spring Fashions Are These Sports and Street Designs

1471—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch blue spruce (green) check gingham—1⅜ yard 32-inch plain blue spruce gingham for applied bands and belt—⅛ yard 40-inch white voile for collar, sleeve trimming, and piping. Graduated bands are applied to the dress giving it a tiered effect. The fulness at the waist-line is held in by a narrow belt which is trimmed with an appliquéd fruit motif. The motif, design 12797, may be cut from colored gingham and couched down in blanket, outline, running or buttonhole stitches. The dainty voile collar and sleeve trimming are finished with hemstitching.

1537—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Sports Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe for blouse—2⅛ yards 40-inch cowslip (yellow) Canton crêpe for skirt—¾ yard 36-inch lining. Nothing could be more attractive or more appropriate for sports wear than the model illustrated. The dress combines a white Canton crêpe blouse, with a golden shade of yellow Canton crêpe for the skirt, which is joined to a two-piece body lining. Embroidery, in design 12372, forms a border on the convertible collar, lower edge of blouse and flowing sleeves. The design may be worked in darning, outline, or chain stitches with rope silk.

1508—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 32-inch pink plaid gingham—1 yard 40-inch white organdy for vestee, cuffs, and piping. The closing is arranged under the applied band which is trimmed with stitching and tiny buttons.

Apron Dress 1457 Appliqué 12796

Dress 1466

Dress 1469

1457—Ladies' Slip-on Apron Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch harvest (orange) check gingham—1½ yard 36-inch white linen. Check gingham and linen form a smart combination for this practical little dress. The large patch pockets are given a decorative touch by an appliqué motif, design 12796, which may be cut from colored gingham, linen or chambray and couched down in blanket, outline, buttonhole or chain stitches.

1466—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch daybreak (lavender) check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch purple linen for trimming collar and piping—¼ yard 18-inch tucked vesting. The side panels having pointed upper edge extend above the waist-line and are trimmed with applied bias bands giving a tiered effect.

Dress 1471 Appliqué 12797

Sports Dress 1537 Embroidery 12372

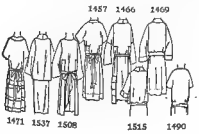
Dress 1508

Blouse 1515

Blouse 1490 Embroidery 12771

1537—For Sports Is Designed This Swagger Slip-on with New Border Embroideries

1457—Embroidered Pockets and Raised Side Lines Make Modish This Apron Dress



1515—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—¼ yard wide lace banding—2⅝ yards narrower lace banding for trimming collar and cuffs. A touch of green is introduced in the hemstitching which trims the vestee and the long two-piece collar. The sleeves are short finished with turn-back cuffs. This makes an attractive blouse to wear with the new Spring suit.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Modes that Impart Elegance and Long Lines to Matronly Forms

Dress 1209 Dress 1461

1209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch sandalwood (brown) satin crêpe—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1½ yard cream lace banding for collar and cuffs. A vestee fills in the deep open front which is framed with a long two-piece collar extending to the waist-line. A dainty lace overcollar and cuffs give a smart touch to the neck and sleeves.

1461—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch navy blue dotted foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch white bengaline silk for collar and vestee. Dotted foulard fashions this attractive afternoon or street frock which is so well adapted to the mature figure. A narrow panel is inserted in the center-front which joins onto the vestee of bengaline silk. The back of dress extends over the shoulders and joins to the gathered fronts forming a yoke effect. Novel are the sleeves which fit close to the wrist. A unique buckle of bakalite, jet, or marcasite fastens the belt at the left side.

Dress 1508 Embroidery 12765 Dress 1458

Dress 1542 Dress 1262 Dress 1521

1542—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch black figured foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards green novelty trimming—1⅛ yard green bias trimming. The inserted vestee is trimmed with silk bias binding, while a novelty braid trimming is applied to the long two-piece collar and cuffs. The long Bishop sleeves are gathered to bands finished with pointed cuffs.

1468—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch tarragon (green) satin crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and vestee—9½ yards novelty braid. Narrow side panels are attached to the double belt and extend below the hem-line in a point. The convertible collar that joins to the underfaced fronts forming revers, gives a slender appearance to the stout woman.

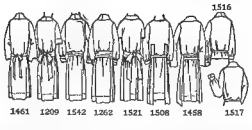
Blouse 1516

Blouse 1517

1521—Demonstrates Fashion's Newest Recruit—The Chemisette and Slenderizing Panels

1542—Shows that the Youthful Gathered Skirt Adapts Itself to Matronly Figures

1516—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch black crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard lace banding. Hemstitching adds chic to this blouse. The blouse has an inserted vestee framed with a long two-piece collar so becoming to the mature woman.



1517—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch silver crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 18-inch lace for vestee—⅝ yard lace banding for collar. Hemstitching is an added trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Tailored Suits and Sports Clothes the Coming Season Sponsors

Jacket 1505 Knickerbockers 9883 Jacket 9998 Skirt 9666

1505—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 35 inches. No. 9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch camel's hair—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. A splendid suit for hiking, shooting and athletics of an outdoor nature. The fronts of the jacket are rolled with the notched collar forming lapels. The knickerbockers are fitted with darts at the back and close at the sides.

9998—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 31½ inches. No. 9666, Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch twillcord—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. The jacket is one of the natty hip-length models and is tailored with notched collar and novelty inserted pockets.

1317—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch wool twill—4⅝ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The long one-piece sleeves, having trimming straps, are set in a deep armhole that gives much the appearance of a raglan outline. The deep saddle pockets are a novel note and the collar is convertible. The narrow belt adjusted underneath the back of the coat is slipped through openings in the underarm seams and closed in front.

Coat 1317 Jacket 1136 Skirt 9905

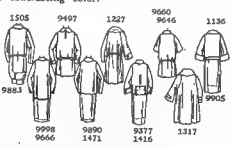
1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch satin—2 yards 36-inch figured silk for lining. A dainty over-collar of lace adds a soft appearance to the collar of the jacket. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch French serge. The combination of the bloused jacket of satin with a skirt of cloth is wonderfully smart and is extremely distinctive in style.

9497 — Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sports flannel. The blouse is slashed and closed at the center-back finished with a collar. The two-piece round collar and the pockets are made swagger with blanket stitching in a contrasting colored silk floss which is also employed for working the monogram in design 567 in raised satin stitch.

Jacket 9890 Dress 1471 Coat 1227 Jacket 9377 Dress 1416

9890—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28¾ inches. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch plaid coating—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining—¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth for collar. No. 1471—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch rep. The composé idea as evidenced in this natty Spring costume is one of the outstanding features of the new styles and the new ratiné wool plaids are so stunning in shades of tan barred off with a contrasting color.

Overblouse 9497 Monogram 567



Overblouse 9660 Blouse 9646 Applique 12796

9660—Ladies' Sleeveless Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch plaid cotton crêpe. The appliqué motifs in design 12796 may be cut from harmonizing colored linen, and couched to the pockets with blanket stitch, is a chic note. No. 9646.—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen.

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Chic New Models that Bear the Imprint of Popular Favor

Dress 1452

Dress 1538
Fabric Trimming 12778

1538—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch figured crêpe. This dress of figured crêpe has a quaint look about it which is very attractive on a straight slender figure. The two-piece skirt is attached to the waist, and the gathered ruffles are attached to the upper edge of a belt of the material. The neck has a round, bateau outline, and the sleeves are lengthened with flowing sections.

1688—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 40-inch extra crêpe de Chine for fabric trimming. The ruffles on the sides are arranged in the shape of panels shirred at the top, and the waist blouses a trifle over a crushed belt. Ruffles also trim the short sleeves finished with a band of chiffon rosebuds, and a cluster of the same appears at the waist with slender streamers of velvet ribbon. A dull shade of French blue could be used with the roses of pink. Bias strips of the crêpe de Chine form the fabric trimming in design 12778. This is a new and distinctive idea, and aids in the way of decoration.

Dress 1521

1521—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vestee—⅛ yard frilling—¼ yard 36-inch lace for collar. This dress is very simple, having an inserted chemisette of Georgette crêpe. The front is cut out in a deep oval and corded, and narrow ruffles of the foulard finish the sleeves. There is nothing prettier or cooler looking than a combination of black and white, and such materials as swiss, dimity, organdy, or dotted India silk would be suitable.

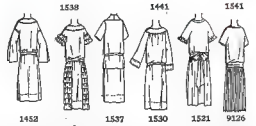
1537—Ladies' Sports Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch silk rep—¼ yard 36-inch white silk rep—¾ yard 36-inch lining. The blouse is held in with a belt of the material and ornamental buckle and there are short sleeves cut off above the elbow, a turned back collar and inserted pockets. There are a number of materials from which such a dress could be made, such as wool jersey, velour, tweed, French flannel, novelty basket weaves with stenciled borders, checks and striped plaids. Ratiné is another material which is very much liked for warm weather attire, and a mouse gray could be brightened with bands of scarlet.

1441—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1530.—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch dotted satin. The front and back of this blouse are gathered into a shallow yoke which buttons on the shoulders. The skirt is a wrap-around, draped up on the left side and falling down below the skirt in a point. An ornamental buckle confines the fulness at left side. The three-quarter length sleeves flare and have narrow trimming bands. For a general utility frock, nothing can quite take the place of satin for service and this frock is very stylish in its simplicity.

1541—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch sports satin. The blouse closes on the shoulders and the lower part of the blouse is gathered to a two-piece band. Novel is the monogram in design 546 and may be developed in raised satin stitch in silk floss in a shade matching the blouse or a contrasting color. Blanket stitching finishes off the bateau neck and short kimono sleeves. No. 9126.—

Sports Dress 1537

Blouse 1441
Skirt 1530



Blouse 1541
Skirt 9126
Monogram 546

Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch French flannel. The skirt closes at the center-back. On the links it is the fashion to wear a costume combining satin and flannel, but for town use this model would look well developed in wool jersey.

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Simple Tub Frocks that Have an Air of Unusual Distinction

1542—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch ratiné plaid gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, sleeve and vestee band, and for belt. This tub frock emphasizes the style feature of the season—the simplicity of line that makes for style smartness. The waist blouses slightly in all round fashion and there is a becoming shoulder yoke. Piquant and pretty is the appliqué corsage design 12797 that is made of solid color linen and couched down with blanket stitch.

1510—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch linen—11¼ yards bias binding for skirt bands, surplice collar and elbow sleeves—¼ yard 40-inch batiste for vestee. A most attractive dress for the full figure and equally as modish for the svelte of line. The surplice closing tailored collar is extremely fetching.

1519—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch dotted voile—2⅝ yards 36-inch lining—2⅛ yards 8-inch ribbon for sash. A charming type of costume for the youthful figure and not the least beauty of the model is to be found in the hemstitching adorning the gathered skirt. The blouse is developed in kimono style, and at neck is gathered into one of the new upstanding bands that give a different air to the bateau outline. Hemstitching finishes the short sleeves and a ribbon sash of a harmonizing shade completes what will be a most useful and stylish costume for street and indoor wear.

1521—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch foulard silk—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette for panels, chemisette, collar and sleeve sections. There is a refreshing newness about the wide U-shaped chemisette with its double box-plait at the center-front adorned with a row of tiny buttons. The gathered Georgette panels that drop below the skirt at the sides are a graceful feature of this frock. An added advantage of this model is the opportunity for contrast in the chemisette and the sleeve sections if desired.

1508—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for bands on skirt. This charming dress is slashed and closed at the center-front under an applied band. The front of the dress is tucked at the shoulders. A casing is stitched underneath the dress below the waist-line with elastic inserted to regulate the fulness. Bands of plain crêpe are adjusted at the sides of the dress, forming panel effect and extend below the lower edge. This season the combining of two materials in a costume has become an art. It is now distinguished fashion form—the composé costume, and this model is one of the smartest creations in this class. To complete the charming ensemble a lace trimmed collar is added.

1524—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette for collar and undersleeves—⅝ yard 8-inch lace for vestee—2¼ yards lace for collar and sleeve trimming—1½ yard 36-inch satin and ⅜ yard lace edging for foundation skirt—2½ yards 36-inch lining for upper part of undersleeves and part of back gore of foundation skirt. The basque and redingote style shown in this gown is extremely good vogue.

1518—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch linen. The tailored severity of this effective frock is relieved by the appliqués in design 12788. These may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

Dress 1542
Appliqué 12797

Dress 1510

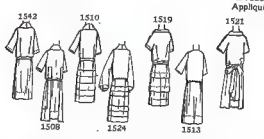
Dress 1519

Dress 1521

Dress 1508

Dress 1524

Dress 1513
Appliqué 12798



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Stunning Blouses for Sports Wear and Other Occasions

Blouse 1476
Beading 12771

1476—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe romain. The lower edge of the blouse and kimono-sleeves are cut in a scalloped outline. The beading, design 12771, forms an allover effect on the blouse. Crystal, chalk, opalescent or colored glass beads may be used in carrying out the design.

Blouse 1515
Cross-stitch
12745

Blouse 1535
Beading 12758

Blouse 1541
Monogram 546

Blouse 1135

Blouse 1468

Blouse 1490
Embroidery 12737

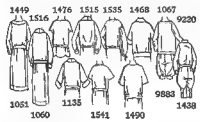
1490 — Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch satin crêpe. This makes a practical little blouse to wear with a separate skirt or with the new Spring suit. The embroidery, design 12787, which trims the oval neck, short kimono sleeves and lower front of blouse, may be worked in darning stitches with rope silk.

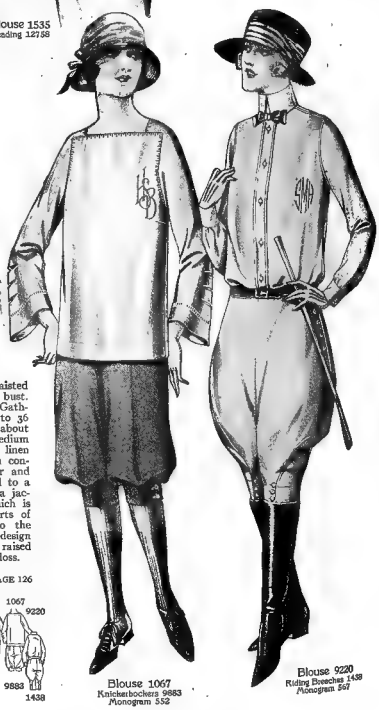
Blouse 1449
Skirt 1051
Initial 12254

Blouse 1516
Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12715

1449 — Ladies' Long - waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅛ yard, 36-inch linen for blouse—2¾ yards 36-inch contrasting linen for skirt, collar and cuffs. The blouse is gathered to a wide two-piece waistband in a jacquette effect. An initial, which is so much in favor for all sorts of sports clothes, is applied to the pocket of the blouse. The design 12254, may be carried out in raised satin stitch with mercerized floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126





Blouse 1067
Knickerbockers 9883
Monogram 552

Blouse 9220
Riding Breeches 1438
Monogram 847

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Frocks that Require Only Youth to Complete Their Charm

Dress 1479

Dress 1478
Monogram 558

1478—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin crêpe. The skirt, which laps in front, falls in cascade style at the left side. An individual touch is supplied by the monogram, design 558, which may be worked in raised satin stitches in silk floss.

Dress 1462

Sports Dress 1539
Embroidery 12443

Dress 1465

1465—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham for collar. This makes a practical little Summer frock for the young girl who likes simplicity. A leather or suède belt encircles the waist-line.

Dress 1540
Fabric Trimming 12778

Dress 1531
Embroidery 12672

1506—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted foulard —⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar, cuffs, and bow.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Dress 1519

Dress 1534

Dress 1531
Appliqué 12796

Dress 1506

Dress 1538

1479 1478 1462 1539 1465 1519
1534 1531 1540 1506 1538

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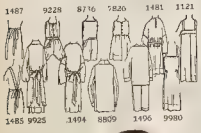
The Needs of Every Member of the Family Are Considered Here

Apron 1487
Embroidery 11976

Apron 1485
Appliqué 12671

1487—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—2¼ yards lace insertion—2⅞ yards edging. The bib and apron are gathered to a belt which has tie strings attached at the sides. Dainty embroidery, design 11976, trims the bib and may be worked in raised satin and stem or outline stitches in white mercerized cotton or in a pastel shade if a touch of color is desired.

1485—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch lawn—1¾ yards edging—1½ yard fancy ribbon for shoulder straps. The appliquéd floral design, 12671, may be cut from colored lawn, organdy, or handkerchief linen and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or chain stitches.



Combination 9228
Union Suit 8736
Petticoat 7826
Embroidery 11569

9228—Child's Combination Underwaist and Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook. The bloomers of this cunning combination are attached to the lower edge of the underwaist in front, while the back is gathered to a straight band.

8736—Child's Union Suit. Designed for 4 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch longcloth. This little union suit is cut on strict athletic lines.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—2 yards 4-inch embroidery for ruffle. The embroidery, design 11569, which is applied just above the ruffle, may be carried out in raised satin and stem or outline stitches. White mercerized cotton may be used or if a touch of color is desired, the embroidery may be worked in a pastel shade. The embroidered ruffle could be omitted and the lower edge finished with scallops, a lace edging, or feather-stitching.

Maternity Dress 9925
Maternity Dress 1494

Smoking Jacket 8809
Bloomers 1149
Pajamas 1496
Slip 9980
Embroidery 11742
Slip 1121

9925—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar—1¼ yard lace edging—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The tunics hang below the skirt in a point in front. A dainty lace trimmed Georgette collar finishes the neck.

1494—Long-waisted Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeve sections. The applied front closes on the left shoulder, while the waist closes at the center-front.

1496—Men's Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 54 chest. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch striped percale—¼ yard 36-inch plain percale for collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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NEW YORK

The Latest Vogue in the Ways of Lingerie and Negligées

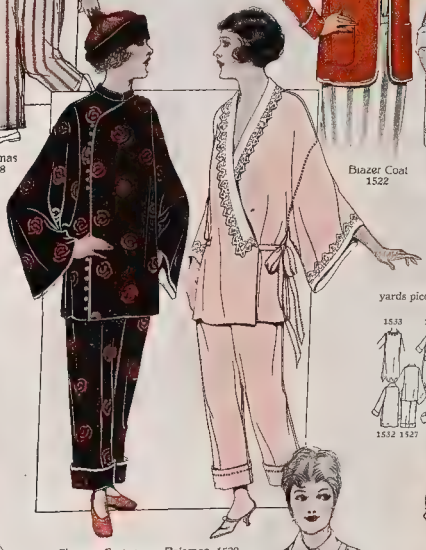
1412—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch plain voile for cuffs—½ yard ribbon. A casing is stitched underneath the front of pajamas with elastic inserted to regulate the fulness. Cotton frogs are used for the fastening.

9223—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 29-inch Japanese crêpe—1½ yard 29-inch contrasting crêpe for bands and cuffs. Blanket-stitching outlines the collar and cuffs. The kimono is laid in tucks on the shoulders in front.

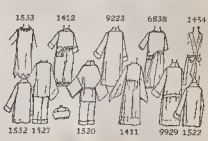
6838—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch striped lingette. The front of the waist and drawers is in one piece, while the back drawers section is gathered to a belt which buttons onto the waist.

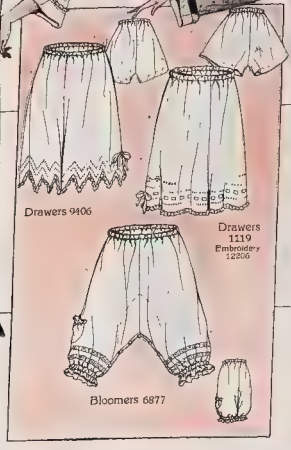
1522 — Ladies' and Misses' Blazer Coat. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel—5¼ yards silk braid. Fashioned in a bright shade of flannel and worn with a striped flannel skirt, an ideal sports costume could be formed. The coat has a mannish collar, long plain sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs.

1454—Maids' Set. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch nainsook—5⅝ yards lace insertion—2⅝ yards frilling.



1520 — Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch radium silk—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting—2¾ yards picot-edge ribbon—3⅞ yards lace





1527—Ladies' and Misses' Chinese Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch figured sateen—½ yard 36-inch black sateen for brim and facing of hat—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for crown. This makes an attractive costume for the masquerade ball or party.

1411—Ladies' Empire Negligée. Designed for 36, 40, 44, 48, and 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3½ yards shirred banding—1⅜ yard ribbon for bow. The sleeves form a deep point at the lower edge.

9929—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—⅝ yard 40 inch voile for cuffs, pocket-trimmings, and band—2¾ yards frilling. Cotton frogs are used for the fastening.

1532—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 29-inch dotted challis—½ yard 29-inch plain challis—4½ yards ribbon. The back extends over the shoulders in front, forming a yoke effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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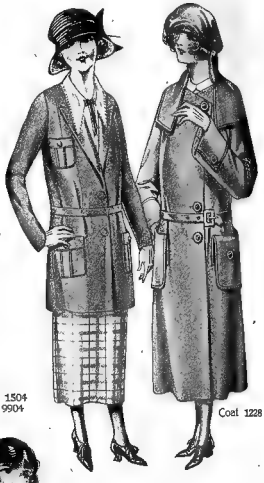
Smart Costumes with an Appeal to Young Girls

Jacket 9394
Dress 9957

Coat 1319



Jacket 1504
Skirt 9904

Coat 1228

9394—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9957, Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 4 yards 48-inch French serge —2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. The dress closes at the center-back. Link buttons are used for the closing of the smart-looking jacket.

1319—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours—4⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The convertible collar is rolled with the fronts of the coat. Long one-piece sleeves are trimmed with straps. The narrow belt is adjusted underneath the back of the coat and slipped through openings in the underarm seams.

Dress
1488
Initial
12254
Appliqué
12798

Dress
1479
Appliqué
12799

Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1536

Dress 1540

Dress 1465

Sports Dress 1539
Appliqué 12677

1228—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch polo cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The coat has a convertible collar and raglan sleeves which are finished with deep cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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For the Fancy Dress Party

5241—Ladies', Misses', and Girls' Colonial Dress. Designed for 6 to 20 years, and 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 40-inch white voile—1½ yards 36-inch figured cretonne—½ yard 36-inch black sateen for bodice—1 yard 36-inch lining. The fitted bodice of black sateen laces in front. This makes a good-looking costume for a masquerade or for a colonial play.

5287—Men's and Boys' Colonial Suit. Designed for 24 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch sateen for coat and trousers—6 yards black braid —¾ yard 36-inch sateen for front of vest—¾ yard 27-inch lining for back of vest—⅛ yard 36-inch black sateen for hat. The suit consists of a coat having two-piece sleeves, a vest, knickerbocker trousers and a hat.

6837—Men's and Youths' Uncle Sam Suit. Designed for 28, 32, 36, and 40 chest. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch sateen for coat—2⅝ yards 36-inch striped sateen for trousers—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting sateen for coat collar—¾ yard 36-inch sateen for front of vest—⅛ yard 27-inch lining for back of vest. The suit consists of a coat, vest, and trousers finished with foot straps.

6082—Ladies' and Misses' Masquerade Costumes. Designed for 32 to 42 bust. As illustrated with bolero, size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch voile—⅛ yard 36-inch black sateen for bolero—⅛ yard 36-inch striped silk for girdle. As illustrated with bodice, size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile for waist and apron—3⅝ yards 36-inch plaid for skirt—⅞ yard 36-inch velvet for bodice. The first view shows a Spanish costume, while the second shows a quaint peasant dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Modish School and Play Attire for the Younger Generation

Bloomer Dress 1507

Bloomer Dress 1509

Dress 1511

1511 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch tricotine—⅜ yard 36-inch satin. A narrow belt of suède holds in the fulness at the waist-line and fastens in front with a fancy buckle.

Dress 1512

1507 — Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch voile—½ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1⅜ yard ribbon for bow. The dress is gathered to a round yoke of dotted swiss which is finished with a round collar.

Suit 1493

Dress 1498

Dress 1526

1498 — Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅓ yard 32-inch check gingham—1¼ yard 32-inch plain gingham. The suit consists of a blouse and side-closing knee trousers. This makes a cunning as well as practical suit for the little man's playtime wear.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

Suit 1492

Dress 1459

Dress 1523

Rompers 1518

Dress 1525

Gymnasium Dress 1514

1511 1507 1509 1512 1493 1498 1526

1492 1518 1523 1525 1514 1459

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Kiddies' Coats and Suits Take on Fascinating Lines

1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, applied plait, cuffs, and trousers. The suit consists of a blouse and trousers. The slip-on side-closing knee trousers. The slip-on blouse closes at the center-front under a plait. This makes a practical little suit for the little boy's dress-up wear.

1105—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 27-inch chambray for waist and trousers—1 yard 36-inch voile for blouse—2¾ yards plaiting. The suit consists of a blouse and step-in knee trousers that are attached to a waist.

1132 — Child's One-piece Cape. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch plaid—¾ yard 36-inch silk for collar—1½ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

No. 1180—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch silk for dress. The cape is gathered to a round yoke, which is finished with a square collar. The turn-back bands are fringed.

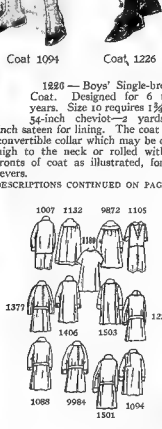
1406—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta—4½ yards trimming—1⅜ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining. A novelty trimming is applied to the collar, trimming straps, and cuffs. The sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1503—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅜ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining. The inverted plaits in front and back of coat are stitched down part way. This makes a cunning coat for the little girl's early Spring wear. The fastening is provided by link buttons.

9872—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch broadcloth—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining. There is a round yoke to which the fronts and back are gathered, and the coat is finished with a round collar. Turn-back cuffs finish the sleeves.

1230 — Boys' Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch cheviot—2 yards 36-inch sateen for lining. The coat has a convertible collar which may be closed high to the neck or rolled with the fronts of coat as illustrated, forming revers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



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Cretonne Wastebasket

Cut evenly six pieces of cardboard 4½ inches wide by 14 inches long, with a quarter oval cut out of two corners. Cover the whole of one side of each with LePage's and place them side by side and close together on the wrong side of a piece of cretonne 18 x 32 inches, so that two inches of cretonne are allowed top and bottom and 5 inches at one end. Smooth carefully.

Fold in and LePage cretonne top and bottom, first slashing where quarter ovals are cut out. Join free edges of first and last piece of cardboard by LePaging the extra 5 inches of cretonne over the first section, cutting it off as necessary to match figure in cretonne. LePage cretonne or plain material inside for lining, first turning the edge of the lning under all around and LePaging it, to form a narrow hem.

For bottom use heavy cardboard of a tight fit. When in place glue small blocks of wood under it to sides of basket for further support. LePage band of upholstery braid around outside for decoration.

How to cover flower pot with cretonne

First make a pattern by wrapping a sheet of paper tight around the pot. Let the ends overlap and LePage them together. Cut carefully around the top and bottom of pot. This leaves a close fitting cuff around the pot but not fastened to it. Slit vertically and spread out for pattern.

From pattern cut out cardboard saving one inch extra at one end which is lapped over other end and LePaged to it. The cut out cretonne from pattern, leaving ½ inch extra top and bottom and 2 inches at end to overlap. Coat entire outside surface of cardboard cuff with LePage's and draw cretonne tight and smooth over it. Where cretonne overlaps, cut around the design to make neater job and LePage. Fold over the ½ inch extra top and bottom and LePage to inside of cardboard.

For lining, cut a piece of enamel cloth a little smaller than pattern and LePage tight and smooth to entire inside surface of cuff. LePage upholstery braid around top for nice finish. To cover flower pot saucer, spread coat o' LePage's on outside surface of saucer and glue cretonne all around top edge first, drawing it smooth and close over sides and underneath in pleats. Finish edge of saucer with upholstery braid. This solves the problem of covering up unsightly flower pots.

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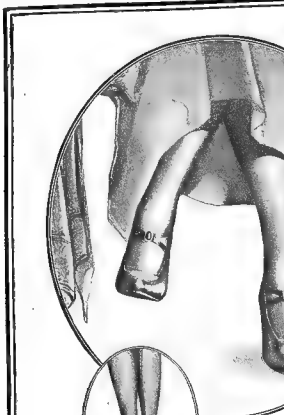

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

1540—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch tarragon (green) plaid gingham for lower part of skirt and bands—2 yards 36-inch white linen for blouse and upper skirt section.

1506—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch pink check voile—1 yard 40-inch pink voile for skirt bands—⅝ yard 40-inch white voile for bows and to trim—⅞ yard lace for collar. A decorative note is evidenced by the monogram in design 546, worked in raised satin stitch in silk floss.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

1490—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch indo (blue) Canton crêpe. An allover effect is given to this blouse by embroidery in design 12777 worked in darning stitch and French knots.

1469—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch indo (blue) figured crêpe—1⅜ yard blue ribbon for girdle—⅝ yard 18-inch white lace-trimmed tucked vesting—¼ yard lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

1262—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch mandalay (brown) novelty crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar, vestee and cuffs—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1681—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch bluebell (blue) figured foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch indo (blue) Georgette.

1508—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe. The embroidery, design 12765, may be carried out in outline stitch or French knots combined with darning stitches, using silk floss or rope silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

1927—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9877—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. No. 1416—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill for dress, coat bands, collar and cuffs—2 yards 40-inch brocade—2¾ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

1185—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar.

1515—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Cross-stitching, in design 12745, trims this blouse effectively worked in silk floss.

1541—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white satin for binding. An individual touch is given to this attractive blouse by the monogram, design 546, which is applied below the inserted pocket. Raised satin stitch may be used to develop this charming design.

1535—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and binding—2¼ yards ribbon for bows. Sprays of beading in design 12758, may be carried out in crystal or chalk beads.

1468—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch silk Jersey—⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for collar, vestee and cuffs.

1516—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch batiste. No. 1485—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid. The embroidery border in design, 12715, may be worked in darning and flat satin stitches.

1087—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch linen. No. 1085—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed. The monogram, design 552, may be embroidered on the blouse, may be worked in raised satin stitch in silk floss.

9899—Ladies' Tailored Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch piqué. No. 1488—Ladies' Riding Breeches. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch covert cloth. Like all the sports clothes this season, this blouse also boasts of a monogram. The design, 567, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

1479—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch figured foulard.

1402—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch satin—2¼ yards 36-inch foulard.

1539—Misses' Sports Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for blouse—1¼ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for skirt, collar and sleeve trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining. The embroidery, in design 12445, may be worked in darning or outline stitches or French knots.

1619—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch figured foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—6 yards insertion—2 yards 36-inch lining.

1534—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch voile—7 yards ruching—1½ yard lace for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

1581—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. As illustrated in the center of page, size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36 inch Chine for blouse—1⅞ yard 36-inch figured foulard for skirt section—1½ yard braid. The motif, design 12396, may be cut from scraps of silk and couched in blanket stitch

1540—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch extra crêpe de Chine for fabric trimming—1⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting for skirt section. Fabric trimming, design 12778, forms a yoke and is cut from strips of crêpe de Chine.

1538—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard frilling.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

8800—Men's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54 inch velours—⅛ yard 54-inch braid velours for collar and cuffs.

1481—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch linen for waist—2¼ yards 36-inch contrasting. Appliqué motifs, in design 12672, may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket stitches.

1149 Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. The full length bloomers, in size 26, require 2 yards 36-inch silk Jersey. The shorter length require 1⅝ yard 36-inch radium silk.

1240—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard edging

9080—Ladies' Slip Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—4 yards lace insertion—2 yards wide lace banding—1¼ yard edging. The embroidery, design 11742, may be carried out in raised satin and outline stitches.

1191 -Ladies' Slip Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—5½ yards insertion.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

9406 -Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 40-inch crêpe—7 yards edging.

1119—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅔ yard 40-inch radium silk—2⅝ yards frilling—3 yards ribbon. The embroidery, design 12206, may be worked in raised satin and outline stitches in silk floss.

6877—Ladies' Bloomers or Knickerbockers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—5 yards lace insertion.

1538—Ladies' Step in Combination Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36 inch batiste—3¼ yards lace insertion—3⅝ yards edging 1¾ yard ribbon Embroidery, design 11339, may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

1504—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch French flannel—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. No. 9904—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yard 54-inch check worsted

1536—Misses' Dress and Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 8-inch fringe—1⅛ yard 40-inch lining for jacket

1540—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust Width at lower edge about 2 yards Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36 inch foulard—1⅞ yard 36-inch plain satin.

1479 -Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch linen The appliqué, design 12796, may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down with blanket stitches.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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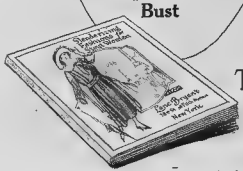

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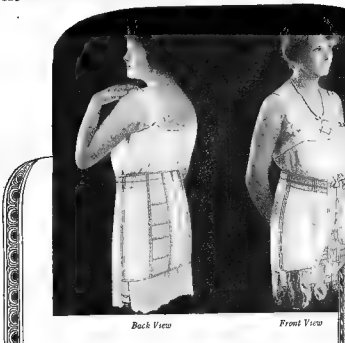

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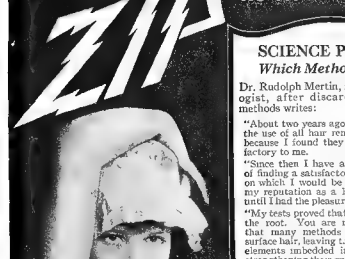

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

1488—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch silk poplin for waist—2¼ yards 36-inch contrasting for lower part of dress. A new feature is the use of appliqué motifs and these take the form of sq. ares in design 12798, hemstitched to the dress. An individual touch is given by adding one's initial and this is shown in design 12254, developed in raised satin stitch in silk floss.

1539—Misses' Sports Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for skirt—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The appliqué motif in design 12671, may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down with blanket stitches.

1465—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch check crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yard 40-inch plain—2¾ yards ribbon for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

1525—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch sateen ⅝ yard 36-inch figured.

1529—Ladies' Domino Costume. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅛ yards 36-inch black satin.

1545—Men's Devil Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch sateen.

6385—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch cretonne.

6557—Ladies' and Misses' Turkish Costume. Designed for 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch voile—3⅝ yards 36-inch cretonne.

6636—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch sateen.

1546—Ladies' Fancy Dress Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅛ yard 36-inch black and white check satin—2¾ yards 36-inch plain satin—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1548—Misses' Fancy Dress Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch black and white check satin—2¼ yards 36-inch plain satin—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

4814—Boys' Clown Suit. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch white sateen—2¾ yards 36-inch black sateen.

1527—Ladies' and Misses' Chinese Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch figured Japanese crêpe—2½ yards 36-inch plain crêpe.

4486—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 9¼ yards 36-inch dotted satin 1⅞ yard 36-inch voile for frills and hat facing.

1547—Men's Mexican Suit. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch sateen—7 yards novelty trimming—1⅞ yard 36-inch soisette for shirt—2⅛ yard striped ribbon for girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

1509—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2 yards 54-inch serge.

1512—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch allover lace—1⅜ yard lace edging.

1498—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen, ⅜ yard 36-inch cretonne—1⅜ yard frilling.

1526—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe—2⅞ yards for trimming.

1492—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for vest and cuffs—½ yard 36-inch lining for back of vest, belt and waistbands.

1523—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plain velours—1⅝ yard 54-inch check velours.

1518—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray.

1525—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

1514—Girls' and Juniors' Gymnasium Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch worsted—1½ yard 40-inch voile for blouse.

1499—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard 32-inch plain gingham.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

1377—Boys' and Youths' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 52-inch cheviot—2¼ yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

1098—Girls' Coat. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch camel's hair—2¼ yards 36-inch lining.

9014—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch velours—2⅜ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1501—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch marvella cloth—⅜ yards grosgrain ribbon—2¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch corduroy—2¼ yards 36-inch silk lining.

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CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

maid" to spring in full mocking panoply of bloom before their outraged eyes.

It was at the dark end of twilight that evening that Duncan came on 'Miah at last, armed with a preposterous-looking butt-end of an oar and glowering watchfully at the heels of the eastward-moving crowd.

How that crowd came into being, perhaps some can say; I can't. It had all the appearance of spontaneity: it got itself together at the day's end as inevitably as the new moon went down into the moor, and as inevitably by street and lane it converged upon the center of the town.

"There's a meetin', ain't there?"—"Meetin'? Where?"—"Somebody told my brother Bige to Town Hall; that's all I know. . . ."—"I've said we lived in a democracy: what could be purer than that?

Duncan came on 'Miah in the light from Peter Nickerson's place. Here I speak as one with authority. For, when I should have been tucked in bed that night, there I was instead, my inwards awkwardly garnished with a self-gotten supper and a shiver up my spine, dodging the powers of darkness in my unsuspecting protector's wake.

"Hell's up!" I heard him say to 'Miah, confessing so in two syllables that he had been wrong and 'Miah right.

'Miah turned to study him. His eyes were red, an Olympian ferocity sat on his face, and I knew by the look of him that he had had converse with the devil that lived in the square bottle under his kitchen sink. Duncan knew it too. He turned a troubled eye on the oar-butt.

"Duncan," said 'Miah, "are you with me or are you not?"

"I am. But what's to do?"

"First thing's to get them hellions out of town—or out of sight, leastways, under lock and key. That's *your* line of work, Dunc."

"What hellions?"

"The whole gall-blasted seven of 'em! Six of 'em, at any rate."

"*Them!* You're drunk, 'Miah. *They're* fighting *your* fight!"

'Miah's mouth opened wide with a large mute laugh of scorn.

"Fightin' it? Yeah! Fightin' it with their left hand the while they're feeding it along with their right; *that's* what they're doing, same's they been doing for all their worth under cover this past month and more. Fightin'! Fightin' the fire with the coal-oil can; that's their lay."

"I don't understand," said Duncan.

"You're simple, that's all. I asked you once to swear me deputy——"

"Can't, 'Miah. You've been at the bottle. Can't take the responsibility——"

"Go to Halifax then!" And turning his back, 'Miah took his devil and his oar-butt down-street after the stragglers of the crowd.

Duncan followed without rancor, and I at his heels. Town Hall was dark, after all; it was a Wednesday (when they came to think) and Frank Young over to Gillyport with the town keys in his pocket. But Andie Nickerson was at hand with the key to Center Church, and before even Minister Malden next door knew what was up the rout was in, thronging the pews, the aisles, and the room under the pillars at the rear with a press that would have given the good man heart-failure for joy on a regular Friday or Sunday night.

LOOKING over the crowd from the vantage of a window-sill, I had one of the surprises of my life. It made me think of the funeral again. I don't know how they managed it (some say they were in at the back door while Andie was still unlocking the front), but those seven chief mourners had invited themselves to this meeting too, and there they were in the pick of the pews, sitting bolt up and right-jowled and shoulder to shoulder, all save the milkman at the end, who had collapsed a little over his knees like the dromedary at the rest. There they sat, islanded and beleaguered, watching, waiting, and holding their peace.

It was a lawless gathering, and, being such, it was strange to behold Empsy Dyer, church-elder, selectman, and one of our chiefest alders by the law, getting his black coat and spectacles up on the rostrum to guide its destinies. And it was stranger yet, after a moment, to see the druggist, Snow, scrambling up to hustle him out and take things into his own impatient hands—stranger, for one thing, because Snow was not ordinarily one for emotion, caution sitting him more familiarly than zealotry—and stranger still because if there were three men in that region who had always stuck together through the thick and thin of speculations and affairs, they were Snow and Captain Sil and Edwards of Gillyport.

It was a thing to wonder at then to see him opening the fight of the outraged village against the vested interests of those old comrades of his and their fellows, setting his bloodless face against their sour silence, which he seemed to challenge them to break if their conscience dared.

No one had ever thought of Snow as a spellbinder, but his speech was better than many a word-wasting orator's.

"Everybody knows why everybody's here to-night," he said, and they did, or thought they did, which was just as good. "Buchanan Gowd is dead . . . In his life he was a figure any town in America could have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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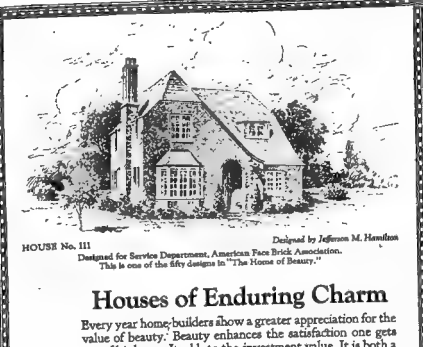

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CROCUSES

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looked to with pride. We his, fellow townsmen were proud of him. For a few months before his death his mind was affected. We know that. I know it as a dealer in medicines. Dr. Vickers knows it, and if he's here he'll testify. . . ."

Snow paused to survey the crowd. A figure arose. It wasn't Dr. Vickers, tho. It was Benjamin Eads, from the camp of the enemy.

"I'll only say the probate court at Barnstable finds his mind was not affected and his will's a valid instrument." And Eads sat down.

I've no doubt in the light of after-knowledge that Snow's pause and Eads's interpolation had been rehearsed with the strictest care, but the democracy of Urkey didn't know it; its voice was lifted in a confusion of spleen. The chairman overbore it with a gesture (likewise rehearsed, no doubt) of his acid-blitten hand.

"Leave the will stand, and lots of good may it be to you when we're through our business!" he cried with a glare at the seven, forgetting so soon, it would seem, his legal explanations of the afternoon behind Peter Taylor's on the shore. "The will's none of Urkey's funeral, neither's Barnstable probate nor Gillyport law. Leave the law take care of itself. I'm standing here to-night to speak for the common people of this island, and for Buchanan Gowd. Yes, sir, for Buchanan Gowd! For now, passed over into the great beyond, cured of his disease, his mind made whole again as we used to know it in the old days —looking down, I say, clear of mind and sight again, seeing what in his poor crotchety queerness he did for himself, I can hear him saying:

"'Fellow townsmen of mine down there in Urkey, mend the mistakes of my sickness. Fellow townsmen, don't allow it that in death I should look froward and opinionated and ridiculous on the rock of other town. Fellow townsmen, with malice toward none, but without reck or care where the cobble may fall, mend the line of bounden duty; give the poor body I left down there a sane and decent dignified resting-place in the ground hallowed by my forefathers' bones, blot out the signs of the mental feebleness I wasn't to blame for from the sight of men, and, fellow townsmen, *do it now before it's too late!*'"

As I've said before, no one had ever suspected Snow of a bent toward oratory, and this inspired utterance of his did actually take their breath away with surprise. For a moment there was a hush, deeper than applause. That moment gave Captain Sil time to stand up in his pew and face the people. There was the light in his eyes of the shark bayed in a weir.

"All I want to go on record as saying," he shouted, "is this. . . ."

WHAT he wanted on the record never got there. His shark eyes took on a stare and his mouth dropped open, a thing it didn't often do for Captain Sil. John Edwards, next to him, turned around and fell to staring too. Then everybody was craning back to see.

An interruption not rehearsed had occurred. It was the hour of the packet, and Jenny Dyer, come over in her, was in the church.

It wasn't the Jenny any of us had known. (I wish you could have seen Amos's face.) Boston and "nail-paring" had done much for the outcast, and a trimmer figure, higher heel, redder lip, or a more provoking tilt of new Spring bonnet (and Spring yet hardly come) had never been seen in the hundred years of Urkey's charter. But more than anything it was the air about her, the undefinable aura of a new, hard worldly wisdom, the "brazenness of the hussy," to put it squarely, that took her old friends and neighbors aback—and brought them up again, be it said, with another straightness of spine and another glint of outrage in their eyes.

Captain Sil said what everybody was thinking.

"So the vulture's come back to the corpse, eh?"

Jenny, who had got down the aisle in a surf of catcalls and hisses as far as the heirs' pew, stood there looking along the line to Captain Sil.

"You know it's not that, Captain Sil. You know why I've come, Captain, and so do you, Mr. Edwards, and so do you, Amos, and so do you all. I've come to halt a shameful crime against the dead that this village is up to—*egged on by you seven gentlemen here!*"

A riot of hoots and "yahs" followed upon this mysterious indictment, and one voice called over the heads: "Nor you don't care a hang for the money part neither, eh, Jen? Oh, no!"

She wheeled toward the speaker. "No, I don't!" shouted she. "The money can go to the devil, for all of me! Does that answer you?"

The riot was a riot then.

"Don't care for the money, don't she! In a pig's eye she don't!"—"Learned to swear like a good one, ain't she?"—"Listen to her stuffin' it!"—"She can make mere money easy enough herself, I rather guess, I do!" . . . And emerging from this ironic tumult (especially where there were women together or where men sat with their wives) there began to be another and deeper note: "Gowd be hanged!"—"Buchanan brought

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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CROCUSES

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it onto himself: he made his bed; now leave him lay in it a spell. I'll be blessed if *I* move a hand to make that Jenny rich!"—"Come here expectin', has she? Well, she can keep on expectin' till doomsday, for all of *me!*"—And me too. *I* wouldn't touch that there land with a ten-foot pole, not to break that will for that hussy there; that commonest kind of a *street*-woman there! No-sir-ee!" . . .

It is a singular fact that the minds of a hundred persons can be changed more quickly than the mind of one. Pathetic Jenny! If she did want that fortune (as who in that gathering could doubt) she had blundered in her way of going after it. Better a thousand times she had remained "sight unseen" in her Boston exile and let destiny run its course. Her coming so, at that moment and in that scandalous array, had turned the battle, surely enough, but not her way. It had turned it against her, for the defenders of the body of the will.

They knew it too. They could hear it all about them; they could feel it in the air. And now behold a strange thing! To ease or exultation sat upon their faces, or if it did no one could see it, for six of the seven heads were down in hearty consultation in that pew, and Nathan Lane, for the seventh, had collapsed in his corner in a heap of wo. And presently Captain Sil was up again, standing on the seat this time, the shark look gone, a nervous, benignant smile moving his dry lips, his hand fitted for silence, and Mr. Snow on a bench behind him bawling at the full of his lungs. "Let him be heard!"

Captain Sil was heard. "Get up, men," he said, and five of his six fellows arose to face the company. It was not made unanimous till Young whispered the collapsed milkman's ear and dragged him to a trembling rectitude. So supported, Captain Sil went on to astound us.

"What I wanted to go on record as saying," he announced, running his tongue over his lip, "is this. The chairman of this civic meeting has paid a fine tribute to our dead fellow townsman, Buchanan Gowd. You heard it, and from the bottom of your hearts I know you agreed. Well, there's seven of us standing here that, owe Gowd as much as you do, we owe him a good sight more. So what Snow said goes double for us. If Snow and you folks can hear Gowd appealing down from heaven: 'Mend the mistakes of my sickness and give me a sane and decent, dignified resting-place on Biggs Dome and clean up that hill-clutter o' mine, and for God's sake do it quick!'—if you can hear it, us seven he stood by in his life can hear it ten times louder in our human hearts.

"The money we were to come into may've been nice to think on, but no amount of money can stand in the way of that pathetic call from the beyond. . . . Anyway, Barnstable court has been wrong more'n once, as higher courts have proved; and there's always a chance for you folks to appeal from that crazy will, for crazy and insane it is, as any one can see. . . . No matter. Standing here to speak for us seven heirs, I say we give up freely any benefit might have been coming to us, we join in willingly with the will of this town; we hark to Buchanan's cry, and we count not the cost. We'll do it, joining hands with you; and, what's more, we'll do it *now*, and three cheers for the doing!"

THERE were more than three cheers; there were precisely five, and they came from the six remaining heirs of Buchanan Gowd. There was a single peal of ironic laughter, and that was from Jenny Dyer's bright lips. As for the rest, people were too confounded. This eleventh-hour unveiling of the great renunciation was too sudden, too magnificent, too magnanimous. It wanted an instant's digestion. Not Captain Sil didn't understand. Perspiration stood on his brow as the hush grew; a hint of a look of wildness came into his eyes.

"We'll do it *now!*" he shouted, pulling like a revivalist. "*Now!*"

"We will not!" answered a voice. Then there were others; the generosity of the mob, as innate as its cruelty, had been sounded.

"We will *not!*"—"No-sir-ee-bob! That's too handsome of you altogether, Sil!" "No, that's going too far, Sil!" Gowd can wait a spell and so can Jenny, and you hang onto what's yourn: that's *my* vote! No, sir!"

They were all on their feet now, shuffling out of their pews, a sudden calm on them, a let-down as stubborn as its mood. The meeting was finished, and with it the day of rebellion. Urkey was at peace.

The crowd made up the aisles and under the pillars, loitering and exchanging words in every-day voices again. And through the dawdlers, elbowing and elbowed, shouldering and "excuse-me"-ing, Jenny in return, came Jenny Dyer, her new Spring bonnet a little awry with the passage. She was looking for the constable, and she found him under the window where I sat. To his embarrassment she took hold of the lapels of his coat, and in the eagerness of her whisper-ing appeal she almost shook him.

"Stop them, Duncan! It's against the law, and you can! *Please!*"

"Nothing to stop," said Duncan, red and stammering a bit. "Only wish there was, Jenny. But they've quit."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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CROCUSES

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"They haven't, they haven't!" Jenny shook him the harder. "*They*, I mean; Captain Sil and his crowd. Look, they're gone. Out the back way. Gone to do it themselves. Stop them, Duncan, Duncan!"

"Not by a doryful I won't!" Duncan scowled and grew redder and failed to meet her eyes. "I always liked—I always thought you were engaged, Jen, and if they want to be fools enough to go and cut off their own noses to your benefit, why——"

"You *thought* I was engaged, Duncan? Well, I *know* whether I was wronged or not, and I want you to know, and this village too. Money or no money, I want back the name I had; I want that ground of Gowd's not touched until whatever he wrote there in his flowers, dying and repentant as he was, comes out for everybody to see. It's about me, maybe, and others too——"

"Wrote?" Duncan looked at her now, gawking blank. "*Wrote?*" And then, half turning, "Miah," he appealed, "Miah, tell me—". But Miah was long since out of the door and gone.

Jenny, seeing him still misty with amazement, gave him up and glanced with quick calculation about her. Her wits served. Lifting her voice, she rallied the throng with a shrill, deliberate triumph.

"Guess you can't stop them making me an heiress now, can you? They're out the back door and half-way to Gowd's graveyard by this, and by the time you get there it'll do no good, and poor Jen Dyer will be rich. Ha—ha—ha! rich as Croesus, dear friends!"

The challenge worked astonishingly. The men in the crowd were to the fore, all in a scramble to get out. The suck took Duncan with it, and me too, be certain, in a crush of elbows and coat-tails and legs.

ONCE out-of-doors it was better; the night air was grand in my windpipe, and in my ears the pelting pounding of runners a grander still. I pelted too and pounded too, but my legs were the shortest abroad, and when I turned up Drugstore Lane to the cow street end the little army was already at a halt, their prey evidently outrun and nowhere visible.

"Where they at?"—"Don't know!" "Anybody got a lantern? . . . .

Lanterns came finally, but, throwing their combined glow over the front of Gowd's old shanty there, discovered nothing of the magnanimous and headstrong heirs; only the executor, 'Miah, planted in the gateway of the tottery picket fence, my cousin's pilfered shotgun in his fists and another talk with the square bottle in his eyes. It surged in him.

"Come on, the whole o' you!" He could give odds to all Urkey now.

No one went.

"But where they to, 'Miah, old fellow?" some one called.

"Who?"

"Them? Ain't they come? Sil and the rest! Where they to?"

"I don' know. All I know's one thing. I'm exec'tor of this prop'ty, and the man sets foot onto it gets his belly blowed out. *Right is right!*"

There was no use arguing with 'Miah in that state. The wondering grew.

"Where they to, tho?"—"Mebby coming by the cow street. Go look to the east'rd, somebody!" . . .

The lanterns were grounded. Some few of the men shifted to the east, scouring the shadows. Some others shifted to the west, craning to spy into the darkness up the fenced hill. To these 'Miah's voice came rumbling:

"Keep foot in that street, mind you! I know who you are, mind you, and if you put foot on that hill, if I don't kill you tonight I'll do it to-morrow, by the eternal God I will!"

It's bad when the robust energy of a mob has to work on idleness. Time began to drag. A dozen conjectures went the rounds of the lantern-light.

"By criminil, you know what? They tricked us good, Sil and them. They said that just to turn us, and us for stickers, by criminil!"

"Yes, that's right." It was Jenny's voice, mocking clear. Plenty of women had come along behind, but they had continued to keep properly behind, mostly in Gramma Pilot's yard across the street. Jenny was the only woman among the men. After all, tho, perhaps she was safer there.

"Yes, that's right," she called into the midst of the suddenly widening persussion of trickery. "They just did it to fool you. You fool *them* now. . . . Run into the fences. Do your worst. I'll thank you to!"

"Hell! that's so. Between the devil and the deep sea. Here's Jenny mocking us one side, and there's them seven t'other side, snug in bed by now, no doubt, and laughing at us too. . . ." That's enough for me."—"Me too; I'm going home."

But they didn't go home. They rallied around a little and drifted off and drifted back again and stayed, and why they stayed none of them could have said. There was nothing to wait for now and, as they waited, grumbling and wondering and shifting about in the oblique lantern-light while time ticked away and the veiled stars of Spring rolled across the night and the hill of the dead man hung over their uneasy heads, all one shadow.

The worst of them all for fidgets was my cousin Duncan. He was here and he was there, his forehead puckered, his eyes distraught. In the end it carried him toward 'Miah, propped in his gate like a big, sulky, red-lidded toad. I think the executor had been almost asleep, he jerked so suddenly.

"Stop!" he bawled, waving the gun. "Don't care who you are; Duncan, you stop there and don't come another inch!"

Duncan had stopped. Another voice was heard. It was Jenny Dyer's.

"Ask him, Duncan!"

"'Miah," said Duncan. "Why was it Buchanan wrote that will that way?"

The executor's head went down between his shoulders, turtlewise.

"'Miah," Duncan persisted, "did Buchanan ever tell you what he was doing with them crocuses up there? Why was he so all-fired anxious their planting shouldn't be disturbed by so much as a footmark, and especially the footmark of one of his heirs? Tell me that, 'Miah!"

Another shadow wheeled across the pickets; Jenny stood at Duncan's side.

"Go 'on, 'Miah; tell him. I want to hear too."

'Miah's head went still deeper, between his shoulders. There he rocked, studying his inquisitors in the silence of the mute. The silence was more than his; it was the crowd's now; out of nothing something bewildering to most of them had come. Their feet were quiet, their attention centered, their ears alert with an abrupt and mystified anticipation.

The hush endured five seconds and ten stubborn seconds before it was broken. Then it wasn't 'Miah; it was the face of the black hill overhead that gave voice.

First it sounded like the rumor of a soft avalanche away up there, and out of the avalanche the thin syllable of an oath, a cry dying to a groan and the groan to a whimper and the whimper to nothing; a sudden fusillade of blows, wooden, metallic; a floundering and further avalanche moving through the unseen, and at the end, paling all other sound, a long brute scream.

The thing left me frozen (it still does). I saw everything as in a confusion of flickers: the flickering charge of the executor around the shanty's corner, the streaming exodus of men from the street, over and through the picket fence, distorted and splashed with the light of the swung lanterns, the starry unsoaring of them across the black mat of the hillside, their glowworm gathering, the tiny, monstrous heaving of a cast horse in the high spot of illumination, the gleam of a plowshare, the spit and thunder of a gun.

"Somebody's killed, O God! O God!" I heard from among the women.

Somebody was killed, all right, but it wasn't by that shot, which had but ended the misery and the scream of Nathan's plow-horse, one of whose terrified hoofs had already touched his master's skull and let out all the old poisoner's hopes and worryings forever. Mr Edwards of Gillyport, caught in the dark plunge of beast and harness, had got his wrist broken; that was as far as the casualties went: the other five were no more than messed and bruised and soiled and shaken.

Especially were they shaken. I think they had been a little shaken from the first—from the moment when Jenny appeared in the church. At all events every move they made after that was the wrong move, every wrong move carrying them on toward that inevitable, infatuated last wrong move of cutting that upper wire and thinking in cracked despair to plow in darkness a field as steep as a roof.

THEY were carried down and led down, and we who had stayed below saw them in a huddle (all but old Poleon Nat, who was stretched by the fence) in the glow of the lanterns, grounded again like so many footlights at a show—Captain Sil Merriman, John Paducah Edwards, Amos Dyer, Benjamin Eads, Henry Cabot Small, and Charles Edwin Blaine, the banker—and there wasn't one among them we should have known, to meet him on the street.

'Miah had occupied the gate again, the the fence was gone and the need of guarding it too. Jenny Dyer, the heiress, stood beyond the lanterns with her hands behind her and her eyes on the disreputables.

"Well, Amos," she said at last.

Amos looked at his feet. He glanced with an unsure malignity at the faces of his confederates, to whom he must at all costs cleave. He looked at Jenny. His heart confessed itself a fool. And his pocket too.

"Well, Amos," she repeated, and there was a smile on her lips.

Amos made the wrong move; he deserted. He got out of that knot, and quickly, for fear of the whaler's hand.

"Jenny," he shot pointing his stepe, "I've got to tell you something you don't know and you ought to. You never gave me the chance, tho. If you were wronged, I want you should know it wasn't your husband's fault. If Gowd fooled the judge over there with that crooked evidence he fooled me too, just as bad. 'You weren't any more taken aback than I was; I warrant you that. Nor pained either. Nor more at sea. That's all."

"Yes?" Jenny came a step nearer, still smiling. "And what makes you think the evidence was crooked—all of a sudden—to-night?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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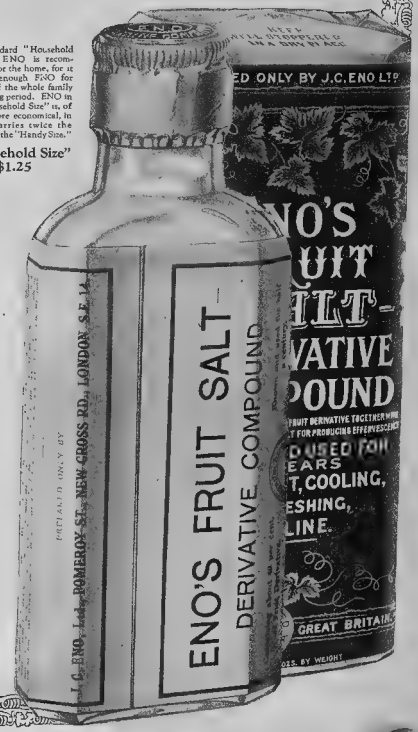
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ENO'S FRUIT SALT *assists* Nature, but does not even pretend to supplant her functions. Those who use ENO place their health and happiness in care of a gentle but reliable custodian which strictly follows Nature's infallible methods.

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Without previous experience hundreds of our representatives have accomplished amazing results. Miss Kinney has earned $22,698.98 in eleven years—an average of nearly $200 a month. Mrs. Olson, a widow, sent her boy and girl through college. Mrs. Weger makes $1,500 a year. One representative in Minnesota made $3,027 in eight months. One mother of two small children banks $50 every month after paying all expenses. Two sisters, both over fifty, bought and paid for a home. Ten church workers together made enough money to pay off the mortgage. Literally hundreds are earning from $100 to $200 a month and thousands more have modest but assured incomes in return for part time work.

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Both representatives and customers are enthusiastic over our products. Mrs. Hill writes: "Everywhere I go I hear nothing but praise for your products. The hosiery wears so well that it requires no effort to get a second order from a customer." Mrs. Willis says: "It is certainly encouraging to meet people who are anxious to see me and tell me how well they like the goods." Many similar letters from appreciative women have been received. Evidently this means a steady, satisfied customer, and you will be surprised to see how quickly you have built an established business to continue through the years with just a little attention

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We pay transportation charges.

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CROCUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Duncan had stepped across between Amos and Sil, just in time to turn the whale's charge.

"No, you don't, Sil. You get back there quiet and leave him talk."

"Talk?" Sil shook his white thatch as if the roaring that filled him would shake the whole head off his neck. His benignant old eyes had changed color, the eyeballs gave back the lantern-light in a red murder-gleam. His fists knotted. His whole frame was beyond his control.

"Talk! Talk! Talk!" he yelled. "Yes, leave him talk! Everything's talk, talk, talk! Damned crazy crazy talk! Don't matter how crazy, folk'll hark to it. Gowd was crazy, wasn't he? Man alive, you know he was as crazy as a loon; you know you do. Curses on you! Yet here you'll hang around and gawk around and wait to see what his cracked head muddled him into saying about better men'n himself—after he's dead and irresponsible too—damn insane, mad accusations in his silly, damn crocus-flowers up there——"

Benjamin Eads had got hold of his shoulder by this time.

"Who's talking too much now, Sil? Shut your mouth!

"Shut my mouth! You're a fine one to be ordering *me* about, *you* are!"

John Edwards, careless with the pain of his bad arm, put in:

"You make me sick, the both of you. What's the difference, anyway? You got nothing to worry about, either of you. You can't be tried twice for the same crime; not in this country you can't. You'd think, to hear you——"

"You'd think *what?*"

"You know *what*, you mate-killer, you——"

Right then, to the edification of Urkey, male and female, there fell a fist-fight, a rough-and-tumble by lantern-light amongst the great.

Duncan went in. Some others he called on lent a hand. Main stayed where he was, however, clamped in the ruined gate, watching the unfolding of destiny with a godlike serenity not a perfectionist, Dick syllabled: "*Right* is *right!* Damnation take the whole of you! *Right is right!*"

I shall never forget the look of the brawlers' faces when, untangled and set in line, they learned from Duncan that they were under arrest.

"Arrest! Now, what the damnation?"

"But no, sir, you can't, Duncan! 'Tain't the law! No, sir! no, sir!"

"I demand," cried Edwards, "to know the silly charge you pretend——"

"Trespass," said Duncan. "Common trespass."

THEY filed out through Drugstore Lane, their feet dragging and their spines sagging of a sudden with the disaster of the night, Duncan with his recovered shotgun in the rear, and I numb-headed in his wake—till at the drugstore turning he discovered me and sent me at a gallop up our stair.

I climbed to my room, but I couldn't sleep. Opening my window, I sat with my elbows on the sill and my eyes fastened on the black bluff. All the others were still out there in the cow street, keeping vigil till the sunrise should discover the disturbing secret of Gowd's field, and while they watched I too would watch, or perish in the attempt.

I perished. I don't believe it could have been more than five minutes before I slid to the floor in the soft catastrophe of sleep. There I was when the dawn came up, and there I was when it stood four hours high, and it was only the sound of Duncan's feet, coming back from Town Hall basement, where he had finally set his chastened prisoners free, that wakened me then.

"What dogs it say? I demanded from the floor with my first consciousness, still in sleep's daze. "What does it read on the bill, Duncan?"

"Have a look," said he.

"But I can't read."

"Look!"

I did. Leaning out of my window, as tho to get as near as possible to that portentous page, I stared at the "garden spot." And then I fathomed the grin on my cousin's face, for it was all as brown and bare as it had been the day before, save for the scar still showing of that fatal avalanche of horse and man—and save perhaps, on longer staring, for the fashion of one snaky curlicue beginning to define itself in the upper corner on the eastward hand.

After all it is only the dramatic anticipations of man that bloom to order overnight. The Springtime of flowers is not this day or that. More than a week must by its elapse before Buchanan's planting established itself in bloom, and days before it was perfect the town knew what it said, and laughed.

Whorls and curlicues in the massed white fragility of tender things, starfish and anchors and hearts and lovers' knots, blocked fat elephants and spouting whales and one weeping willow to mourn over his head—the old and familiar "cross between a three-ring circus and an old maid" re-incarnated for yet one more last Spring—that was what Sil Hillister uttered nothing but the sardonic sentimentalism of the great man and the great age in which he had lived; there were no words written within that wired rectangle save the words chiseled on his stone:

"Blind, he kept the faith of the blind."

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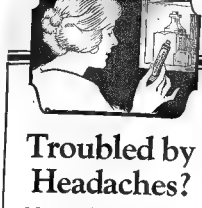

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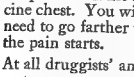

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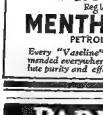

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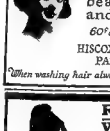

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wrinkles disappear. Absorbed by the dry cells and shrunken tissues and replaces them with plump, healthy flesh. Instantaneous in effect. Results are permanent and will not disappear. Price $1.50 and $2.50 at Druggists, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper on receipt of price. Write for booklet.
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the external treatment

CHAKCHEK THE ONE-EYED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Over her liquid eyes the nictitating membranes were repeatedly drawn. She walked backward unsteadily, all the time whispering (pages are remembered her young) and followed by the tercel. Once she fell over, but struggled to her feet and walked on.

With cries of anguish Chakchek flew up, imploring her to follow. With violent wing-beats she managed to clear the coping of the building, but she flew in curious zigzags, like one of the snipe that Chakchek had often seized along the shores of the estuary. He screamed as two men appeared below. The mate was flapping wildly. Chakchek called to her, but she was unheeding. With a queer spinning movement she reached the lawn below, beating her wings.

For ten minutes they stood and watched her struggles, while from above Chakchek beseeched her to fly to him. She roared herself on her tail and lay back on her wings, menacing the men with yellow feet ready to tear and blue beak ready to rend. She tried to answer Chakchek, but no sound would come.

"She'll die as soon as we give her water," said Sir Godfrey, "and it's the female, too. The cock bird will feed the youngsters, so we'll get him next."

The mate was gasping, for she was getting feebler. A shrill chirruping came from her, and Chakchek heard. Round and round the lawn she flew, just out of gunshot, his flight no longer swift and dashing and proud, but labored like that of a buzzard in distress.

Luke moved away, and returned with a shallow trough and a can of water. He filled it, placed it near the mother bird, and withdrew. She flopped forward and drank; wildly she beat her wings, wildly called Chakchek; a convulsion passed over her, and she was dead.

Sir Godfrey picked her up and carried her into a greenhouse to lay her on a shelf where she would be safe from blowflies until sent to the taxidermist's.

LUKE went away for his gun, thinking that he would shoot the male bird. He had hardly gone, leaving his master in the conservatory, when Chakchek, recovering his old dash, swept silently after the mate. Seeing him, Sir Godfrey shouted, dropped the dead bird, and hit his face in his arms. Attracted by the shout, Luke came back, entered, and shut the door. Chakchek was a prisoner.

"Mind ees eyes, zur," cried Luke; "master-gurt bird far clitching any one. Come this way, zur. Us can slip out of the door and leave un trapped."

Chakchek flew agitatedly inside the greenhouse, knocking over several pots and bumping into the glass. The mate was lying on the concrete floor; he went to her, fondled her bill, but there was no response. In a little while he spoke to her, caressing her and making a pathetic attempt to preen her pinion-feathers—as of old in the sunshine on Bone Ledge he had done. Something had happened; what, he did not know.

The men returned. Sir Godfrey in a fencing-mask and gauntlets, Luke with a sack tied round his head and another in his hands. Sir Godfrey held a carpet-beater and with this he stunned Chakchek.

"He's got one blind eye," he said, holding the falcon in his hand; "doubtless he was shot out when he was stealing elsewhere."

There was a rusty nail lying on one of the shelves, and this Sir Godfrey Cavendish-hook seized.

"Shall I wring ees neck, zur?" asked Luke a minute later, for Chakchek, now a compressed bundle of sinews and piercing talons, in the sack.

Sir Godfrey laughed. He was an old man of seventy, a widower—some indeed said that by cruelty he had driven his wife to the grave. Slurred and incoherent the occasion when he had been before the bench, of which he was chairman, and fined for wounding a mare that would not jump a certain fence and leaving her all night with her chest blown away. All his dogs—even the loving, faithful spaniels—cringed when he called them. He was that sort of man. And now he laughed, and said:

"It's only got a taste of what it's done to my pigeons. Let it go, Luke."

So Chakchek was released, and he flew up into the sky. He could hear the wingbeat, while the lark song died and the sounds below became murmurous and then silent —even the far wash of the sea he loved so well. Perhaps he flew upward because in his pain some dim instinct told him that he would find the mate in the solitudes of heaven, near the life-giving sun, where all things are peaceful.

The air was chilly, and still Chakchek flew upward; higher than the mysterious air-lines of migration, those uncharted tracks of the winged hosts passing in Spring and Autumn; higher than these he went. In the rarefied atmosphere his pinions beat faster, and he seemed to lose direction, rushing first east and then west. Now he was twirling and tumbling, as tho some ghostly mate were with him and the rapture of the nuptial flight were beginning.

But something had happened. Chakchek was calling wildly, imploring aid. Or maybe he was calling his Bedgingma. Now he be loved as much as he loved the mate, or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

She Had No More Idea

That She Could Write a Photoplay than YOU may have—*yet she sold her first one to Thos. H. Ince.*

ELIZABETH THACHER'S experience is not extraordinary.

It is not beyond possibility for you to become a successful photoplaywright, as she did, for the motion picture industry—the fifth largest in the world—is seeking new writers everywhere. There is a great dearth of good screen stories and a nation-wide search for trained writers is now in force.

Elizabeth Thacher —a Montana housewife who sold her first photoplay to Thos. H. Ince.

Elizabeth Thacher, just a Montana housewife at the time, thought she could write a better story for the screen than many she had seen in the little town of Corvallis, and one day she simply sat down and sent us a coupon from one of our announcements, as you may do after reading this one.

She had never written anything for publication. She didn't the least idea what she had to do to learn. She didn't know even if she had a chance. She was merely curious about it.

Within a few months after enrollment for the Palmer Course and Service—which she studied during spare time at home—she wrote a photoplay.

Much to her amazement and the surprise of her friends, Thos. H. Ince, the famous producer, purchased it. (We act as a clearing house for the sale of stories, as well as trainers of those who wish to learn to write.)

Mrs. Thacher was amazed, because she never really thought of herself as *actually a writer* of photoplays, although she did have those flashes of suggestion that she could improve some films. Also she thought producers did not want scenarios by anyone except those who had "made a name for themselves."

She didn't know the truth about the moving picture industry, which is simply this:

There is no other industry that has grown so fast and consequently is so lacking in *trained people* to help carry it on.

Twenty million people, it is estimated, see moving pictures every day in this country. Thousands of theatres are necessary to accommodate so many, and they must change their programs at least once and more often two and three times, each week.

It requires a great many writers to supply so many photoplays.

Writers of fiction are unable to "turn themselves into scenarists" as easily as you might expect, for there is an entirely new technique necessary in the creation of motion picture stories. What you write doesn't *appear on the screen*, so even those who "have no style in writing and never could write a short story or a book" frequently are the most successful photoplays. In fact, most of the highest paid men and women scenarists in the industry today came from other than the literary field.

And as nearly every producer would tell you, few famous books and short stories are suitable for photoplay production.

So in motion pictures there is probably the biggest field and the widest opportunity for new writing talent ever offered to so-called "novices"—ordinary people in all walks of life—housewives, office men, department store workers, doctors, lawyers and others who would like to do something creative in a different way.

Recently a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennsylvania newspaper man, an underpaid office man in Utah and many others have developed under our guidance the powers which we helped them to discover.

Practically all these new writers of today have developed with the industry as must also *hundreds of new writers now unknown.*

The Palmer Course and Service for the training of writers of photoplays is *different* from other kinds of correspondence courses in that you get the *actual practice* of the profession *as you learn.* You learn by actually writing scenarios that you can sell—either through our story sales department or to our own productions—if they are possessed of merit that makes them desirable, of course.

As you write scenarios while studying this course, a staff of experts supplies personal and detailed criticism of your stories, to help you make them salable.

If they attain that quality, and when they do, we will, if you wish, offer them to the big producers through the Palmer Sales Department, which keeps in daily touch with the entire industry in Hollywood and knows its needs and wants

Or we ourselves will purchase them for our own production if they meet our standard—for we are offering a new opportunity to all writers now. Read it elsewhere in this announcement.

We offer, furthermore, an unique test to all who feel that they would like to know if they have any chance of developing into a successful photoplaywright.

It is the Palmer Creative Test which indicates the presence or lack of *creative imagination* in one who wants to try.

It requires no special education or knowledge of writing to make this very interesting, simple test. You'll enjoy it. It is free. You incur no obligation in sending for it.

It is confidential. You try it in your own home.

If you are successful in it we will send you detailed information about the Palmer Course and Service, or advise you not to attempt this work as a profession.

We tell you frankly, for an institution of our standing and our varied interests in selling and producing better plays, earnestly desires to *develop writers* whose work we and others in the industry can use.

Don't hesitate to send for this fascinating test. Don't think you have no chance to pass it. Mrs. Thacher doubted her ability until she discovered this means of developing it.

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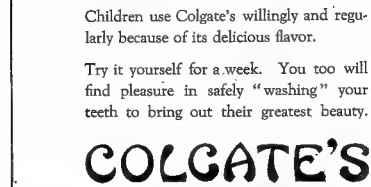

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CHAKCHEK THE ONE-EYED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

maybe he called for a last sight of the sea and the sun and the sky. He was weakening and the brain that had controlled the perfect nerve-system of his beautiful body was failing. Chakchek gave a despairing cry and fell—but not with the old proud battle-swoop—Chakchek simply fell. Sometimes his head pointed to the earth, sometimes his listless feet, sometimes a swaying pinion—a scarecrow of a bird.

Nothing heeded him as he neared the earth. Into the Spearing Burrows the loose body flopped and rolled down a sand-hill, among the bleached skulls of rabbits from which spilled rustlets of sand, coming to rest among the empty shells of snails. Whilom the proudest of all living creatures, swiftest over the airways of the north Devon and Cornwall seaboard, tenderest lover and kindest father—thus died Chakchek the Blind.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"And I'll do a chicken Spanish style," said Jessie.

"And I'll bring up my poker-chips—they're a special kind—and a bottle of Swedish punch."

"Well, good night!" cried the happy Tylers.

A little later when they were in their new bedroom and preparing for the night Lew chuckled as over an impersonable joke.

"What's the wheeze, old Funny?" she asked.

"Not much, old Red. Only I was thinking—what's the use of the Brevoort when we have that in our own house?"

"I'm so glad," she sighed, love and gratitude shining from her eyes.

Life was beginning to move again.

LIFE moved again indeed. But life can race to death under the stimulus of nitroglycerin.

March crimped itself out along upper Broadway, and then came April with its musical hucksters selling potted geraniums from the tail-boards of their colorful wagons. Jessie bought two plants, gay with their coarse red blossoms, and set them in the window of her parlor-bedroom. She hoped that Coleen would admire them, but that helpful being made no effort to conceal her scorn. They "fought," she said, with the color of the furniture which she had elected to paint a burnt orange with baby-blue stripes.

There was a certain patronage in Coleen's manner which at first amused, then galled Jessie Tyler. It was as tho the lady from the flat down-stairs were tiring a little of her good deeds; or was she tolerating Jessie as a harmless, necessary item in an otherwise pleasant program? This last suspicion entered stealthily like a worm, and, like a worm, it gnawed.

Coleen, nevertheless, still managed to monopolize a great deal of Jessie's time and was inclined to satirize the younger woman's unfailing love for her child. "I really believe you *like* to take care of him," she would marvel.

"I do," Jessie would admit, her laugh half hiding the conviction that Buster would take care of *her* some day. Coleen, it was plain, considered her Victorian.

Meanwhile the lady of the flat below continued to create for the Tylers a new heaven and a new earth. The half-time maid she had promised was installed in the kitchen; she was a blue-black damsel whose wild eyes and shock of wool hinted at cannibal forefathers. She lightened housework, but, quite contrary to Coleen's promise, added to the Tyler's expenses the sum of her wages plus what she ate, which was considerable, and what she stole, which was more.

But Gem Whitehouse—such was the cannibal's Christian name—had her advantages. She was fond of Buster and was willing to lend herself to the task of "looking after" while Jessie and Coleen jaunted down-town on exploratory tours. For her knowledge of Manhattan geography Coleen should have been awarded an F. R. G. S. She had an instinct for clothes as she had for food and decoration. Her bargains were often not bargains—for instance, the Forty-fourth Street dealer who "practically gave 'em away" proved an expensive disappointment—but Coleen seemed to have a personal acquaintance with every quaint little dealer in tobacco, German prints, perfume, and theater tickets between Upper Broadway and the Battery.

If Jessie had first encouraged Coleen Miles for the purpose of bringing Lew home nights, her experiment succeeded mightily. But inventors sometimes atcceed too well.

The Tyler apartment became animate with social life. Mamie Rasmussen, a freckled, silent little blonde whose husband was somehow connected with Dr. Mike's ship, Lew did his share by bringing into the circle a certain Mr. Bragg, explained away as "a boy from the office." Mr. Bragg had the heavy, handsome face of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

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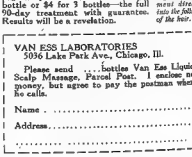

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

gladiator and a head that was poorly developed in the back. After a certain hour in the evening he would drink a great deal of gin and tell coarse anecdotes, mostly dealing with our intimate biology.

Lew adored Bragg, and Jessie tried to tolerate him. Once, after a late evening of poker, she spoke to Lew about Bragg: "I wish you wouldn't ask him so often."

"Why not?" He turned upon her, astonished, a little offended. At this period in his life Lew was beginning to grow heavy. His cheeks were broadening into jowls and his waistband showed the suggestion of a paunch—an unwholesome sign in a man still under thirty.

"Tonight I had to burn his hand with a cigaret. It was under the table——"

"You mean——"

"I mean he isn't nice. He's always following me into the kitchen, trying to kiss me."

"Imagination!" spluttered Lew. Then in a mollifying tone, "You've got to remember you're a pippin, Red, and Braggie's a drinking man."

"I'm sorry I spoke," said Jessie, and was indeed sorry.

"Oh, if you want me to knock his block off—if that's what you mean," he grumbled. "I'll go ahead. But you ought to make allowances for Braggie. He's about the best friend I ever had."

TO MAKE allowances for Braggie and adjust herself to Coleen's sprightly will were among her Winter's tasks. All things considered, this had been the most amusing season of their married life. It was pleasant to know that Lew would always be home on time, that the evening would always be full of praise for him and an excitement in which she would have her share. They moved gaily from flat to flat around the neighborhood: poker and beer at Curley's, poker and Swedish punch at Coleen's, poker and Scotch in other flats which they came to visit before April brought out the huckaters with geraniums.

With Mrs. Miles they were, as the saying goes, hand in glove. The Miles baby and the Tyler baby associated in the daily promenade along Riverside Drive. Jessie's look was sometimes wistful when she compared the two children; the infant Michael, who was heavier than Buster, had his mother's gold black eyes and stared under his row of false curls with a look so cocksure, sophisticated, and old that Jessie fed herself with sophistries to the effect that Michael lacked the fineness of her Buster.

Coleen's baggy negress and Jessie's woolly Gem would take turns with the children while their mothers were off gadding. In this, and in many other things, the two families lived in a state of qualified communism, save for the week when Dr. Miles came home and sat like a lump of gloom in Coleen's frivolous parlor. That was a bad week all around. Lew was restless when he was home, which was seldom; as if by mutual agreement they kept away from the Miles apartment during the doctor's occupancy.

Jessie was introduced to Dr. Miles once when she came up in the elevator with the square-built stranger and his wife. He was a massive, short man with pig eyes and a walrus mustache. Upon introduction he gave himself time to deliberate, then decided to remove his high-crowned derby and grunt "How do you?" in an accent which sounded strangely foreign in view of his Anglo-Saxon name. Coleen looked repressed. Indeed, a little ashamed -quite another person from the self-sure character of the week before. The encounter left Jessie mystified, inclined to pity Coleen.

But one morning that lady, like the phenix rising from the ashes, came to Tyler apartment, fresh and lustrous as the new silk kimono she wore.

"Mike's gone!" Standing in full sunlight, she waved red stains under her eyes; if tears had caused those blemishes they were not for Mike's departure.

"I've packed his duds," she trilled, taking Jessie in her arms and dancing round and round. "It's my party to-night -Hofbrau Haus and the whole and everything! What's the matter, Jessie?"

"Nothing," replied Lew Tyler's wife, unable to explain why she shrank away from Coleen's hands.

By now their friendship was passing its peak, and the downward slope was as sudden as the ascent had been impulsive. Two days after Coleen's festival of freedom at the Hofbrau Haus she chanced to look at her bedroom window overlooking Broadway. She had just put out two slips from Old Sturdy which Mr. Needham, with whom she had been growing poorly, but she had hopes of refreshing them under the soft gray skies, promising rain. She had arranged the pots on the sill, and her head was over the street when she caught sight of Lew, three stories below, coming briskly toward the entrance of Her Majesty's Hall. She couldn't have mistaken his gait, his gray suit, the yellowish soft hat he affected with the Spring, even at the distorted angle from which she viewed him he seemed to express a gay expectancy.

Jealous devils at the roots of her red hair pricked savagely. Since Dr. Miles's departure he had been coming home regularly and earlier than usual.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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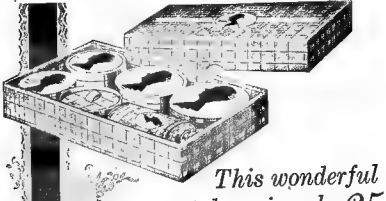

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

It was a quarter of five when she saw him enter Her Majesty's Hall. A half-hour went by before she heard his footstep on the rug outside the dining-room. During that interval she had thought of wild things: of listening down the dumb-waiter shaft, of telephoning to the Miles apartment and asking for him, of clamoring at Coleen's door and making a scene in the corridor.

Yet when he finally came, looking pleasant and unruffled, she swallowed the question that burned at her tongue. She realized her own jealous infirmity, denied it, fought it down.

BUT the devil was soon out. Lew, after his wont, had strewn his hat and coat across the bed and borrowed Jessie's silver-backed brush to straighten his hair. She knew what he would say and was curiously relieved when he said it.

"Shall we hop down to Coleen's for a cocktail?"

"No."

He turned and stared. "What the— Say, you kids haven't been fighting, have you?"

"Why should we?" She managed a cool smile.

Here indeed was an unexplained break in their habit, which had been to visit back and forth between the two apartments, in a friendly exchange of cocktails, before the dinner-hour.

"She asked us particularly last night," he said, flushing a little. "She'll think it queer."

"Maybe."

"Suppose I ring her up and ask her up here?"

"I don't want to see her."

"Why?"

"I just happen to want to be alone once in a while."

Lew, by all the signs, should have been angry. Instead he agreed casually: "I guess you're right. Red."

"I don't see any reason, tho," she said, relenting a shade, "why you shouldn't go down—"

"I'll just breeze in and tell her you're feeling rotten," he compiled, almost too eagerly. He stood, hands in pockets, apparently expecting more objections.

"All right," was what he got for his trouble.

"I'll just be a minute," he assured her, and went clamoring down the hall.

His promised minute extended into an hour and indefinitely on. Jessie's rage turned itself into a condition that was half stupor, half ecstasy. Strangely enough, in that condition she saw her son, grown strong and handsome, always at her side to offer help, to give advice. She flew about the apartment, performing unreasoning tasks. She found herself dressing the baby for the street when she should have been putting him to bed. She even hummed, sarcastically, off the key, "The little dog was running round the engine."

She didn't think Lew would do that, so brazenly, under her nose. Finally, when the jolly-faced clock chimed seven, she looked into the kitchen and ordered black Gem to serve dinner—for one.

She had scarcely taken her place, however, when Lew came in and stood sheepishly beside his chair.

"What's the idea?" he asked, but his voice was scared.

"I'm through waiting for you, Lew Tyler," she stormed, and splashed her spoon down into the soup.

"Good Heavens, Jessie—"

"Why didn't you down there and eat, as you wanted to?" she blazed. "I'm not interfering with you."

"Now look here, Jessie, if you're going to start acting like that every time I—"

"I'm tired of her continual interference," she went on, unheeding his attempts. "I don't like her apartment. I don't like her friends. I don't think she's respectable, and for all I know that fool doctor who calls himself a doctor isn't even——"

"Oh, have your way," he growled, and threw himself into the chair across from hers.

Gem Whitehouse, attracted by the sound of quarreling as a moth by flame, and by the woolly shock through the swinging door, her savage eyes rolling.

"Why don't you bring me my soup?" roared Lew. Gem popped back into her box.

Jessie subsided into silence. In the reaction, quickly following her storm, she was covered with shame. She had intended to state her case calmly, without heat or prejudice. Instead she had sat there ranting like a fishwife. Already she was groping for some expedient to restore the peace with Lew. But for the woman in the flat below she had neither mercy nor forgiveness.

God had not given Jessie Tyler her red hair for no purpose at all.

HER last interview with Coleen Miles was managed more artfully. Next morning at ten Coleen came in looking unusually nude in a thin wash wrapper, one of a new series, apparently.

"Hello, dearie," she began, "I got a chance this morning to buy a crate of oranges—real California navels—they're practically giving them away. I wonder if you couldn't use half——"

"I don't think so, thank you," replied Jessie, who was rubbing the top of her dining-room table—the top which Coleen had smeared with her hateful paint.

"Oh, but you'll use them up in no time. They're splendid for cocktails."

If Coleen had noticed her friend's altered manner she was determined to ignore it

"We're not making cocktails any more," Jessie announced, then forced herself into a more tactful vein. "Lew and I have been going pretty hard this Winter, and we thought we'd settle down and be quiet for a while."

Her tone had become airy, a little affected.

"Oh, dear me!" marveled Coleen, and her pretty, rather pugnish face was suffused with color. "We shall certainly miss you."

"We're not going away," said Jessie. "But we've decided to stay home."

"Oh."

Coleen stood statuesque in the doorway, her white kimono wrapped tightly around her graceful figure, her feet tilted on high-heeled, lavender mules.

"Don't suppose you'd care to go down to Simpson's," she began tentatively. Studying her as she stood there, Jessie could read in Coleen's face something of the fear she showed on the morning she had introduced Dr. Miles.

"I believe not," said Jessie, and longed to hurl the reasons in her face.

"Too bad." Coleen still hovered. Finally the question came with a show of candor, "You didn't really want to come down for cocktails last night, did you?"

"Oh, no!" Jessie's eyes were wide with sarcasm.

"I didn't know." Her rusty, golden voice grew a little acid. "Men are so funny—the tarryiddles they tell."

Jessie went on rubbing the table.

"Well." Coleen turned languidly on her high heels. "If I'm going down-town I'll have to hunt up somebody to go with me."

That was the last of Coleen Miles, in so far as Her Majesty's Hall was concerned. Had Jessie given way to temptation and thrown the furniture-polish at her head Mrs. Miles could not have taken the hint more effectually. Two weeks later, her lease being up, she joined the infinite army of moving-vans and took herself, her furniture, and her false-fronted baby to other scenes of frivolity.

"She gone to Bronx," explained the West-Indian elevator boy when Mrs. Tyler upbent sufficiently to ask. Jessie was glad of that, because Bronx had a remote, inaccessible sound. But somehow she regretted Coleen Miles, and caught herself more than once listening for the cheerful note of her upright piano in the flat below.

After the first of May Lew betrayed his former tendency to stay down-town for dinner.

ON THE following October the Tylers sublet their upper Broadway apartment and moved a hundred and forty-nine blocks down-town—no sensational leap in the city of restless souls. The decision was made in Midsummer when Jessie was living with Buster in a Cos Cob boarding-house. New York's hot weather had disagreed with him, and one broiling day in June Dr. Wolden had been called from his office in Her Majesty's Hall to find the Tyler baby in a state of collapse. He had had a choking spell, his mother said, and she was almost hysterical in her repetition.

"Teething and hot weather," declared Dr. Wolden, blinking like a wise old cat. "Children shouldn't be in town at this time of year. Stomach-ensums, Madam. The stomach will play terrible tricks on a teething child."

Cos Cob is not as cool as Maine. It is a crooked little colonial settlement on the backwash of Long Island Sound. Its picturesque wharfs and meandering tide-waters make it equally attractive to artists and mosquitoes. Jessie found it hot, but the nights were comfortable.

It was so short a distance from New York that Lew might have commuted—as many of the young husbands did—but his increasing business made it necessary for him to take a bed in Braggie's rooms near Washington Square. He passed the week-ends with Jessie at Cos Cob. She was made with Jessie at Cos Cob. She was grateful for even this share of his attention, for he usually came on Friday and stayed until Monday noon. Sometimes he was companioned by the ebullient Braggie, who attached himself to the local divorcée; he managed to taint the vacation atmosphere of the town.

Braggie aside, that Summer was a good one for the Tylers. They had quite recovered from their quarrel over Coleen and Miles—or they hid the scars, at least, and made nothing of them. The hour of scorching temper when Jessie had turned and spoken her mind had wrought a certain change in Lew. Altho it had not sobered him it had made him more considerate of her. During those languid days they seemed closer together than they had been since the afternoon when he had found her on the Coney Island house sands, building sprawled on the Cliff House sands, building toy gardens and inventing nonsensical tales of dago fishermen who smuggled Chinese idols into San Francisco Bay.

He added sweetness and light to the Cos Cob colony. McCracken's Inn, where they stayed, was draped with spiritual bunting during Lew's week-ends. Mrs. McCracken, a married spinster who conducted a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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We have tried to picture as nearly as possible the stunning beauty of this wonderfully beautiful new Congoleum pattern. It is a superb tile design that looks exactly like the finest mosaic tile that you have ever seen. It is bright, cheerful, and pleasing in appearance.

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The main color scheme is in robin's egg blue with shadings of Dutch blue and a background of soft stone gray. It is impossible with mere printers ink to bring out the truly beautiful colors of the lovely blue shades shown in this splendid mosaic tile design.

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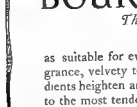

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A tooth brush, to meet modern requirements, must do more than remove food debris.

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The best type made to meet all these requirements is known as the Decoater. This is the authoritative type, and careful people are everywhere adopting it, largely by dental advice.

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Dentists also advise that you carry a tooth brush with you. Teeth should be brushed after every meal. People who eat away from home, like school children and workers, should carry a pocket brush.

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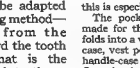
The pocket Decoater is made for this purpose. It folds into a ventilated metal case, vest pocket size. The handle-case is permanent. One simply buys refills as brushes wear out. This is the sanitary, convenient way to always have a tooth brush with you.

Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, $1.00; Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.



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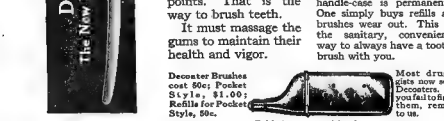

Pocket Style

LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

Madison Avenue tea-room during the Winter, forgot her esthetic pose to giggle earthily at his anecdotes. She enriched his plate with delicacies not usually included in her bill of fare. The dining-room rang again when Lew was at his table; and during the evening he would borrow a guitar and turn the inn's austerely Revolutionary sitting-room into a scene of riotous vaudeville.

One Sunday morning in August he sat on the end of the Cos Cob wharf, a fiery giant in a red bathing-suit. Jessie with Buster scrambling across her lap, sat near him under the shade of a parasol. Her first thought was one of admiration for his strong limbs, splendid still in spite of their increasing fat. At that instant she wanted her boy to be like Lew—an improved Lew, but equipped with his father's comeliness and gift for making friends. Then jealousy came and told her that Lew would be gone to-morrow into a region as unknown to her as darkest Africa. He seemed so much better, so much more really happy when they were together like this. She considered it cruel that they must be so much apart. And how much did she know of his life in town?

"Well," he said, stretching himself, "tide's going out. Two hundred chicken-crates, eleven million gallons of oil, a dead whale, and six dozen tomatoes are floating majestically out to sea. In a minute the water'll be clear enough to get into. Always room for one more."

"The Pacific was so clean," she found herself sighing.

"Want to go back, Red?" he asked suddenly.

"Do you?"

He laughed and said a little bitterly, "A fat chance I'd have back there."

"I want to go wherever you do," she told him simply.

"Guess I'm a pretty poor leader to follow," he mused; and this remark was extraordinary, coming from Lew, who seldom apologized for Lew Tyler. Then he laughed rather self-consciously and added, "I thought maybe you'd like to run out to the Coast and visit your dad. Might be good for Buster."

"But Lew!" She spoke nervously. "How could we afford anything like that?"

"Oh, we'll be on velvet pretty soon," he boasted, swelling mysteriously. "We'll be on velvet. I'm not skimping, if you really think it would be good for you."

She should have been glad, but jealousy stabbed her again. "Do you want me to go, Lew?" she found herself asking.

"Want you to go?" He turned, his mouth open. "What in the world's eating you, Red?"

"We live far enough from your office to keep us apart most of the time." She hadn't meant to say that.

"Hm." He clasped his bare knees and gazed moodily across the soupy tide. Then he asked huskily, "You don't think that's my fault, do you, Red?"

"I'm sorry," she cried. "It's only the awful distance out in Broadway."

"I knew it was a mistake in the first place," he grunted. "Trying to run the sort of business I've got and keep in touch with the family half-way up to Albany."

"Mech said the air would be better for the baby—"

"Oh, fudge! They raise the best babies in New York around Washington Square. And there's human life down there, too—the sort of people we ought to know."

She made no reply to this, but calculated rapidly. Upper Broadway had done nothing for Buster, and it had worked an injustice both to herself and her husband. Since Coleen Miles's departure life had grown dull; nothing but the love for her child had sustained her; he had become her reason for living. Visions of his peril frightened her more and more.

"The best baby-doctor in New York lives somewhere on lower Fifth Avenue," she said that day on the wharf, and, as if that thought had about decided her, she asked of her husband, "Shall we move down?"

"You bet!" He clapped her heartily on the knee, expressing approval. "I know the very apartment—on the edge of the Village—the Avenue—Washington Square —everything. Twice as much room as we've got now, less rent. Jerry Wold, the composer, 's going to Paris; crazy to have us take it off his hands. Life down there, Red! Braggie's got a studio on the top floor."

She might have asked, "What does Braggie want with a studio?" but she held herself to the question, "Would you be happier down there, Lew?"

"Who wouldn't be?" he asked, and added, "Think of Buster!"

She seldom thought of anything else.

THEIR down-town apartment-house was a relic of the days when mid-Victorian builders first discovered that people can live perpendicularly. The architects of those days misunderstood the possibilities of apartment-house structure. They wasted space on idiotic angles, needless heights, staircases that wandered aimlessly like prehistoric monsters.

Lew saw to the moving while Jessie was still in Cos Cob. The building which he chose was a Siamese twin, joined inextricably to its double on the left side. The janitor's wife, who served both doors, glided from house to house through a sliding panel in the wall. Jessie's first impression when she entered the foyer was of a cathedral crypt, its floor sadly tiled, its walls funereal with such melancholy woods as black walnut, ebony, rosewood. There was no elevator, but the Tyler apartment was on the second landing, behind an inlaid walnut door whose intricacies suggested a coffin-lid. The rooms proved large, as Lew had promised they would be, but they were trimmed in that same knobby, jigsawed, hobgoblin wood as had made the foyer down-stairs a thing of spooks and dreadful whisperings.

The parlor was a long, high vault with two windows facing north. The dining-room was another high square vault with an angular brass chandelier hanging from the zenith; its mantel, made of slate which had been painted black to counterfeit marble, had been utilized as a niche for the steam-radiator. Even at noon this room was in twilight, because its one window faced a blank wall. For the same reason the bedroom beyond was in almost total darkness, and the kitchen had no window at all, save for a curious porthole which had been dug into the light-well behind the bathroom. At the end of the passage Jessie groped her way into a really pleasant bedroom, its two windows drawing sunlight over back yards to the south.

SAVE in the matter of space the Tylers had not bestirred themselves by their move—Jessie saw that at once. As soon as she had lit the L-shaped gas-jet in the kitchen she was aware of little brown armies scuttling away through the sloppy boards under the sink. The bathtub was a tinny affair, stained with iron-rust, long-nosed faucets responded slowly when she turned them on, and for no apparent reason the water would stop flowing or die away to a jet the size of a knitting-needle. The Tyler apartment was on a level with the elevated road, less than half a square away. At first when the trains roared by Jessie had an impulse to leap aside, as if they were going to break in through the wall. Finally she got used to it.

More than once during this period of readjustment Jessie was weak enough to wish for Coleen Miles to come to the rescue with her energetic fingers. Coleen, no doubt, would have chastened the wood-work with hammer and saw, would have cheered it with a coat of baby-blue paint. Coleen might have known a way of making the Tyler furniture look less dwarfish in the solemn heights of those rooms; out of the immaterial at hand she might have improvised attractive curtains for the gaunt, formal windows.

Mrs. Leahy, wardress of the sliding panel down-stairs, had a sister, one Mrs. Mulqueen, who "came in," according to the trade vernacular. She was a big woman with a tiny face whose distinguishing feature was an insignificant hook-nose. She kept a pot of tea boiling all day long on the back of the gas-range, and from this she poisoned herself at intervals. Since she was being paid by the hour she absolved in leisurely spirit, in striking contrast with the rush of modern times; and she cultivated the art of conversation.

"Aw, the little cuss!" she cried upon first sight of Buster. "Boy or gurrl? Boy, is it? In chim runts ye never can tell whether they ums, now, till they're growed up an' wearin' pants. It's the foine man he'll be, mebbe, an' fool 'em all. But why they shild look for children to be strong an' healthy in this foul air gets me. it does indeed, Mrs. Toiler, as I says to Mrs. Annie in this very room last November when her little Dinny died in God's grace from mustardritis in the veins of his ear, says I to me sister Annie—"

To know that she was but a short walk from Lew's place of business cheered Jessie a great deal. Only once had she been in the Importing Company's rooms; that had been on a morning when she was down-town, shopping with Coleen, and the energetic Mrs. Miles had suggested, "Let's drop in on Lew." They had found him busy with customers, but not too busy to show his pleasure at the frivolous interruption. He had taken them to lunch.

One morning, shortly after the curtains were up in the down-town apartment and the place was looking a little less forlorn, Jessie gave him a weakly smile over the morning coffee. Alcho Lew seldom woke with a headache, he was looking unusually tired this morning; the poker-party in Braggie's studio had been late. His hand trembled ridiculously as he raised his cup to his lips—he spied upon her around a corner of the *Tribune* to see if she had noticed it.

"I thought I'd take Buster to see Dr. Nearing," she said. "He's that big baby-doctor, you know."

"Whoops!" protested Lew, but with a grin. "Another specialist!"

"You know Buster isn't a bit better. And if we're going to live down-town in this air he's got to have the best attention there is."

"If doctors would let him alone he'd get well," he grunted. Curious about Lew! He adored his son, yet always spoke in this callous way about Buster's health. "I wish we had the money we've blown on fool doctors."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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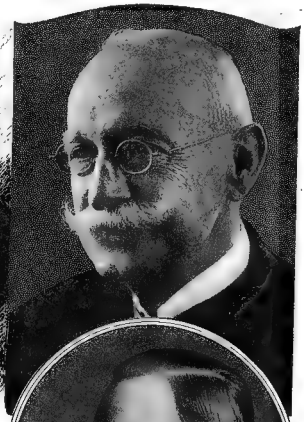

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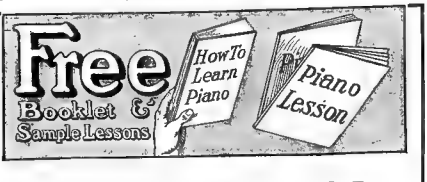

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

"You say we'll be on velvet pretty soon," she pointed out. "And I can't think of any way I'd rather spend my money than on making Buster well."

"Who said we'd be on velvet?" He looked sharply over the top of his *Tribune*

"Didn't you say so that day at Cos Cob?"

"Oh, mackerel!" He came stamping to his feet, but his temper passed almost with the demonstration. An instant later he was standing beside her chair, crushing her head against his waist, pulling her fleecy braid. "Little old Red can sure get things twisted like a rope," he said, "but she's a sweet kid, all right, all right."

That was an inopportune morning, no doubt, for a call upon him at the Importing Company; but after Dr. Nearing had given Buster twenty minutes of his costly time Jessie considered the few short steps from lower Fifth Avenue to University Place. She had good news for Lew—what better excuse for a call at any hour?

She pushed the green curtains aside and the glassy front of the Eas Eye Importing Company (phonetic version of Samuel Iwaga's initials) and, having gained admittance, propelled the small vehicle down the aisle between stacks of such coarse blue ware as modern China purveys to the second-class American trade. Crockery images grinned from many shelves; hybrid kimonos, imitating the seeds, a wild variety of tassels, bangles, lanterns swung from above, giving the big room the gaudy look of an exotic forest. There were many Japanese clerks and a few Americans, the latter showing samples to Japanese retailers —an astonishing reversal of the ordinary custom.

"Hello, Jessie!" came a hoarse challenge; and she saw Mr. Bragg coming toward her. To call her by her first name was one of the things Mr. Bragg took for granted.

"Good morning, Mr. Bragg."

"Brought baby along!" he observed. "Oughtn't to do that, Jessie. Folks'll think you're past sixteen and being sweet on you. But you might tell 'em it's your sister's baby like a kid does I know—"

"I wonder if I could see Lew?" she asked, feeling that Mr. Bragg should be cut off while his story was still respectable.

"Lew? Hawk!" His pop-eyes looked ever so wicked as he explained: "Lew's an outside man—doesn't have to work like us poor cattle."

"Is not in his office?"

"His office-hours are between four-thirty and four-thirty-one on Wednesdays."

She detested Mr. Bragg most actively when he was making jokes at the expense of Lew's bad habits. It took her but an instant to turn Buster's perambulator into the narrow aisle and go marching toward the door.

"Tell you what, Jessie," persisted Bragg in the rear, "you might stroll by the Lafayette and look up into the café window. He's usually there at this time of day, playing dominoes for a nickel a point."

"Thank you," she said, and followed his suggestion.

THE café of the famous Bohemian restaurant occupies a corner, facing two streets. It sits a step above the level of the sidewalk, and its windows, candid as a show-case, reveal its habitués, reading, drinking, gesturing in every Continental fashion at marble-topped tables. As if framed for her inspection, Jessie saw her husband at a table nearest the window, a bar-glass at his elbow, his eyes on the game he was playing with a black-bearded foreigner who sipped brown liquid from a tumbler.

She stood right under this picture, wondering whether to go away at once or to wait until he saw her. In the background she caught sight of feminine plumes, nodding. Altho she concluded that the room was not for men only, she hesitated about going into such a place with a child in a go-cart. Lew was bending his head and began sweeping the dominoes together between his powerful hands. He lifted his bar-glass, finished his drink, and glanced idly out of the window.

Their eyes met. She was sure he saw her, yet his face underwent no recognizing, as unmoved as tho she stood invisible. He turned again, and began shuffling the dominoes.

She had crossed the street and was faring toward Fifth Avenue when the sound of hurrying footsteps behind her and see Lew running toward her, bareheaded, panting. "What's the matter, Red?" he asked, catching up.

"Don't look so startled," she laughed. "Can't a fellow come along without calling out the guard?"

"But staring up at the window like that —phew! I thought—"

"I just stopped in at the store," she explained, "to tell you some good news."

"What's that?" His eyes retained their uneasy look.

"I've taken Buster to Dr. Nearing. He's splendid, and he's found the place in Buster's throat. He says that children often have it up to the time they're two years old, then it absorbs and they begin growing like weeds. And Buster'll be two in February. You see, we're practically out of the woods."

"Did you have to pay twenty-five dollars to learn that?" grunted Lew, ruder than she had ever known him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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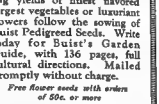

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

"Isn't it worth it?" She stiffened a little. "I suppose anything's worth what you're willing to pay for it in this darned town," he grumbled. But when she started away he relented sufficiently to say, "Well, I'm glad you're over worrying. And say! Think we can mess up dinner for two more to-night? I've asked Bruggie and his girl—you know that Mrs. Marbett that used to be at Cox Cob—"

She went slowly down Ninth Street, hurt and disappointed. How different now from the day in Spring when Lew had been glad to be intruded upon at the Importing Company's show-rooms! She had taken Coleen with her on that occasion. Lew had glowed like one of his own Chinese lanterns as he acted the part of guide among Iwaga's bric-à-brac. Afterward he had insisted upon a gala luncheon at the Lafayette with a quart of Chablis on the table and a dash of Sherry in the soup. It would have been so natural to-day, thought Jessie, for him to have asked her to lunch with him. But of course there was the baby.

She dragged the go-cart up the stone steps of their apartment-building, unlocked the ground-glass door, and carried Buster up one flight to their own flat. In the entrance-hall she fumbled with the electric button, and had just brought light into the Egyptian vault when Mrs. Mulqueen, wheezing with mystery, appeared as if materialized from surrounding shadows.

"Gintleman in the par-r-lor awaitin' for ye, and says he'll be there till ye git back," soughed Mrs. Mulqueen.

"What gentleman?"

"No name," insisted Mrs. Mulqueen.

Jessie caught sight of a figure silhouetted in north light between the curtains of a tall Victorian window. She was a little afraid, because she received no visitors outside Lew's circle, and of these she had grown profoundly distrustful. She was going over a list of Bruggie's companions who had frightened her with the supremacy compliment they knew—promises to "drop in and take her out to lunch," and was hesitating on the point of sending Mrs. Mulqueen in with her excuses when a second glance at the figure in the window reassured her. He looked small, harmless, insignificant.

Suddenly he turned and came toward her, and it required no study of his manner, homely, welcome face to assure her that it was Meech Garrick.

"IF I had an option on this town," said little Meech after they had greeted each other rather effusively and were seated in chairs that looked doll-like under the lofty ceilings, "I'd tear it down and build a good one. Just look at the people are satisfied living away from the Pacific Coast is something I never could get through my head. No big here—except in a little California brains, and they get addled as soon as they cross the Great Divide. How's Lew?"

"He's doing splendidly." She brought down the words promptly, as one would use a rubber stamp.

"I guess so. And the baby seems to be makin' the grade pretty well, too." He lifted Buster from the rug and offered him his cane to chew.

"Meech!" she cried impulsively, and she could have kissed him again on his small bald spot, "if you only knew how good it is to see you again!"

"You really mean that?"

"My, Meech, how I mean it!"

She could have wept then, wept out of her need for counsel and whole-hearted friendship. But Meech's twinkling face there came such an expression as she had seen there once or twice before—it was sad, and yet it made her think him above the stature of ordinary men.

"I'd go to the devil for you," he said in his curiously boyish way.

Restraint fell between them again. It had not required Lew's announcement to tell her that Meech Garrick was in love with her. The normal woman scents such as the hound scents game. But never before had she been so keen to dangerous words. She laughed sharply and said, by way of diversion, "You're a fine correspondent, Meech Garrick!"

His black eyes, usually so alert, roved dreamily before his reply. "It was 'way last Winter when I wrote, wasn't it? I never was much of a hand for letters. I tried a lot of times and tore 'em up. The things I said I didn't want to say, and what I wanted to say—well, you didn't seem interested." A pause. "Did you get those geranium-slips I sent you?"

"Yes. It was awfully nice of you. I planted them——"

"And they died, I suppose."

"There must have been something the matter with the soil. I couldn't make them grow."

"Just New York, that's all. This town would kill even a geranium."

"Did you get the slips off Old Sturdy, the way I asked?"

"Bet I did. There's a cranky Dutch family living at 1163 now. I had to send a man around, pretending he was looking at the water-pipes—that's what I'll do, Jessie. I'll wire the same man and have him steal some more off the same bush."

"Oh, but you'll die like the rest."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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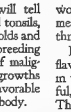

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

"Don't you believe it! I'll turn 'em over to one of those swell Fifth Avenue florists. They can make anything grow."

"You're so good, Meech," she thanked him inadequately.

He cleared his throat and changed the subject.

"I drop in on your father now and then. He says he don't hear from you very often."

"I like dear! I write him every week—he hasn't sent a word since last July."

"Oh, well," laughed Meech. "He's giving a lot of time to the 'movies' nowadays. Great industry that—booming all over the Coast. Alta Wade's gone down to Los Angeles in one of those things they call studios. Buzzy Mandelbush has been after me to start a motion-picture corporation—everybody's doing it."

"How's Buzzy?"

"Fine. Only trouble with that boy is he's too ambitious. Needs to be held down. Nothing but sudden death can keep him from making a million dollars or that car-card line."

"You were real mean when I asked you to put Lew into advertising," she pouted, coquetting a little with Meech, as she always did.

AS IF to change the subject he got down from his chair and began pacing the gaunt room. Now and then he would stop to examine a poor little picture lost in the vast wall-space. He clicked his cheek after the manner of a driver urging a tired horse to death.

"How much do they stick you for this?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars."

"Hm." He fingered the gloomy woodwork. "I guess it was a handsome flat before they ripped out. But that apartment up on Broadway was new and light. The fresh air was practically unused."

"Oh! Then you've seen Her Majesty's Hall!"

"Went there yesterday looking for you. Why did you jump your lease?"

"Well, you see, Lew——"

"Always Lew!" he broke in with something like a groan.

"Meech," she implored, tears welling suddenly, "please don't scold me. I don't think I can stand it from you."

"Then you haven't been happy here," he decided, standing in front of her, legs apart like a pair of pliers.

"It isn't a matter of happiness," she told him. "We've had our way to make, and Lew's ambitious."

"When did he get that way?"

"You never give him credit for anything," she flinched.

"Credit!" His cheeks wrinkled sarcastically and his little shoulders shrugged. Then as suddenly the look of sadness came to ennoble his face. Impulsively he raised her hand and touched it to his lips.

"Jessie," he said rapidly, "I'm going to tell you something that isn't worth the breath it's wasted on. You're a splendid woman—splendid and beautiful and blind. You remember that night on the balcony at Sausalito? You made me see something that night—nature. I'd always thought of earth and water before as stuff to be parceled off into suburban lots with shore-frontage, if on a one-lined man.

"Don't think I'm trying to force anything on you, Jessie. I know I'm in love, and I know how useless it is."

He threw himself into a chair and sat huddled, his fingers buried in his sparse hair.

"Meech, dear," she consoled him, leaving over and patting his shoulder as tho he had been a crying schoolboy, "if you only knew how glad I am that somebody car still feel that way about me."

"You couldn't take me seriously," he mourned. "How could you? I'm no bigger than a blade of grass."

"I take you very seriously," she assured him

He looked up, his narrow face anguished with hope.

"But nothing I've said really matters."

"Not really," she whispered, looking away. She was thinking of Lew.

An instant later he had come to his feet and straightened himself out into his normal personality. He was brisk again, practical, nervous with all the mannerisms of the manic land-booster.

"Well, that's off my chest," he declared. "I'm going to make New York my headquarters for a while."

"I'm so glad!" she admitted gratefully.

"I'll ramify between here and Boston," he explained, "with occasional jump to Chicago. But I'll be here long enough to teach New York a few things she don't know."

"Aren't you the Californian!" cried Jessie, gay again in the enthusiasm of her inspired music.

"What do you mean by that?" he inquired.

"Oh, just nothing. Only I'm so glad to see you I could dance and sing."

"Why don't you?" he asked, and upon the invitation she took his hands and whirled him around the bleak grandeur of their drawing-room.

"After that," he decreed, panting, his cheerfulness perfectly restored, "I'll take you to Delmonico's and blow you to ninety dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

"But the baby——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

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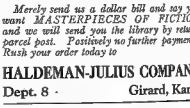

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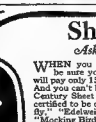

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

"He's meant a lot to you, hasn't he?" broke in Meech impulsively.

"He's meant everything."

Garrick studied her keenly, sadly. For the first time he was realizing how Lew's child had filled her heart.

"Oh, yes." Meech gazed down at Buster, who had crawled under a sofa with the cane and was gnawing the varnish at his leisure. "What's the name of the wide lady who let me in?"

"Mrs. Mulqueen."

Taking matters in his own hands, as he often did, he stepped to the hall and shouted, "Mrs. Mulqueen!"

"Yes, Misther!" A baggy figure waddled in.

"Mrs. Mulqueen, you're fond of children, I hear."

"Five I've raised, asor, an' four I've buried."

"Good. Mrs. Tyler is going to let you have Buster for the afternoon, if you'll promise to give him back."

"Aw, Misther——"

"Now that's settled," he told Jessie. "Let's go over to Fifth Avenue and stop a taxi."

IN ONE particular at least the alcoholic is like the genius; he is amusing to almost everybody but his wife. The convivial soul who capers before an applauding world gives of his talents with a prodigal generosity, shakes a motley cloak before his laughing admirers; only to his wife he shows the other side of that garment with its worn lining, its stains, and its vermin. Possibly our prohibition amendment, so crude in its conception, so dishonest in its enforcement, is nothing more than a protest on the part of innumerable women who, having married humorous drunkards, fail to see the joke.

Members of Lew's Bohemian set, who came to scar the furniture with cigaret burns, revealed to Jessie the extent of her husband's fame as a practical joker. It was he who joined the Salvation Army one rainy night during a street meeting in Astor Place; he induced them to march upon the Hotel Brevoort, where he routed out the grill-room crowd and held a remarkable sidewalk revival, himself the principal sinner. Again he hired a hansom from its tipsy driver, and, with the man asleep on the cushions below, stood himself on the lofty seat, charioteer-fashion, while he drove at a gallop around Washington Square and along the sidewalk of lower Fifth Avenue. Meech Garrick, who had taken rooms at the Brevoort, exercised all his ingenuity to save Lew from jail that night. On another occasion he was not so fortunate.

Never during the ensuing Winter months did Jessie go for her morning's purchases in the Jefferson Market but what nausea all but overcame her at the thought of the police offices and the odoriferous court-room. Late one night a rough voice had called her over wire to come and bail her husband out. Another one of Lew's practical jokes.

He had been leading Braggie by his muffler, tied in a noose, up and down Fourteenth Street, stopping at corners to announce in the voice of the trained ballyhoo "Ladies and gentlemen, you have before you Ephraim W. Bragg, the celebrated Australian oyster-hound. He cracks, opens, and swallows them with one movement of the teeth, pos-i-tively without use of knife or fork." They passed the hat for dimes and did well, according to Braggie, until they met a policeman with no sense of humor.

How Lew looked that night when she brought him home, stupid and bloody, his clothing caked with mud! How like the sty he smelled—faugh!

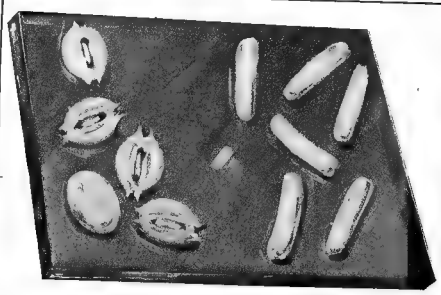
Lew Tyler almost never lost his physical self-respect. He had a natural taste for dress, mornings when he mounted across Fifth Avenue, fresh-brushed for the day, he was always a handsome, sprightly figure. He turned his best face to the world, and altho that face was not such a one as might inspire confidence in the breasts of conservative business men, it was seraphic in comparison to the visage of Caliban which Jessie often saw, mouthing at the love with which she had fooled herself so long.

In the school of love we all learn slowly, because we are not there to learn. We are there to be deceived. Love blinds with its over light, and when its eyes see true it is because the light has become temperate; and love, grown sane, grows dull.

Jessie had seldom questioned Lew in all those years since their impulsive meeting under a California moon. She had accepted him eagerly, knowing little about him save that he meant everything in the world to her. Her faith had been so perfect that she had made allowances for his sins almost before they were committed. How little she really knew about him—how little she asked to know!

But during that bad Winter on the edge of Greenwich Village when his conduct finally shocked her into sanity she began to realize the deviousness of Lew's character. Frank, candid Lew, always joking, never quite unkind, managed to evade her every attempt to peer into the problem which was himself. Even when she saw him, as she too often did, silly with liquor or stupefied, she had a feeling that this was getting her no nearer to the man she had married.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



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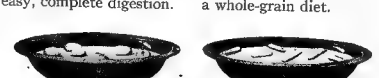

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

Where was the real Lew Tyler? What did he do in those long intervals when he was away from her? What were his ambitions, if any? What was his need that kept him forever in this spiritual froth, a shame and misery to both of them?

In the early period of their marriage she had dreamed of reaching a point where she could advise him in business matters. How futile that hope! Her every attempt at inquiry into his affairs had moved him to a pleasant satire; he loved the funny little wrinkle in her funny little nose, he said, whenever she tried to do his thinking for him. He booed amiably at her suggestion. There had been her pet idea about the advertising business. It had been a delicious morsel for Lew, who had made it into a comic refrain—"Nickels and dimes in carcard rimes."

Since their coming to New York Jessie had amused herself with delusions of future prosperity. They had begun by living decently, paying their bills promptly on the first of the month. But in the rapid degeneration of down-town living the Tylers were reverting again to the hand-to-mouthiness of San Francisco days. The Sixth Avenue Italian with whom they dealt had refused them further credit and was threatening to bring suit. They were chronically two weeks behind with their rent. Jessie lived in monotony and dread of a fresh ousting from the Ess Eye Company; the much-endured patience of that concern was always a puzzle to her.

Braggie and Lew quarreled at about that period in his descent to Avernus. This would have been good news to Jessie had she not learned, as she soon did, the cause of their defection. She met Braggie on the stairs one afternoon, and he spoke to her rudely around a cigaret which clung to the corner of his mouth. "Look here, Jessie. If you've got a pull with Lew any more I wish to goodness you'd speak to him about that hundred and fifty he owes me. If I don't get hold of it before Saturday I'm in worse than he is."

She managed to escape him, and found herself out in the street, laughing vacantly at the question: How could anybody be "in worse" than Lew was?

ACCORDING to his promise, Meech Garrick was in New York at intervals during the Winter. When he was in town she had the feeling of a powerful ally, always within easy reach or at her side, eager to do her bidding. The little booster, ordinarily so blunt, grew tactful in her service. He was ingenious in arranging dinners for two in up-town restaurants or bribing Mrs Mulqueen to care for Buster on such evenings as Jessie consented to visit some frivolous musical show. Meech always managed to put himself in her debt. "I just can't stand going to a theater alone," he would explain.

He never brought Lew into the discussion. When they met, as frequently happened, Lew showed Meech the deference befitting an important stockholder in the Ess Eye Company. Maybe he was grateful to the woman who took up so many of Jessie's evenings. It was not until the afternoon which followed her encounter with Braggie on the stairs that she brought up the subject which lay heavy on her heart.

It was one of those occasions when Meech had come with tickets and many kindly meant sophistries, no less appreciated because transparent.

"Meech," said Jessie, having seated herself in a good light so that no look of his face would be lost, "you're interested in the Ess Eye Company, aren't you?"

"I'm a director," he admitted, his eyes shrewd.

"Well, how does Lew work there? I mean, does he make a share of what he sells or does he get a salary?"

"My Heavens, girl! Don't you know even that?"

Jessie felt her cheeks burning, but she controlled her voice. "I've never quite understood it," she said.

"He gets a guaranty on commissions."

"Do you happen to know how much it is?"

"I can tell you to a cent. I was looking over their books only last week. He started in at sixty-five a week, and last August he was raised to a hundred. Lew's a very good salesman in a funny sort of way."

"A hundred dollars a week!"

"And commissions—If he makes any. That ought to keep a small family pretty well in a fifty-dollar flat," suggested Meech.

"A hundred dollars a week," she repeated. "What's he doing with it?"

"Well" Meech had fallen back on his air of pleasant hypocrisy. "They put a meter on your breath in a town like this, and it's so darned easy to get rid of a hundred——"

"But, Meech!" In the intensity of her confidence her face was close to his in the pale north light. "What could he be doing?"

His eyes had hardened to the shoe-buttons, proper to a mouse as he replied, "There are three ways I can think of. A man can gamble, or a man can lend money——"

"He's been borrowing it," she said.

"Oh, well——" the papery muscles of his cheeks tightening to a grin—"suppose a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

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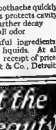

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

drinking man gets sentimental and lends money. "The best of us do it, you know."

"What's the third way?" she asked, inexorable as a judge. Poor Jessie! She already knew.

With a suddenness that startled her, even in that climactic moment Meech Garrick brought his tight little fist down on his chair-arm.

"D——— him!" he ground out through his teeth. "D——— him for being born! And he calls himself a Californian! Oh, what's the use! Can you blame him? Wives like to be treated rough. They like to be fooled and razzled and hunked. If a man's got a pair of pretty eyes with long black lashes he can get away with murder and there'll always be some woman to kiss him for it. I don't mean a word I've said, Jessie. Not a word. For all I know Lew's giving his money away to a charitable institution or investing it in business."

She looked at him quite coldly now and insisted. "You mean by that that he's spending his money on somebody——"

Meech Garrick came up like a jumping-jack and set himself to an automatic pacing of the rug.

"Look here, Jessie," he snapped. "Let's cut out the show tonight. I've got a lot to say to you, and there's a little place I know where we can talk without being bluffed blue by the head waiter. What say?"

Jessie Tyler found no valid objection; indeed, she searched for none. The ice of reserve had been broken, and she was only struggling to make hope or meaning out of the dark waters below. . .

MEECH GARRICK'S taste in restaurants varied ordinarily; sumptuous seemed to have taken a sordid turn that evening, for their taxicab went up Fortieth Street and was well beyond Third Avenue when it came to a halt in front of a battered brownstone house whose lowered blinds, sifting light through their crooked seams, suggested plots and mysteries.

"Hyacinthe only feeds people who know him," explained Meech as soon as he had dismissed the taxi and pressed the basement bell. "Great little place this. No style, you understand, but great."

A square-faced Frenchwoman appeared behind the iron grill which defended the basement, and when she recognized Meech broke into smiles with the greeting, "*Ah, bon soir, monsieur et madame!*"

"Good evening, Hélène. Got a table for two hangin' around?"

"Yes, Monsieur. In the main dining-room or—" There was a slyness in the hard gray eyes which put Jessie instinctively on her guard.

"Main dining-room!" broke in Meech almost roughly. "And I hope this is the night you have onion soup. Hyacinthe's onion soup," this last he explained to Jessie, "would tempt you to cannibalism."

There was a short French bar downstairs and a swinging door to the kitchen; in the middle dining-room, upon bourgeois families shared red wine at long tables. In the large room papered in ox-blood red on the second floor many couples *dined en tête-à-tête* at small tables or on the benches against the wall. There was the smell of garlic, broiled chicken, alcohol and such places. Madame Hélène found them a table against the wall, but Meech objected to the draft and went on an expedition of his own. When they were seated near the center of the room and a bull-necked Bordelais was toasting them hors-d'œuvres Meech explained:

"Hyacinthe and Hélène used to run a restaurant in San Francisco before the fire. It was a wild little place with an inn and down-stairs. Nice girl like you wouldn't remember it, of course. They did a land-office business in the days when half the town was restaurants and all of 'em were good. I knew their place pretty well, because they'd been my property once, too."

Jessie, who was helping herself to tuna and artichoke-hearts, found time to say, "I wonder what made them come all this way?"

"The fire burned 'em out," he told her; "then after the Abe Reid ring went to jail and the town reformed they couldn't renew their license."

"Bad as that?" She looked at him, frankly surprized that he had taken her to such a place.

"Good food and bad morals seem to hook up in this world," he chuckled, quite unconscious of her discomfort. "When Hyacinthe and Hélène were involved out of San Francisco they moved to Los Angeles. I found them down there running—what do you think?—a cafeteria! Imagine a great artist like Hyacinthe running a cafeteria! It broke my heart to see the poor old devil passing hash and pie across the counter, so I loaned him five thousand and gave him a chance to start over again in New York."

"Did he ever pay it back?" she asked, the question germane to a more personal one in her mind.

"Sure. The Chinese and the French are the best pay in the world." Meech was in a gale of good humor, his mood garrulous.

"Remember what I said about giving those geranium-slips to a Fifth Avenue florist to grow?" he chuckled, offering this new topic as a bait to her attention.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

An Electric Fireless Cooker
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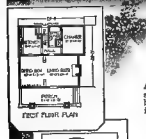

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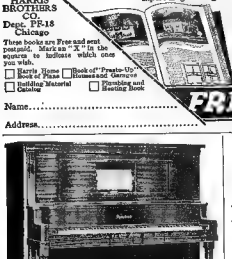

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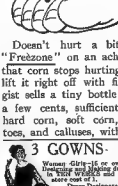

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147

"Oh, yes." Her mind was wandering.

"Well, darned if I didn't! They came to-day, so I hunted up the snobbiest flower-seller I could find—that man De Campo with a million dollars' worth of orchids in the window. He thought I was crazy. I guess, when I told him to plant the slips and look after 'em. But when I began showing him my money, say! The place was mine. He says they'll grow, all right, and in six or eight months——"

"Meech," broke in Jessie, "does Lew still owe you for what you advanced to us?"

His eyes became opaque, but he replied carelessly, "I guess you'd heard me holler if he did."

"You haven't answered my question."

"You don't owe me anything," he evaded. "Look here, we came out for a good time. What's the use——"

"Why does everybody lie to me?" she asked the noisy echoes of Hyacinthe's ox-blood dining-room. "He's told me time and again that he was making payments to you every week."

"Poor kid!" Meech laid his hand on hers for an instant. "You don't really know much about his business."

What could Jessie say to that? How could she tell him, in an hour or in a lifetime, the loneliness of ears that had kept her from knowing about Lew's business?

They had nothing to say for a while, further than to praise Hyacinthe's onion soup, which glowed like a merry heart out of a rich brown pot on whose surface large squares of toasted bread floated sumptuously. Hyacinthe, a mound of pink flesh partly surrounded by a chef's apron, came to the door to gloat upon the happiness he had created. His eyes, half closed with fat, twinkled at sight of Meech, who sprang across the room to greet his former protégé. They crossed mysteriously to a little counter in the wall where Hyacinthe brought down a bottle and glasses. He beckoned to Madame Hélène, who joined the conference, three heads close together after the manner of plotting radicals.

THE moment of solitude gave Jessie a chance to look carefully around the peculiar restaurant. The diners on this floor were in striking contrast with the bourgeois French families who sipped their honest wine down-stairs. They sat mostly at small tables, coming in two by two, the women of the glassy, ornamental type with eyes that stared languidly under the shadow of the exaggerated hat-brims then coming into style. Occasionally a couple would pass up a narrow stairway to an unaccountable floor above.

"Hyacinthe always insists on my taking a sip with him," grinned little Meech when he returned to their table.

"You seem to be the patron saint of this—well, what would you call it?" asked Jessie, eyes askance at the confidential, whispering couples.

"What would *you* call it?" insisted Meech, but the papery wrinkles on his cheeks had hardened to a mask.

"A joint. That would be the San Francisco name."

"Perhaps." He glanced somewhat furtively toward Madame Hélène, who was descending to the family groups below.

"There seems to be something going on up-stairs." Jessie pursued her subject relentlessly. "Does Hyacinthe keep a private ballroom?"

"Very private." He cleared his throat. "It's a sort of heart-to-heart section up there."

"What d'you mean by that?"

"Little booths, you know. Nothing wrong or illegal about it. Just places where New York can get acquainted."

The arrival of chicken à la Hyacinthe with mushrooms and wild rice furnished a diversion, welcome perhaps to both of them. But feminine curiosity, the passion that made Bluebeard seven times a widower, gadded her to the next question:

"What can you see, Meech, in lending money to such people? They must be pretty rough in the San Francisco order them out of town."

"Don't you think this chicken's mighty fine?" he asked, polishing a mouthful. "There seems to be a certain connection between immorality and good food. I guess art's got to be built on some kind of rottenness. Just look at the way Athens blew up——"

"And Babylon's ruins smoked," said Jessie, recalling Lew's favorite song.

"That's it. The Lord smote Babylon with earthquake and fire. All the sinful temples that architects had been planning and painters had been decorating for a thousand years went into the junk-heap to pay Baal's bad debts. But you can't kill anything strong, Jessie. Sin or virtue, it smolders. That's what the song says: 'God can not blast these utterly. Thy idolatrous heart still beats.'"

His narrow face was again stricken with that look of ennobling pain. She sat there wondering what Meech Garrick would have meant to the world of women had that same blasting God whimmed to add three inches to his thigh-bones.

"There seem to be people in this world whose business it is to make sinners more comfortable," he mused on. "I suppose it's one form of charity. If old Hyacinthe went to hell—as he's bound to, I suppose—first thing you know he'd be using the hot

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

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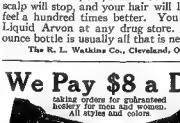

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

coals to grill a fish on. And like's not he'd teach the devil how to smuggle in a little good wine. The only thing that ever baffled old Hy was that cafeteria in Los Angeles. Ha! You should have seen the poor fellow."

Light had come into Meech's eyes; his cheek-bones stood out, raw, burning spots, giving him the look of a consumptive. He had barely sipped the excellent wine in his glass, yet he wore the face of a man excited by some artificial stimulant. Jessie laughed, responding to his excitement.

"This is part of my education, I suppose," she ventured, motioning around the crowded room.

"What's the good of giving *you* an education?" he asked, grown suddenly solemn.

"Don't you think I learn?" she inquired dismally.

"Red-headed girls are supposed to be smart," he informed her, gobbling the last of his chicken.

"What are you giving us, Meech? A picture-puzzle?"

His manner nettled her, but he had become quite calm again. Instead of answering he called the bull-necked waiter and ordered that material for a deep-dish salad be brought to him. It was his caprice to make his own salad. He became dictatorial, commanding that the garlic-cloves be rubbed lightly around the edge of the bowl. Because the waiter was clumsy he sent the bowl back. The vinegar, too, failed to suit him. Meech was a long time with his salad, fluttering over it like a little bird. His meticulousness he became again the middle-aged bachelor, fussy about details, particular, hard to please.

Madame Hélène lurked on the outskirts of the crowd, watchful, predatory. She stood like a sentinel at the foot of those mysterious stairs which led to the floor above. Now and then her eyes would glance slyly toward the upper landing. She was a faithful chaperon, according to her lights.

"MEECH," laughed Jessie, after he had taken full twenty minutes with his lettuce, onions, oil, and paprika, "you've wasted enough time on that salad to make a good one."

"This is going to be a good one, all right," he grinned, stirring rapturously and spilling oily leaves on the table-cloth.

"Don't mash all the life out of the lettuce," she implored. "If it's ever going to be good——"

"Well, pass your plate."

He helped her ceremoniously, and when she had tasted the mess he perked his head and asked, "Pretty good?"

"Pretty," she admitted.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Too much vinegar."

"Pshaw!" cried Meech. "Sorry I spoiled it. I'll send back the bowl——"

"No, you won't," she decreed, holding to her plate with one hand and to the bowl with the other. "All I want's a dash of oil and an answer to my question."

"What question?" His look justified her suspicion that Meech's fastidiousness about his salad had been merely a play for time.

"What did you mean about my never learning anything?"

Meech choked on his redundant vinegar, sipped water, and answered into his glass, "Just what I said."

"That's no explanation."

"Well, Jessie—look here, little girl, you're a mighty hard job sometimes. You hate to be lied to, but it's the truth makes you mad as fire. What do you want me to say?" His cheeks had turned paper-white.

"The truth," she whispered, her heart standing still with fear of what he might say.

"You've been bunked, my dear. If it had made you happy, the way it does some people, I wouldn't have said a word. The first night I met you, there in Sausalito, I wanted to speak out and tell you to wake up. But I saw you liked it then and I let you dream on. Every time I came to see you in San Francisco, turning my foolish old head, I let you dream on."

"I've always known Lew's faults," she replied, bridling in spite of her resolutions to the contrary. "I've always known that he drinks too much and can't quite stick to anything he tries to do. It's been hard for us both—just as hard for Lew as for me. But it hasn't really made any difference——"

"Why?" The question crackled out of his dry throat.

"Because—well, Meech, he's my man and I'm his woman."

"You really think that?" His eyes snapped blue lights like the Pied Piper's.

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, her cheeks tingling.

"Good Lord, what have I done?" Meech Garrick sprang to his feet, gestured frantically to the waiter, and threw a ten-dollar bill on the table. "Let's get out of here. Don't wait for anything—let's get out as quick as we can."

Jessie Tyler had also risen. Her temper was out with Meech's antics.

"Are you crazy?" she asked.

"I think so," he said. "But for Heaven's sake, Jessie, don't stand here arguing——"

But their quarrel was broken by a scene far different from anything which Jessie had visioned in Hyacinthe's strange meeting-place. Madame Hélène, who had scarcely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

moved from her place by the stairs, came bounding clumsily toward them. She gestured furtively to Meech.

"They come now, Monsieur," she whispered.

Down the secretive stairway Jessie could see a couple descending unsteadily. The woman lurched a little and the man was laughing. Just for an instant they came into full view as they passed through a corner of the dining-room toward the floor below.

Lew Tyler, red as a harvest moon, clutched eagerly at the elbow of the woman he was escorting. Her face was averted, but the gleam of her chestnut hair and the characteristic gesture with which her body swayed toward Lew assured Jessie that her husband was spending the evening with Coleen Miles.

THAT night she passed through her Gethsemane, alone and blameless, weeping for the sins of man. Her hurt was dignified beyond mere animal jealousy. She had burned away that small passion on the day when first she guessed the relations of Lew and Coleen in the upper Broadway flat. After the shock of seeing them together again, their intimacy unremeled, it seemed horridly natural to her that Lew should be going this way. Wine, women, and song—in his case they were literally the siren three.

She went home and to bed after having bid Meech a cold good night. No woman can be entirely Christlike in her suffering. She can be magnificent in forgiving the defier of her love, but she still reserves for herself the satisfaction of striking out at a blameless friend. How could he have done it?" she asked continually—not of Lew, but of Meech—as she scattered her clothes in wild preparation for the night. It was quite obvious why Meech had taken her to Hyacinthe's. He had even posted the ugly Frenchwoman at the stairway in order to shoo Lew with Coleen. "Why didn't he let me alone?" she asked, and wept again.

That night Jessie found many reasons for blaming Meech. Without his misguidance they would never have come to New York and the life which had always been repellent to her. Meech was the key to their misfortunes. In San Francisco they would have been able to work it out somehow. From Meech she turned to blaming the minor devils. Coleen had studied Lew's weakness and taken advantage of them. Braggie had done his share to pull him down. The Bohemian society, the charming restaurants of the neighborhood, all had conspired toward his undoing. They were to blame. The world was to blame. Only Lew was blameless.

Curiously enough, that night she had no definite thought of leaving him. Possibly it was because she had given herself to him, at a time of life when a woman's nature is most plastic; in those few years of marriage her nature had hardened in the mold. She had become what Lew had made her. More likely than this, the thought of her boy made the idea of separation seem impossible. It has become a platitude to say that warring couples live together because of their children, and, like many platitudes, it is often true.

Before turning out the light she went over to the fair face of her sleeping husband and gazed down at the sleeping Buster. His face looked almost plump as it rested against the pillow. His reddish hair had grown into fine ringlets, and as he lay there with his arms flung above his head in the attitude of a swimming Cupid, his look of vigor brought consolation to her troubled heart. The danger was passing. He would become strong and manly. She could bear anything to know that. She leaned down to kiss his hair, then went back to her bed.

NEXT morning when Buster woke he—a signal for her to get up and put on the pericoloured suit Lew sitting in the drawing-room. He was brightly shaved, freshly clad for the day, and reading earnestly from a copy of the *Tribune*.

"Hello, Red!" he sang out cheerfully.

Lew was marvelous that morning. He came over to the step that all but danced, and before she could prevent it he had planted a kiss square on her mouth. She raised her hand slowly and wiped it away.

"Look here, old Red," he challenged, "don't you go and have a touch."

"I won't," she said quite calmly. She was determined to say nothing—what could she say?

"It was an awful late party last night, I'll admit. Give us another kiss and call it square."

She backed away from him, but found voice to ask, "When did you get home?"

"Oh, about three a. m. I'll tell you. You see Braggie and I made up our scrap, so he had to give a little party in his studio. I never saw such a bunch of gamblers in my life. Strictly stag affair."

Her look must have been queer, because he writhed under it and colored in a way he had never done before in the explanations of his odd home-comings.

"Braggie wanted to ask you up," he floundered. "But I didn't think you'd want to come. Strictly stag affair, you understand."

"Lew," she said slowly and sadly as she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

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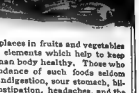

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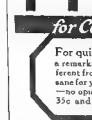

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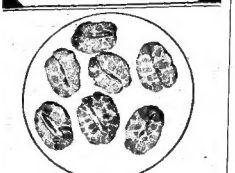

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

laid her hand on his arm, "I wish after this you wouldn't go to all that trouble on my account."

"Wasn't any trouble at all," he spluttered. "I could have come down for you just as well as not, if I'd thought——"

"Oh, I don't mean Braggie's party," she insisted—"if there was any party. But what I mean is: I wish you wouldn't go so far out of your way to lie to me."

"Lie to you?" His face empurpled.

"It makes everything so much harder to understand. If you've been places you're ashamed of, I don't particularly want to know about them. But it doesn't do any good for you to come home and say you've been to Braggie's when—when I know you haven't."

"I don't know what you're driving at," he grumbled.

"I'm sorry, Lew," she sighed wearily, for that morning she was as outworn for lack of sleep as he was.

"I don't see any sense in beginning the day with a lot of funny speeches," he blustered, like many another sinner striving to conceal guilt behind the noise of righteous anger.

"I don't see the sense in anything," she admitted. "Wait a minute and I'll make you some coffee."

"No, thanks." He charged to a closet, brought out his hat, and clapped it on his head. "You needn't bother about me. I'll get my breakfast at the Brevoort."

FOR nearly a week after that Lew was a reformed character. Ever since their marriage he had indulged at intervals in such paranatical spells, but they came with less and less frequency. The down-hill course is seldom a straight one; it is fraught with numerous little pauses and upward leaps. During this week he wore the holy, invisible crown of martyrdom, so obviously bent on returning good for evil, that Jessie was more than once on the point of begging his pardon for something she had done, she knew not what.

He even came home for lunch and played frantically with Buster during the pause when food was going on the table. A hearty understanding seemed to exist between those two men of the family. At the sound of Lew's step in the hall Buster would open his mouth and show four ivory spikes while the monosyllable "Dad!" came forth rapturously, distinctly. Sober or semisober, Lew never disregarded that clan-call.

In that short period of grace Lew was always on time for his dinner. Instead of bringing Braggie or his equivalent home with him he came bearing magazines which he would open as soon as he had finished his coffee, and sit, his feet on the radiator, poring over popular serials until he fell asleep in his chair. He was usually in bed before ten.

This prodigy continued for five days and nights. On the evening of the sixth day he tossed his magazine under a couch and telephoned for Braggie, who came down with a quart of Irish whisky which, he explained, was part of a birthday present from Belfast. The reunited friends sat up to play two-handed rummy, the bottle between them. A little after midnight Jessie, who had retired, heard the front door click, sufficient signal that Lew's penance was over.

Meech Garrick, on the other hand, continued to call on Jessie for kindly intentioned crime he had committed: he who should have been in Chicago going about his business, delayed in New York for the rather bleak privilege of calling every afternoon upon another man's wife; and she, as he could easily observe, was no more than polite. He usually brought her flowers on the principle that they would soften her heart and remind her of California. One afternoon when she had lifted the lid. "How lovely! But they must be awfully expensive."

Poor Meech glowed at once with the first appreciative words she had given him for many a day.

"Just the kind you buy in San Francisco for two bits," he grinned, grateful as a dog who, having been whipped, is forgiven with a careless pat. "Of course they don't stack up very well alongside the California product. But I thought they might look pretty around the place."

She buried her face in the blue petals and breathed deep. It was as the their scent were anodyne. In the brighter light of the parlor Meech studied her, then began after the manner of one experimenting with dangerous words: "Jessie, you look sort of shot to pieces. What's the matter?"

Her eyes were big with fear as she brought her hands down, and asked in a voice that was little more than a whisper:

"Meech, is there any way of finding Lew?"

"I should think so," answered Meech with an assumed heartiness. "It's only a step around to his office. And we can telephone."

"I rang him up twice this afternoon. He hasn't been there for two days. Meech, I think he's been fired—what shall I do.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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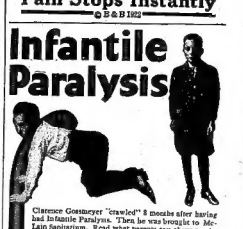

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

Meech? The baby's dreadfully, dreadfully sick."

"My God—why didn't you send for me?"

"I don't know. He had a sort of sinking spell right after lunch. I've been trying to get Dr. Nearing, but he's away on some operation and won't be back till five.

"Nearing isn't the only doctor in the world," said Meech roughly. "There's a flock of 'em right in this block."

"He's the only one that seems to know anything about it," she declared a little wildly. "None of the others know anything——"

"Where's Buster now?" asked Meech, assuming calmness.

"He's in the bedroom. Mrs. Mulqueen's with him. He's asleep now, and he seems to be getting stronger. But—oh, Meech——"

She swayed into his arms and hid her scared eyes against his narrow shoulder. There was no love in that embrace, rather the instinctive clinging of a hunted woman flying to a man's protection.

"There, there, little girl," he consoled her, grown gigantic with responsibility, "this is just another false alarm. You've been through this same thing before. Hush, honey. Don't take it so hard. Think what a grand little booster you've always been. Steady your nerve, kid."

His words were valorous, but when Jessie looked up she caught the flash of two frightened tears coursing along his pointed nose.

"I don't know why I should feel this way—now," she said, folding her hands with terrible quietude. "It'll only be a few weeks before he's out of the woods."

"There's a Wop doctor has his offices on the ground floor," suggested Meech. "Suppose I run down and call him in for a look-see."

"He won't know anything," she objected.

"He may turn out a darned sight better than you think," he said at random. "At least he's somebody——"

"Mrs. Tol-l-er!"

The call came sharp and high from somewhere down the long hall, and it twice repeated itself, a cry of fright. "Mrs. Tol-l-er! Mrs. Tol-l-l-er!" The couple in the drowning room stood stiff an instant, stricken by the dreadful sound. Then Jessie went running into the shadows of the long passage, Meech in her wake.

"He's chokin', Mrs. Toller—chokin' blue. Mother of God, it's turrible——"

The Irishwoman's hysterical cry followed them like a banshee's wail until Jessie, having gained the bedroom, snatched the baby out of his crib. His face was livid; his eyes rolled up while he drooled silvery saliva from lips that were blue. She shook him aimlessly and shrieked for a doctor while Meech scampered like a rabbit toward some vague relief. Buster died in her arms just before Meech came back with the young Italian physician.

IT WAS an hour before dawn when Lew stepped into the silent bedroom to find Jessie sitting perfectly still beside Buster's tousled crib. Only her hands moved busily as ever, some horrible needlework. He called her name softly twice before she looked up and recognition came into her glazed eyes.

"They've taken him into the front room," she said with the voice of a somnambulist. "Somebody ought to be watching."

"Meech is in there now," he replied huskily.

"The doctor says Buster's dead."

"I know, honey."

"But you don't understand. The doctors don't seem to know anything. Go tell Meech not to leave him for a minute."

Her husband slipped out of the room, and when he came back her inner mind, seeing clearly through the numbness of her grief, told her that he had grown suddenly old. His cheeks, above the dark stubble of beard, were gray and deeply seamed, as tho he had been shocked out of drunkenness by some counter-stimulant.

"Poor little devil!" he groaned, crumpling on the bed and running his fingers through his disheveled hair. "Poor little devil! What chance did he have? What chance?"

"Lew," she resumed with that perfectly detached air, "Meech has asked a preacher to come in to-morrow before—they take him. I'm sure and get a Presbyterian, Lew. That's the kind that married us and baptized the baby."

"Don't, dear!" he tried to say, but his head had fallen upon his arms and he was crying helplessly. No response came from her for all the sobs that tore his big wicked frame. When he became calmer she was again staring down at the hands which still plied their fantom needle.

"Jessie," he said, taking a chair beside her and drawing away one of those busy hands, "I'm all wrong. That's what's the matter with me—with us all."

"What, dear?" She turned her eyes to him, only half hearing.

"Try to listen, honey. I've been nothing but a sorrow and a shame to you. There's been a devil in me, Red. I've been a blight to you, just the way I'd be a blight to any decent woman who tried to tie up with me. It isn't that I don't love you, Red. You don't think that, do you?"

She shook her head, but her eyes were still lowered.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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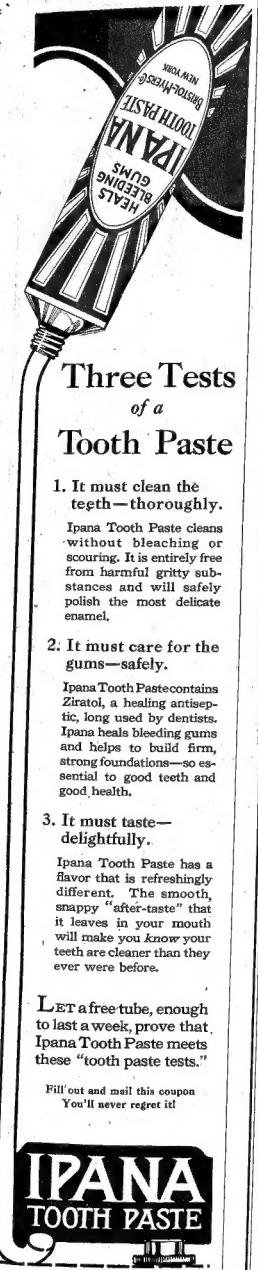

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

"But I've done you a dirty turn by marrying you. I've taken all the joy out of your life. I've done my share toward killing your baby—our baby."

Suddenly he relinquished her hand and began walking like a caged animal up and down the rug.

"I'm through, Red," he protested, just as tho she had accused him, "through with all that pigsty. You're not going to be the goat any more for my darned selfishness. I've got a good brain and I'll use it, Red, to try and pay you back—to try and pay you back—"

As he was passing she came to life and reached out to draw his big shoulders down to her. "Hold me in your arms, Lew," she begged. "I'm so tired. So tired."

When Mrs. Mulqueen peered in, a little after dawn, she found Lew Tyler kneeling beside his wife, who lay as if asleep upon his shoulder.

THE bulk of the responsibility fell on Meech, of course, but Braggie also came forward and was amazingly useful. He turned over his black suit of clothes for Lew to wear and saw to it that the employees of the Ess Eye Company should be generous in sending flowers. He insisted that the funeral should be an occasion, and informed a number of Lew's friends—many of them quite unknown to Jessie—who came to occupy the undertaker's camp-chairs during the ceremony, which was set for two o'clock in the afternoon.

The undertaker had suggested services in his own "mortuary chapel," of which he was justly proud, but Meech had vetoed that. Since the hour of her baby's death Jessie had spoken of him as tho he were still alive and sensitive to his surroundings. She wouldn't like to have him prayed over in a strange place, one of those neat chambers where modern commerce has done its best to standardize death just as it has standardized life.

Shortly before two o'clock the minister arrived—Meech knew no member of the Presbyterianism—and he looked owlishly around the apartment, a little indignant perhaps that God had summoned so important a man to officiate at so trivial an affair. Lew's friends came filing in; and their faces never looked so battered and dissipated as they did on that gray Winter's afternoon when they went past a white ribbon on the door—emblem of a soul too innocent to sin, too ignorant to understand.

All of this was a dream to Jessie. She had sipped the wormwood which has drugged away the pain of many a wretch writhing upon his cross. Mrs. Mulqueen had trimmed her a mourning-bonnet overnight, and at last Meech came to lead her, black-clouded by her veil, down the long hall. From her corner of the dining-room, where they had seated her away from the crowd, she stared dazedly at the picture; strangers sitting in rows as if at church; a white-haired gentleman in a black coat standing by the north window, a Bible across his thumb, beside him a pale casket, smothered in flowers. Surely that had nothing to do with her.

"Where's Lew?"

She heard this whisper close to her shoulder and turned to see Braggie, ostentatiously attired for the ceremony, turning a worried face toward little Meech.

"Great Scott! Ain't he back yet?" came Meech's sibilant question.

"Went out to get a shine——"

"Go fetch him. Get an awful move on."

Jessie motioned feebly and made an inarticulate sound, but Meech had put his finger to his lips.

"They're beginning now," he whispered in her ear.

She looked toward the north window and had a picture of the tall, white-haired man, the Book open between his hands, exaltation on his long, pure face. In the front row, gazing intently up at him, sat the Curleys—Bob Curley, knobby and pallid as some badly grown potato; Gwen Curley, her face painted white and red like a clown's. The minister turned a page and began melodiously:

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job——"

"*A man!*" whispered Meech, and laid his hand on Jessie's arm.

The minister droned on, the tale of him who had many sores and many comforters, and for a time at least could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." A story older than Adam and more eternal than flesh because it is never finished.

AT LAST the sermon was ended, and the man preacher said his little prayer for the soul which, being blameless, needed no prayer. The congregation stirred in their seats. Two undertaker assistants, looking like mourning policemen in their long black coats, came forward and between them lifted the white casket.

"We're going now," announced Meech, touching Jessie's shoulder.

"But Lew——"

"Braggie's gone to get him. He'll be waiting outside in the carriage."

The undertaker, jealous of decorum, had come in with the firm suggestion that they follow Buster's coffin down the stairs.

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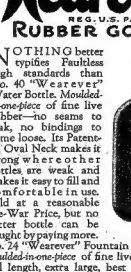

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LEW TYLER'S WIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

Jessie went quietly, Meech supporting her by the arm. Outside it was raining, a dank, muddy drizzle; the black-coated policemen came forward with umbrellas to help the mourners into their car.

"We are all here?" asked the undertaker, businesslike but respectful, as he poked his damp bare head into the limousine where Meech and Jessie sat waiting.

"Mr. Tyler," explained Meech. "He's been delayed. A friend has gone to get him. Just a minute."

Out in the dismal rain stood the gleaming white hearse, its polished sides dripping rivulets into the mud below. It's long carriage-lamps had been thriftily covered with oilcloth bags. Water had dimmed its numerous windows until the casket and the roses inside became a confusion of ivory and pink. Jessie sat stark, her hands folded, but Meech moved restlessly in and out.

Presently Bragg, his funeral costume drowned in moisture, came hurriedly down the street. His shallow, jovial face was contorted to a look of scorn as he accosted Meech and the undertaker just outside Jessie's car. They parleyed a full minute, then Meech came shamefacedly to lean into the door and say:

"I guess maybe we'd better start now."

"Yes," she replied. "He oughtn't to be kept out here in the wet." She was thinking of Buster, whom she had never allowed to stay out on days like this.

The procession moved forward. Three of the six cars which Meech had ordered dropped out at Fifth Avenue and went back to the garage because there were no passengers to fill them.

THE picture was ever afterward distinct in Jessie's mind; the ugly realism of the Winter rain, whipping a city with thongs of molten ice. Kindness seemed to have died under those sarcastic skies. The driven moisture, freezing as it fell, whirled shapeless figures along the slippery streets. They were grotesque without being humorous. Such days remind the poet that New York is of the viking's whelp because her snout lies close to ocean's frothing salt. Build deep or high as you will, incrust your dwellings with gold and marble, adorn them with the cloth of India, but Thor from the wild seas will wield his pagan hammer. The poet sees deity in everything. But the New York *Times*, being concerned in such news as is fit to print, describes it more humanly: "*The Weather*—To-morrow low barometer; cold, high north wind."

Meech Garrick brought Jessie back from the funeral in such a sorry gale. When their car stopped in front of the Tyler apartment he got out in the storm, opened the umbrella which the undertaker had lent him, and helped her up the steps as far as the frosted-glass door. While he was ringing the bell a figure lurched out from behind a pillar and confronted her. It was Lew, wet to the skin in the black suit he had borrowed from Braggie.

"Look here, Red," he began rapidly, thickly, his eyes glaring defiance at both of them.

"Do you want me to go up?" asked Meech, hesitating between duty and inclination.

"No, thank you, my dear," she answered, still with that calm, far-seeing look she had worn ever since the baby's death. "I want to talk—you've been so good, Meech."

Mrs. Leahy came just then to open the door. Jessie entered the bleak lobby while Lew followed at her heels, barking his incoherent excuses. She had an impression of his vacant noise as she went up the stairs and, after fumbling for the key, let him in at the black-walnut door.

Her first impulse, upon entering the apartment, was to go to her bedroom to see if Buster was asleep. She was half-way down the hall before she remembered and came back. She returned to the parlor to find Lew in an aura of alcohol. His hands were in his pockets, his eyes half closed, the corners of his mouth drawn down.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you're sore again."

"Again?" She had seated herself weakly in the nearest chair.

"I couldn't face that awful show, Red, without some sort of a bracer," he informed her, his tone grown piteous. "I wasn't more than a minute late. They'd just driven around the corner when I got back. I tried to run you down, but these cursed New York funerals go so fast——"

"Do you realize, Lew," she broke in calmly, having gazed at him a long time, gathering her thoughts, "that he was just as much your child as mine?"

"There's something so barbarous about a funeral. It doesn't really mean anything."

"No." Her clear eyes were fixed on him, searching his soul for what was not there.

"What's the matter, Red?" he questioned roughly. "You look at me like you thought I was to blame."

"Probably you are," she decided, after deliberation. "You've never tried to do your share. It's always been like to-day. Whenever I've needed you—he's needed you—you haven't been there."

Lew groaned and brought his fist hysterically to his forehead with the humble confession: "I haven't made good, Red. But there are some things a man can't stand. I've asked you to give me another chance——"

"There are some things a woman can't stand," she informed him, passionless as a ghost. "But it's too late to argue now. If I could do anything to help you, Lew, I'd still try. Whatever you might have done I've been a drag on you. There's no reason now why we should stay together. I'll have no trouble making my living and I'll be happier——"

"Jessie! You don't mean to say you're going to leave me." She made no answer.

"You're absurd!" he stormed. "Has Meech Garrick started this?"

"I've started it," she assured him. "We've made a failure of our marriage, Lew. There's no reason in the world why we should go on being foolish because—because we once loved each other."

"You haven't stopped——"

"I don't know. I wish I did." Her eyes looked up at him, candidly, sorrowfully. "I only know we're a failure. We've made a failure of life and of marriage—and our baby's dead."

"Look here, Red!" All the persuasiveness of the young Lew she had known came into his voice as he leaned over her, clasping her wrists in the energy of his appeal. "I'm through with all that rotten stuff. That Miles woman—what's she to me, really? There isn't one of that lot fit to wipe your shoes. I'm through. I'll be decent like other men. I've got the goods, Red. I can get anywhere if I keep sober and work."

"You told me all that last night," she agreed. "And this afternoon you weren't there—I'd have gone alone to my baby's funeral if Meech hadn't stuck by me."

"You never give me a fair chance."

"No." She mused over that point and concluded, "I've been too easy with you."

"It ain't too late to start over again," he argued on. "Start with a clean slate. I'm just beginning to learn my business. I've got all sorts of chances to go right up to the top. Honest, I can do it, Red."

THE sigh she gave seemed to come from the open door of an empty heart. "You'll never be anything but a promise, Lew. You've got all sorts of wonderful talents, but you'll never do anything but make plans because—simply because you haven't got any character."

"Any what?" He snorted and stood up on the rug where he had been kneeling.

"Character," she repeated faintly.

His hands in his pockets, he stood glowering down at her while the truth seemed to sink in through flesh grown soft from indulgence.

"That's a lie," he muttered, "and I want a chance to prove it."

She sat unresponsive while the jolly-faced clock on the somber mantel chimed six, an irritating note of optimism.

"Are you going to let me prove it, Red?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I don't know anything. Why won't people let me alone? I'm so tired."

"Poor kid!" he whispered, melting into kindness, "you don't know what you're saying. You've just worn yourself out. What say you lie down for a little while? Mrs. Mulqueen's fixing dinner, so you needn't worry about that."

He took her under the arms and lifted her to her feet; she was as docile and unyielding as an image of straw. He led her down the hall as far as the bedroom door, but there she stiffened suddenly and stood facing him.

"You just tuck yourself in," he suggested, "and I'll run out and get you something—something that'll make you sit up."

The look in her face was so sad that he reached out for one of her cold hands and urged a little brokenly: "You'll take a good rest, won't you, Red?"

"Yes." Her glance was quick and scornful as she went in and closed the door.

LEW TYLER had set his mind on artichokes for Jessie when he hurried out into wintry New York to buy a peace-offering and a salve to her wounded heart. It was like Lew to have thought of artichokes, which were expensive, rare, and not particularly good at that time of year. But Jessie had always been fond of artichokes.

The larger markets in Sixth Avenue were closed when he reached the sloppy street under the elevated road. The small fruit-dealers, offering nothing more original than oranges and bananas, stared after the impetuous stranger who had rushed in with a queer request for artichokes. Lew went hurrying from place to place, glad of any occupation to quell the thoughts jumbled hugger-mugger in his mind. Buster was dead; he had sworn to reform; Jessie must have artichokes. Jessie was tired and hysterical and didn't know what she was saying. He must find some artichokes for her.

Only once did he stop for a drink, and that was at an old-fashioned bar at a corner above Twentieth Street. The whisky gave him an inspiration. Quite clearly he recollected an all-night fruit-store in the Grand Central station where such table exotics as alligator-pears, Persian melons, hothouse grapes, and giant artichokes glistened like crown jewels behind a plate-glass window.

It was a quarter of eight when he returned to Ninth Street with two artichokes in a paper bag under his arm. The hall light was out when he came into the flat, and he stumbled against a chair in his effort to find the button. Queer. The lights had been on when he left. He kicked open the kitchen door and was met by a blast of cold air coming out of a space that was dark as a pocket.

Lew Tyler was frightened, possibly for the first time in his life. The house still smelled of funeral flowers. The high-shouldered rooms frowned down on him, sepulchral spaces, Egyptian, lonely. It was like the effects we sometimes get in dreams, of looking down long alleys which are infinite yet somehow closed in.

"Red!" he called down the long, narrow hall. "Red!" But his voice was swallowed up in the silence.

The bedroom door was open. He went in and turned on the lights. The blue counterpane of Persian needlework—Jessie had bought it at a bargain sale—lay over the bed quite unwrinkled. She hadn't lain down as she promised she would. Buster's crib stood in its corner, robbed of its coverings down to the bare mattress.

"Red!" called Lew again, and then a little more sternly, "Jessie!"

He began to whistle, and after thrusting his hands in his pockets he sauntered downstairs as far as the janitor's apartment. He was full of the coward's bravery which dares us to run away or show the white feather.

"Mrs. Leahy," he asked the janitress as soon as that lath-like person answered to his knock, "Mrs. Tyler and I failed to make connections. Did she happen to tell you where she was going?"

"No, sor," admitted Mrs. Leahy. "She didn't say a word. Just called a taxi and off she went."

"Oh, yes." Lew's tone was casual. "About when was that?"

"What time was it Mrs. Toiler went out, Katie?" asked Mrs. Leahy of Mrs. Mulqueen, who sat in the background chewing something and reading the *Irish News*.

"A quarter afther six, sor," explained Mrs. Mulqueen. "She wouldn't be after havin' dinner in the flat, says she, so I come down."

Her manner was not cordial, but Lew spoke pleasantly as he shuffled away, "Thank you. I know where she'll be——"

"She had two suitcases wit' her and an umbrella," volunteered Mrs. Leahy, "an' she wint in a taxi."

When Lew regained his apartment he turned on the dining-room lights and fumbled in the sideboard for a bottle of rye which he kept hidden there in case of emergency. The liquor, he found, was low in the bottle, but when he poured it out it made a good half tumblerful. He was a little fussy in preparing the drink. Socrates might have been like that with his hemlock. The idea made Lew laugh aloud after he had finished the glass and sat by the dining-room table, the two giant artichokes confronting him, side by side.

He knew that Jessie would come back. She had had flurries like this before—never so definite, perhaps, but she was not responsible for what she did on a day like this. He sat against the table, resting on his elbows, the two raw artichokes facing him like perfectly married vegetables, proud that they had lived together, passionless, harmonious, successful. Visions came swimming into his brain. He knew a dozen ways of getting rich, of lifting Jessie to the rewards she deserved. What a wonderful wife she had been to him, and how little he had deserved her!

HE SHED the easy tears of intoxication, swearing repentance and, like Omar, being unsober when he swore. He tried to grieve for his child, but the pain was a little forced. He knew that in her heart Jessie blamed him for Buster's death. Women are like that, thought Lew Tyler—saints and martyrs and never fair. Buster had been born like a crooked twig. He had a feeling that death had been kind to all of them. Their next baby would have a better chance. And on that fine resolution Lew Tyler fell asleep. When he awoke the jolly-faced clock was striking three. An elevated train roared by his ears, but when it had passed the apartment was even more silent by contrast.

He shuffled back to the big bedroom, thinking that perhaps she had stolen in and gone quietly to bed. All that he saw was the blue embroidered Persian spread and Buster's crib, stripped to the mattress.

"Oh, she'll be back in the morning," Lew assured himself as he blundered toward his bedroom.

He was wrong in this as in other things during the first period of his life.

The third instalment of "Lew Tyler's Wives" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

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